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THE NEW YORKER

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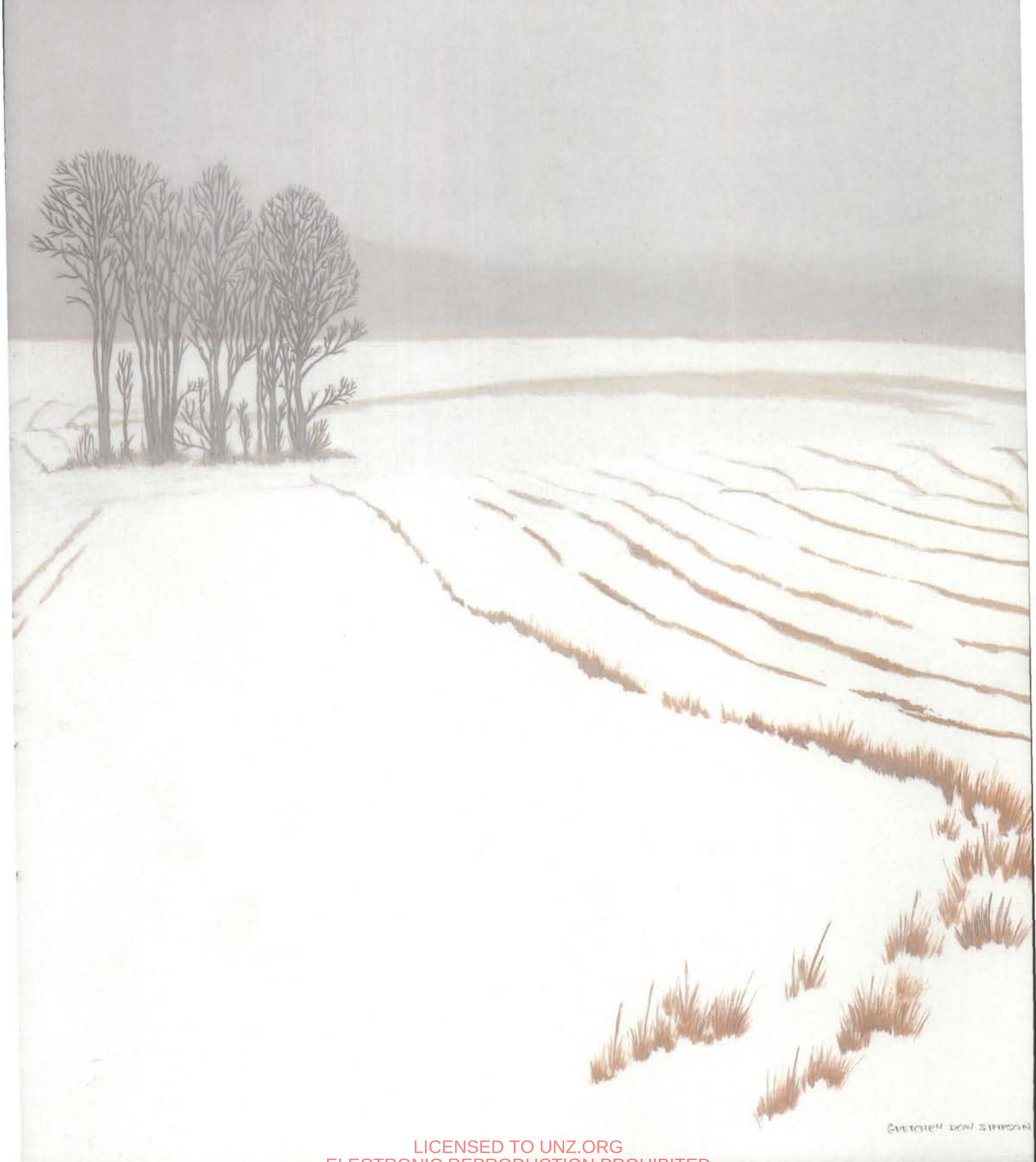
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Thankfully, the napkin rings were well worth the journey. But, of course, this wasn't the first high adventure one of our buyers had experienced. Nor would it be the last.

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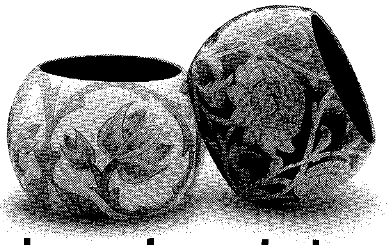
"I must have those napkin rings," I exclaimed, "but can we reach their village in such weather?"

"Don't worry," my guide replied, "they will send their limousine for us."



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

After Crystal Night—A play by John Herman Shaner. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

American Notes—A play by Len Jenkin. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boys' Life—A comedy by Howard Korder. Opens Monday, Feb. 29, at 6:15. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except March 1, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

The Boys Next Door—The "boys" are three retarded men and a schizophrenic who, under professional supervision, share an apartment. Tom Griffin's good play, though inevitably touching, is also often very funny, and never sentimental. It is acted to near-perfection by a first-rate company, which includes Christine Estabrook, Josh Mostel, and William Jay. (2/22/88) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays, except March 1, through Saturdays, and Monday, Feb. 29, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi is accomplished and fascinating as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Even the fine performances of Erland Josephson as wistful, hapless Gaev and Željko Ivanek as scruffy, passionate Trofimov cannot shed light on Peter Brook's opaque production of Chekhov's masterpiece. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—**cave life**, by David Steven Rappoport, is a poignant, amusing, and highly theatrical play that pictures insanity as a ménage à trois between a man, his unbalanced wife, and the hallucination she lives with. The excellent cast, led by Robin Bartlett, Bruce McCarty, and Mark Blum, is directed by Paul Lazarus. (2/22/88) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 6.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh are remarkable, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Betsy Joslyn (substituting for Bernadette Peters, who will return on Wednesday evening, March 9) and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—This is as much a celebration of Shakespeare's comedy as a presentation of it, with A. J. Antoon at the helm. The real source of magic lies in the beautiful scenery of Andrew Jackness and the rich, gorgeous score by Michael Ward. (1/25/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tues-

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DRAWINGS: *W. B. Park, Joseph Farris, Warren Miller, William Steig, Simon Bond, Bernard Schoenbaum, Robert Weber, Dana Fradon, J. B. Handelsman, Roz Chast, Tom Funk, Frank Modell, Donald Reilly, Ed Arno, Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, George Booth, Richard Cline, Michael Maslin, Robert Mankoff, Henry Martin, Charles Barsotti*

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days through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Music Man—A revival by the New York City Opera of the Meredith Willson musical. With Bob Gunton in the title role and Leigh Munro as Marian the Librarian. Donald Pippin is the conductor, and Arthur Masella the director. Opens Tuesday, March 1. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 2, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The No-Frills Revue—An unpretentious, jokey little show conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Most of the lively songs—words and music—were written by Mr. Charnin, and the two funniest sketches were contributed by Thomas Meehan. (2/22/88) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Equity Fights AIDS Fund on Monday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of the beguiling "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

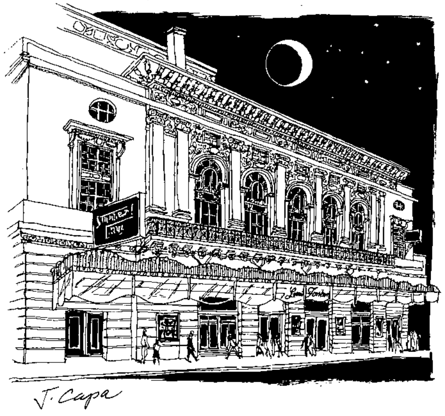
Penn & Teller—Back with an even tighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolff, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (12/21/87) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 20.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by the notion of theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch and starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sarafina!—This musical, an explosion of talent, has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway. An import from South Africa, it was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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A Subject of Childhood—A play by Loren-Paul Caplin. Preview Tuesday, March 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 2. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. Pre-happening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price ($90 to $135). (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinée Wednesday, March 9, at 2; cocktails at 1:30.)

Tapman—Moses Gunn in a play by Karen Jones-Meadows. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Walk in the Woods—Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky in a two-character play by Lee Blessing. Directed by Des McAnuff. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wenceslas Square—A play by Larry Shue, directed by Jerry Zaks. With Dana Ivey, Victor Garber, Jonathan Hadary, and Bruce Norris. Preview Tuesday, March 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 2. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Woman in Mind—Alan Ayckbourn, the English dramatist, has written a comedy about a woman who sporadically departs from reality for a world of her own, and he has done it with such wit that it takes the audience quite a while to realize that her mental unbalance is more serious than it first appears to be. Stockard Channing is fine in the leading role, and she is ably supported by Daniel Gerroll, Simon Jones, Remak Ramsay, Patricia Connolly, and Michael Countryman, among other good actors. Lynne Meadow directed. (2/29/88) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 20.)

Long Runs—**broadway bound:** In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,592 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fences:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **les misérables:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the nerd:** This farce by Larry Shue is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol, in the title role, and Robert Joy. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **starlight express:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Equity Fights AIDS Fund on Monday, March 7, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **the mikado.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

Liliane Montevecchi on the Boulevard—A one-woman show. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

Odd Jobbers—A fifty-minute show written and

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DANCE

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 27—Tuesday, March 1, at 7: "Points in Space," "RainForest," and "Fabrications." (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 8: "Locale," "Quartet," and "Carousal" (New York première). . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 3-4, at 8: "Inlets 2," "Fabrications," and "Carousal." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8; Sunday, March 6, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday, March 8, at 8: "Points in Space," "Quartet," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 9, at 8: "Doubles," "Eleven" (première), and "Grange Eve." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Jane Comfort Dance Company—Presenting "Cliffs Notes: Macbeth" and "Let's Just Settle Back and Think General Thoughts." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 3-5, at 8, and Sunday, March 6, at 3.)

Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company—A troupe of forty musicians, singers, and dancers. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, March 6, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute changes; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANDREA MARCOVICCI** sings in the woody nook known as the Oak Room at nine-fifteen on Tuesdays, and at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. **DAKOTA STATON** sings here Friday and Saturday, March 4-5. First set at ten.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. Saxophonist **WAYNE SHORTER**, a Miles Davis and Weather Report alum and a regular commuter between the terra firma of hard bop and the terra less firma of jazz-rock, will be here with a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, March 1-6. Starting Tuesday, March 8, **MILT JACKSON** plays his twinkling vibraharp (it twinkles, and he shines steadily) with a trio led by pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER**. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue-pillared room that seats four hundred. **CHRISTINE LAVIN**, a New York folkie whose many good works include songs about dentistry ("Cavity Blues"), unicellular life ("Amoeba Hop"), and playing deep right field in a softball game ("Ballad of a Ballgame"), will be here Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, along with **UNCLE BONSAI**, a Seattle-based vocal trio whose members sing in perfect harmony whether they are bashing cheerleaders ("Cheerleaders on Drugs") or sending up "The Star-Spangled Banner," doo-wop style. The rest of the lineup: Tuesday, March 1, the Dubliners; Wednesday, March 2, Dr. David Viscott, a radio and TV psychiatrist; Sunday, March 6, the Bobs, a San Francisco vocal quartet; Monday and Tuesday, March 7-8, **DONOVAN**; and Wednesday, March 9, the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

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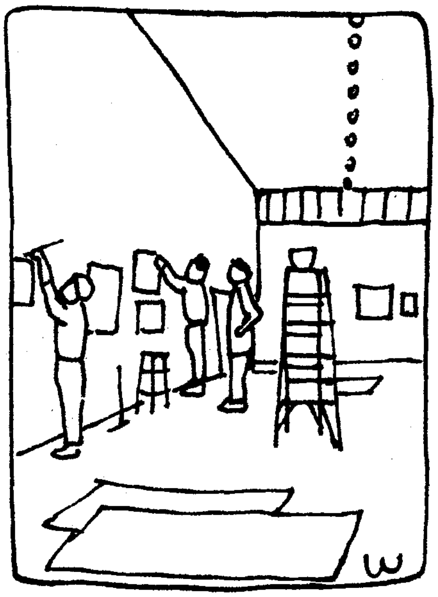
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. Pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**, and bassist Hal Dodson work together through Saturday, March 5. On Sunday, March 6, trumpeter Tex Allen leads a trio. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **ARNETT COBB**, a tenor saxophonist of the hard-blowing Texas school, leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, March 1-6. On Mondays, **HAMIET BLUIETT**, the bearded baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, directs his Telepathic Big Band. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home Tuesdays through Saturdays to **GEORGE SHEARING**, the English-born pianist, who is famous for his cool, pearly touch and his bons mots. Sets at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled jazz lair. A number of the people who regularly perform here play a kind of shiny, plush chamber jazz—music in which swinging tends to take a back seat to atmospherics and sonic inventiveness. **JOHN SCOFIELD**, a guitarist best known for his work with a mid-eighties electric Miles Davis group, will be here Tuesday through Sunday, March 1-6, with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and drummer **AL FOSTER** (another former Davis sideman). **BUCK CLAYTON**, Swing-era trumpeter (ret.), arranger, and composer, conducts a big band starting Tuesday, March 8. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL**. Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The schedule: Tuesday and Wednesday, March 1-2, Peter Madsen; Thursday through Saturday, March 3-5, Dennis Moorman; and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8-9, **HILTON RUIZ**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.



J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **DICK HYMAN**, who has Jelly Roll Morton and James P. Johnson and rarely heard Berlin at his fingertips, performs on Mondays, Feb. 29 and March 7. Tuesday, March 1, belongs to pianist Jeanne Matisse; Wednesday, March 2, to pianist **CAROL BRITTO'S** duo; Thursday, March 3, to guitarist-singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Friday, March 4, to singer Randa McNamara; and Saturday, March 5, to bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** trio. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. The singers: Monday, Feb. 29, Steven Davis; Tuesday, March 1, Susan Bunn; Wednesday, March 2, Bea Schulman; Friday, March 4, **BARBARA LEA**; and Saturday, March 5, **JUDY KRESTON**. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **STEVE KUHN** and **RON CARTER** are on duty Tuesdays through Saturdays. While they rest, on Sundays and Mondays, a young New Orleans pianist named **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, plays Monk ("Blue Monk") or Rodgers and Hart ("Blue Moon") or the Beatles, and, occasionally, sings something like "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." First set at nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin; they serve wholesome food and don't take too much of your money. German vibraharpist **KARL BERGER** and the great free-jazz drummer **ED BLACKWELL** play duets on Tuesday, March 1; **MERCY SEAT**, a Violent Femmes offshoot that mixes speedy rock with gospel sentiments and that features a fireball of a singer named **ZENA VON HEPPINSTALL**, performs on Friday, March 4; Saturday, March 5, belongs to singer **CASSANDRA WILSON'S** group; on Sunday, March 6, at seven, singer and composer Iris Lord will be here with a group called the Divine Monochord; and on Tuesday, March 8, virtuoso avant-garde vocalist **SHELLEY HIRSCH** works with some fellow-improvisers. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Monday, Feb. 29, blues guitarist **JIMMY ROGERS**, a onetime Muddy Waters hand; Tuesday, March 1, **HUBERT SUMLIN**, a longtime Howlin' Wolf sideman; Wednesday, March 2, several musicians, including **MARCIA BALL**, who perform regularly at an Austin blues club called Antone's; Thursday, March 3, the **RADIATORS**; and Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, **ROBERT GORDON**. Music after nine. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Jazz and jazz-enriched music (jazz-rock, Latin jazz, jazz-funk) to eat and drink by. The schedule: Monday, Feb. 29, **JUMP STREET**; Tuesdays, March 1 and 8, the Tanks; Thursday, March 3, pianist Chuck Fowler's group; Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, guitarist Robben Ford's band; and Monday, March 7, guitarist **RODNEY JONES**, a member of Kenny Burrell's three-guitar quintet. Music from about ten until two.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the Theatre District, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. The **RADIATORS**, a New Orleans funk-rock band, work out on Friday, March 4; Motörhead, whose umlaut signifies the usual heavy-metal sound and fury and naughty lyrics, will be here on Sunday, March 6, with some of the other fellows in the movement. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. Tuesday, March 1, Brazilian guitarist-singer **THIAGO DE MELLO**; Wednesday, March 2, **KIMATI DINIZULU'S** African drumming ensemble; Thursday, March 3, soul-calypso singer **KING DAVID RUDDER**; Friday, March 4, Calypso Rose; Saturday, March 5, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, March 8, Ayizan, a Haitian rock band; and Wednesday and Thursday, March 9-10, reggae man Sugar Minott. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. The **BEN VAUGHN COMBO**, a four-piece New Jersey band that specializes in jokey rockabilly tunes, will be here on Friday, March 4, and gone on Saturday, March 5, when **ERIC ANDERSEN** has the floor. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte,* crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **PAUL BLEY**, a Canadian-born pianist whose doggedly austere music tends to be packed with silences, directs a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, March 1-6; on Tuesday, March 8, guitarist **JIM HALL** brings in his foursome. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek jazz and soul room. Soul singer **JEAN CARNE** is here Friday and Saturday, March 4-5; on Wednesday, March 9, **STANLEY TURRENTINE**, an R. & B.-rooted tenor saxophonist, comes in with his band. Music after nine. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. The lineup: Mondays, Feb. 29 and March 7, the **SURREAL MC COYS**; Tuesday, March 1, Ray Collins, Joan Madden, and Mary Coogan; Wednesday, March 2, Mod Lang; Thursday, March 3, Sixty-nine Tribe, the Tonebenders, and Hunting Accident; Friday, March 4, the Greg Trooper band and the Special Guests; and Sunday, March 6, the Hellhounds and Howie James & the Hurricanes. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A bi-level operation that is dominated, top and bottom, by pianists. **HENRY BUTLER**, a New Orleans-born piano thumper who takes after McCoy Tyner, and **ELIANE ELIAS**, a Brazilian pianist, perform in the gym-size downstairs room on Monday, Feb. 29, after eight. **DR. JOHN**, the growling swamp-blues specialist, holds forth, with support from his Louisiana Luminoids, at nine and eleven on Friday and Saturday, March 4-5. The Monday-night salsa series resumes on March 7, with fave Latin raves **TITO PUENTE** and **RAY BARRETTO** on the bill. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **BOB DOROUGH** is at the piano every night but Monday, singing in his own twangy Arkansas way some of his favorite chansons d'amour (Ellington's "Everything but You," his own bossa-nova-ish "Bijou") and a hymn or two in praise of his favorite saxophonist, Charlie Parker. On Tuesdays, Dorough and his bassist, **BILL TAKAS**, trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." A first-rate trio composed of pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**, and drummer **KENNY WASHINGTON** will be on hand Tuesday through Sunday, March 1-6. **SPHERE**, a quartet that takes its name and some of its repertoire from Thelonious Sphere Monk, moves in on Tuesday, March 8. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. A combo led by tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON** and singer **ETTA JONES** performs Thursday through Sunday, March 3-6; **LOU DONALDSON**, a bop-school saxophonist and a needling humorist (introducing "Bye Bye Blackbird" once, he said, "We'd like to play a tune that Miles Davis played back when he was playing jazz"), brings in his quartet on Wednesday, March 9. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **HILTON RUIZ**, a jack-of-many-piano-styles, works with bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, March 5; guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** swing into action on Monday, March 7. Sundays are claimed by guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. Music from eight weeknights, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

BOSHO—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 8.

JEFFREY ESSMANN—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8. Through Wednesday, March 16.

FAST FORWARD—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.

AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA—Maurice Peress and John Lewis conducting an all-Ellington program. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, March 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 529-5694.)

MICHAEL JACKSON—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Thursday, March 3 (a benefit performance), and Saturday and Sunday, March 5-6, all at 8.

ROBERTO CARLOS—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, March 4, at 8.

NATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE COMPANY OF GAMBIA—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 4, at 8.

HIROSHIMA—With the Hiram Bullock band. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, March 4, at 8.)

THE PETER ZUMMO ORCHESTRAS, LAURIE SPIEGEL, AND MYRNA SCHLOSS—Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Friday, March 4, at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

"WILDERNESS"—A film/performance work by Power Boothe, with Catlin Cobb and Steven Fechter. (Dance Theatre Workshop. Fridays and Saturdays at 11 P.M. Through Saturday, March 19.)

DUMI MARAIRE & MINANZI III—Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, March 5, at 8.

JEMEEL MOONDOC QUINTET—Roulette, 228 W. Broadway. Saturday, March 5, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

MICHAEL HEDGES AND LEO KOTTKE—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, March 5, at 8.

DICK HYMAN—In the first of two concert/lectures. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, March 6, at 4.)

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The last in a five-concert series, this one performed by the Clark Terry–Bob Brookmeyer quintet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 6, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

JO ANDRES—In "Lucid Possession." (La Mama. Friday through Sunday, March 4-6, at 10 P.M. Through Saturday, March 19.)

KODŌ—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, March 8, at 7:30 (with guest artist Max Roach), and Wednesday, March 9, at 8. Through Sunday, March 13.

THE KITCHEN—Electronic-music festival. Thurs-

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day, March 3: Shelley Hirsch and David Weinstein. . . . ¶ Friday, March 4: Alvin Lucier and Gordon Monahan. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5: Blue Gene Tyranny and Laetitia deCompiegne . . . . ¶ Sunday, March 6: Voice Crack. (512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Evenings at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—With Holly Near, Charlie King, Vinie Burrows, Inti-Raymi, and Kate Clinton. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, March 7, at 7:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Cecile Gray Bazelon—Precisionist paintings of long hallways and similar interiors. Through Saturday, March 5. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—New collages. Through March 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Glenn Goldberg—Abstractions painted on wood. Through March 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

David Levine—A new set of caricatures. Through March 19. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Paintings of nudes posed with assorted objects—a wood mannequin, a decoy, cast-iron toys. Through March 15. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Dorothy Zilka—Nine landscapes with tall, curving trees and squat hills; the mediums include oil stick and torn paper. Through March 19. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Figurative drawings by twentieth-century sculptors, including Calder, Giacometti, Moore, and Bourgeois. Through April 1. . . . **SIMON-NEUMAN,** 42 E. 76th St.: Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Barbro Bäckström, David Storey, and Alan Uglow. Through March 19. . . . **SPANISH INSTITUTE,** 684 Park Ave., at 68th St.: A strong show of contemporary Spanish art, mounted in homage to the late Madrid dealer Fernando Vijande. Artists include Zush, José María Sicilia, and Luis Gordillo. Through March 19. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Glen Baxter / Jan Knap—Humorous pastels of gravity-defying people and objects. / Narrative paintings with religious references. Through March 19. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ronald Bladen (1918-88) / **Anne Ryan** (1889-1954)—Wood-and-aluminum wall sculptures in what has become a memorial exhibit for the artist, who died recently. / Paper-and-fabric collages. Through March 19. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

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Karen Breunig—Expressionist landscapes on unstretched canvases. Through March 10. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Deacon—Five large-scale sculptures. Through Saturday, March 5. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jim Dine—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Arthur Gibbons—New polychrome steel sculptures. Through March 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Hull / Steve Currie—Paintings depicting baseball games in small towns. / Freestanding and wall sculptures made primarily of lead. Through Saturday, March 5. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Minoru Kawabata—Abstract paintings. Through March 26. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

André Masson (1896-1987)—Bronze sculptures and related drawings. Through Saturday, March 5. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lincoln Perry—Studies for a mural in St. Louis based on Homer's "Odyssey," plus other paintings. Through March 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Paul Rotterdam / Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Recent paintings and drawings. Through March 12. / Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through April 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Paule Vézelay (1892-1984)—Nonobjective works on paper and minimalist wire-and-thread constructions. Through April 2. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **JANIS,** 110 W. 57th St.: Works from the sixties (by Richard Artschwager, Donald Judd, Andy Warhol, and others) and the eighties (by Jenny Holzer, Jeff Koons, Allan McCollum, and others). Through March 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KENT,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works by Richard Artschwager, James Lee Byars, and Joel Shapiro. Through Saturday, March 5.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Vito Acconci—Several sets of annotated photographs, taken in 1969-70 (and printed recently), that are based on games the artist played with a Kodak Instamatic 124. The texts describe the rules of the games. Through Saturday, March 5. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. A retrospective of Mr. Acconci's work is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Robert Ackerman—Recent geometric abstractions. Through March 12. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Thomas Bacher / Eugene Brodsky—Night views of cities done in phosphorescent paint. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 5. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Bruno Ceccobelli—Wall sculptures. Through March 12. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Charles Clough—Recent abstract paintings. Through March 15. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

Pat Colville—Encaustic paintings. Through Saturday, March 5. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Cecily Barth Firestein—Mixed-medium monotypes. Through March 26. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Joan Gardner / Eliot Lable—Portraits of the artist's friends. / Large boulders stacked on pedestals make up these new sculptures. Through March 12. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Steve Gianakos—A new set of satirical black-on-white paintings. Through March 12. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Michael Gitlin—Two exhibits at 568 Broadway: Sculptures at Davis (tenth floor), and drawings at Stark (first floor; opens at noon). Both shows through March 26.

Grace Hartigan—Figurative paintings. Through Saturday, March 5. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Roni Horn / Donald Lipski—A sculpture installation. / Three sculptures made from mooring buoys the artist found about a hundred and fifty miles from the sea, in a Washington State scrapyard. Through Saturday, March 5. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St., has additional work by Miss Horn.

Will Insley—Abstract paintings on Masonite. Through March 19. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Cletus Johnson—Constructions and collages dating from 1974 to 1986. Through Saturday, March 5. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

Richard Kalina—Grisaille paintings. Through March 12. (McDonald, 560 Broadway.)

Jane Kaufman—Painted-and-collaged quilts. Through Saturday, March 5. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Steve Keister—Sculptures coupling wire-frame chairs or chair parts with abstract fibre-glass forms. Through Saturday, March 5. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Ronnie Landfield—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, March 3. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

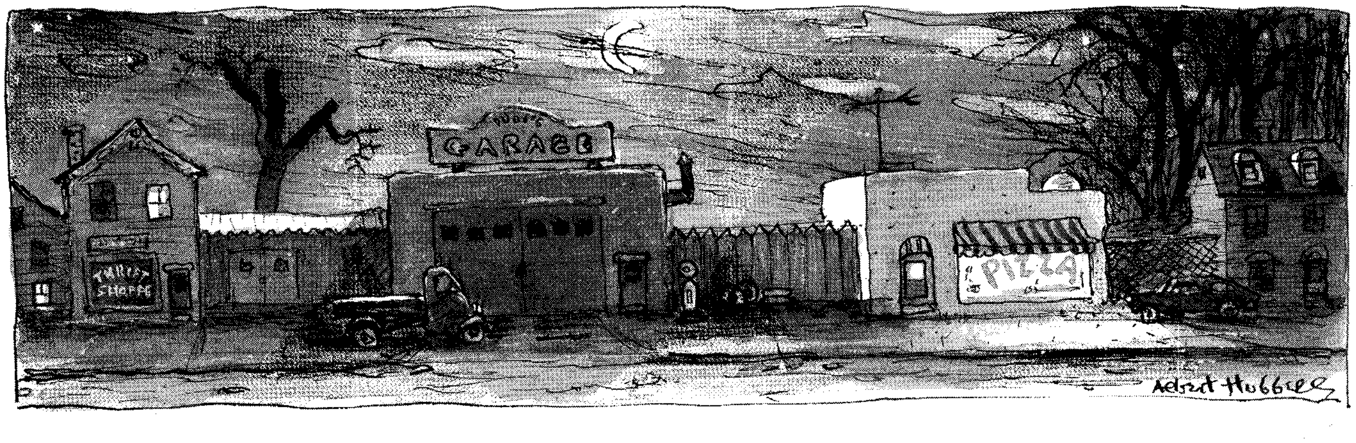
Tom Lieber—Large abstract paintings. Through March 31. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

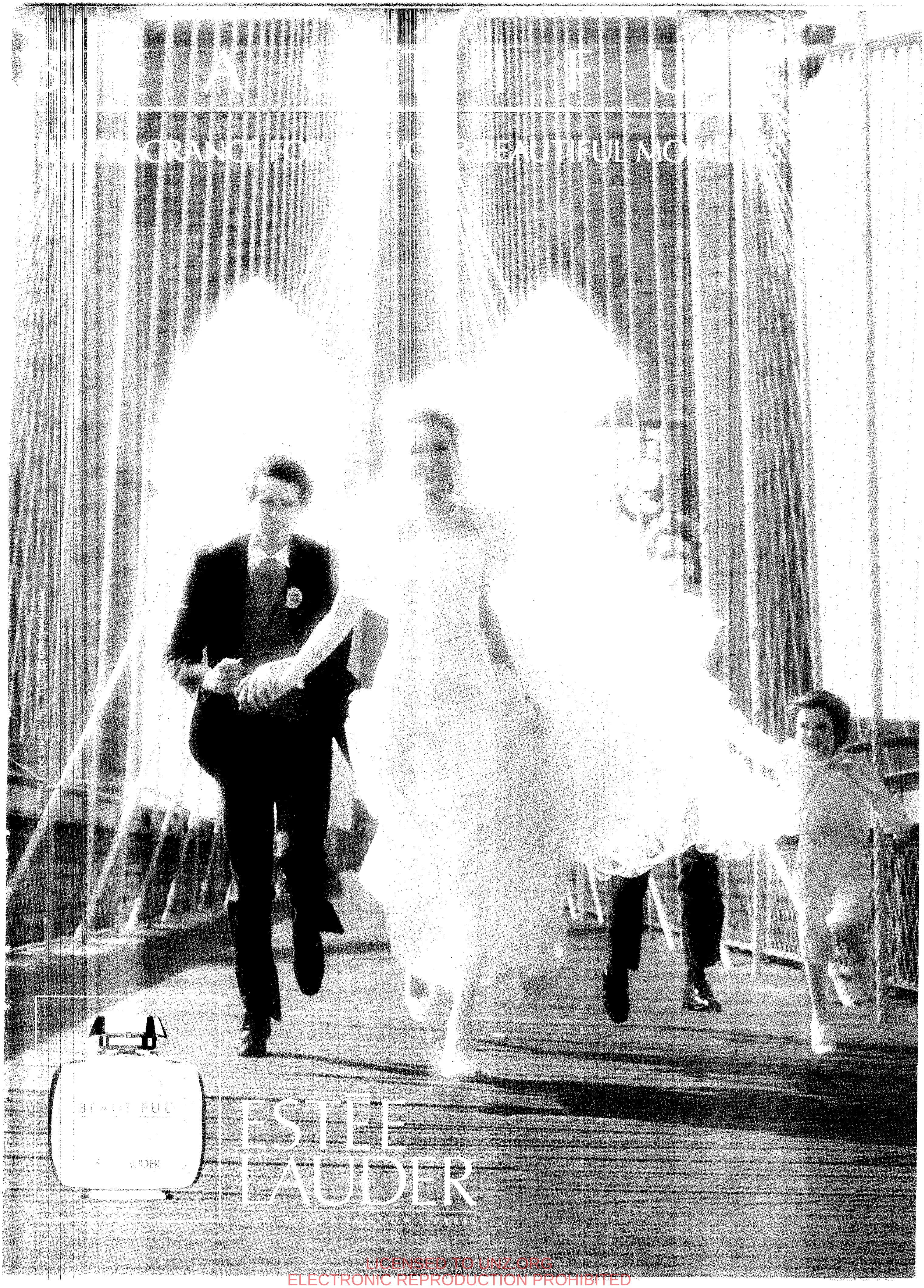
Gregory Mahoney—Geometric wall constructions made of, for instance, charred wood and rusted steel. First one-man show in New York. Through March 12. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

Bernard Maisner / Suzanne Vincent—Paintings on stretched paper and linen which resemble illuminated manuscripts. / Realist portraits and still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 5. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

Richard Milani—Diptychs, triptychs, and single-panel works based on movie stills—i.e., Busby Berkeley star-and-flower patterns and Russian sailors' heads from "The Battleship Potemkin." Through March 19. (Rubin, 155 Spring St.)

Nachume Miller—Large-scale oil-and-encaustic

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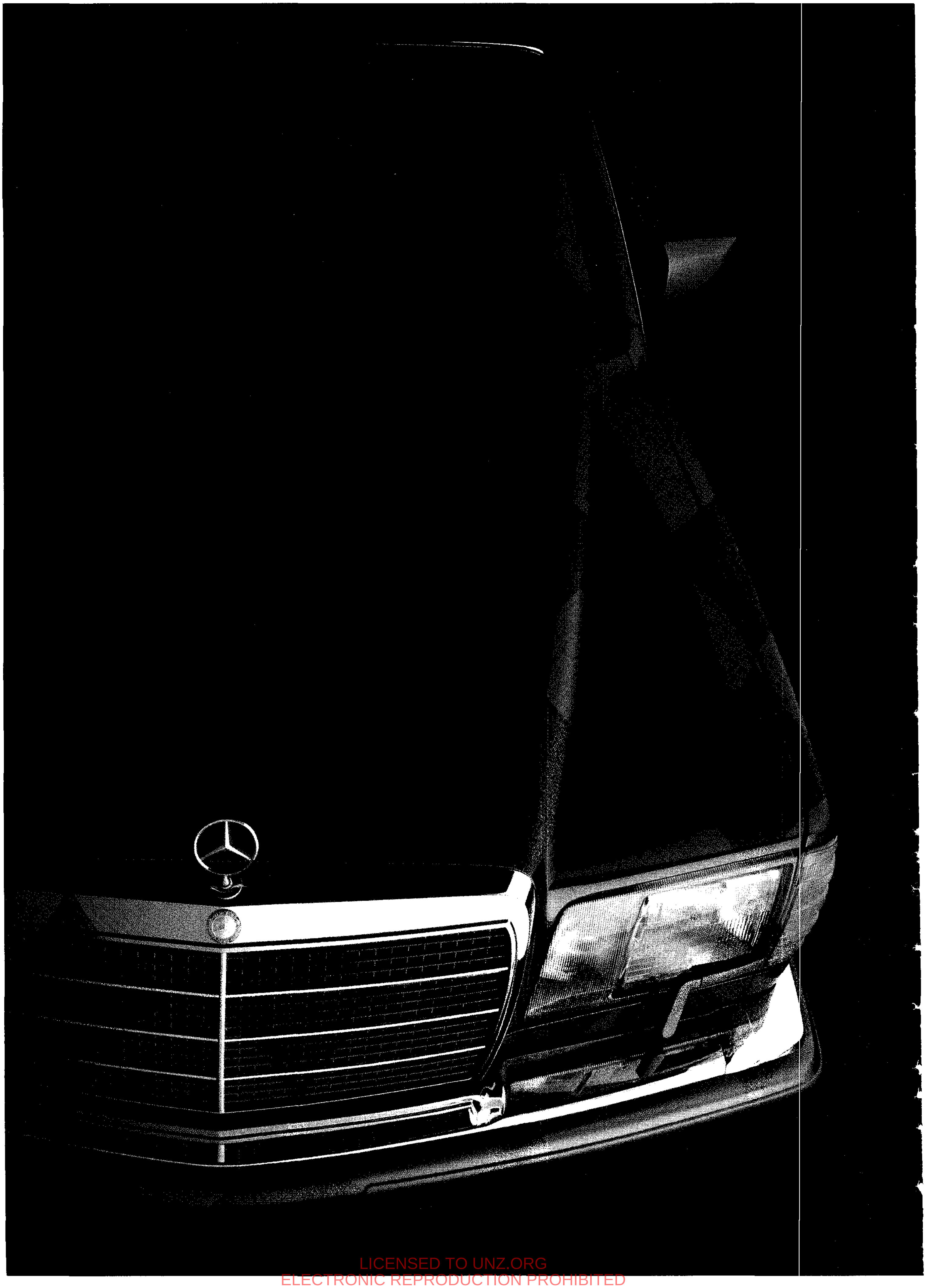

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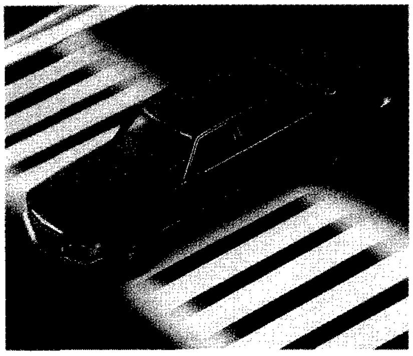

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landscapes, and preparatory drawings. Through March 19. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Frank Moore—A survey of his paintings. Through March 26. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Pedro Perez—Whimsical sculptures incorporating working clocks. Through Saturday, March 5. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Fred Sandback—Drawings and prints by a minimalist sculptor. Through March 19. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Four new sculptures. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Jan Sawka—New paintings. Through March 26. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Carole Seborovski—Geometric abstractions on paper, wood, or metal. Through Saturday, March 5. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Sandi Slone—Abstract paintings with a gritty texture. Through April 2. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Nancy Spero—A two-gallery exhibit. Forty-three collaged drawings from her "Artaud Series," dated 1969-70. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.) . . . ¶ "War Paintings," a series from the sixties. (Baer, 270 Lafayette St.) Both shows through Saturday, March 5.

Tom Uttech—Landscapes of wilderness areas in the upper Midwest. Through March 26. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Wentworth—Metal sculptures representing filled buckets, oversize ladders, crutches, and wedges. Through March 12. (Wolff, 560 Broadway.)

Allan Wexler—Proposals for houses, furniture, and other projects by this conceptual architect. Through March 12. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Roger Williams—Monumental Corten-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, March 5. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: Works on paper, mostly, by nine artists. Also, toys used by Lisa Dawn Gold to create her drawings—a top, a windup toy, a remote-control jeep. Through March 16. . . . **szoke,** 164 Mercer St.: Handmade-paper reliefs, sculptures, and collages by Sara Garden Armstrong, Charlotte Brown, Werner Pfeiffer, Phyllis Gaughran, and others. Through March 12. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Monumental works and related drawings by Grace Knowlton, Ruth Hardinger, and Elsbeth Woody. Through Saturday, March 5. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Bruce Conner—Drawings, photograms, and collages by an artist who also makes experimental films. Through March 19. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Robert Cronbach / Mary Ellen Doyle—Terra-cotta sculptures. / Watercolors. Through March 27. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Daniel Levine—Paintings, works on paper, and wall constructions. The artist has subtly contrived to make his paintings look like drawings, and parts of his constructions look like inked photogravure plates. Through March 12. (Neale, 320 Lafayette St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—His Picassos, dating from 1962 to 1964. Through March 31. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Justin McCarthy (1891-1977)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through March 12. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

Tom Radloff—Diagrammatic paintings and emblematic wall reliefs. Through March 20. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Small Works Show—The twelfth annual, this year selected by Carlo Lamagna. Through March 11. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University. Open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

P.S. 1—The main galleries have separate shows by Noriyuki Haruguchi (a sculptural installation), Jackie Winsor (sculptures), Richard Tuttle (sculptures), James Bishop (drawings and paintings), and Peter Fischli and David Weiss (sculptures, photographs, and a video), and a group show, called "The Logic of Display," of paintings and sculptures incorporating photographs. Through Sunday, March 6. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **burden,** 20 E. 23rd St.: Photographs and sculptures by John Baldessari, Annette Lemieux, Haim Steinbach, Mary Ellen Mark, and others in an exhibit titled "The Return of the Hero." Through March 12. (Opens at noon.) . . . **city gallery,** 2 Columbus Circle: Artists' proposals for projects at city-owned sites are documented in a show of models, drawings, and photographs. The works include Valerie Jaudon's brick paving for Police Plaza walkways and Stephen Antonakos's neon lighting for the Fifty-ninth Street Marine Transfer Station. Through Saturday, March 5. (Open Mondays.) . . . **franklin furnace,** 112 Franklin St.: Conceptual works on the theme "Products and Promotion," by, among others, Erika Rothenberg, Jenny Holzer, David Wojnarowicz, and Barbara Kruger. Through March 12. (Opens at noon.) . . . **303 gallery,** 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A: Works by Salvatore Scarpitta, Suzan Etkin, and David Carrino complement two of Meg Webster's sculptures—a bed-size plot of soil with clover and chamomile beginning to sprout, and a steel box filled with water from a dead lake in upstate New York. Through March 13. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of thirty-eight black-and-white prints by this painter, whose photographs, dated from 1928 to 1932, were found after his death. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Allan Chasanoff—Still-lifes in black-and-white and color from the past three years. Through March 10. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Carlo Gajani / Pia Schutzmann—Cibachrome prints of the Po Valley. / Abstract paintings that evoke vessels. Through March 26. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Nancy Goldring—Cibachromes of tableaux the artist set up in her studio. Through Saturday, March 5. (Baum, 109 Hudson St. Open Mondays.)

David Heald—Black-and-white photographs of twelfth-century French abbeys. Through April 2. (Ward, 9 E. 93rd St. Open Mondays.)

Grace Knowlton—Photographs, including hand-painted prints of the artist's outdoor sculptures. Through April 2. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Large-format Polaroids of Miami, and manipulated black-and-white prints. Through Saturday, March 5. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

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Group Show—Multiple-image prints by Stephen Frailey, Eve Sonneman, Neil Winokur, and others. Through March 26. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of Fragonard paintings and drawings, which has travelled here from the Grand Palais, in Paris. Through May 8. Complementing this is the display of "The Progress of Love" at the Frick Collection (see below). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of Vito Acconci's work has as its centerpiece three reconstructed outdoor installations that are meant to be climbed through, sat on, whatever. One of them uses a half-dozen formerly abandoned cars. Through May 3. (A complementary show—ending Saturday, March 5—is at Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.) . . . ¶ A show of prints scanning the political and social views of more than a hundred artists working in this country during the past twenty-five years, among them Miriam Schapiro, Jane Dickson, Romare Bearden, and Hans Haacke. Through April 19. . . . ¶ Large-scale prints of black lemons by Donald Sultan. Through May 3. . . . **photography:** Prints by Josef Albers. Through April 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. Of special interest are forty-seven paintings by postwar American artists, including Pollock, Rothko, Stella, Lichtenstein, and others, and large-scale sculptures by Nevelson and Calder. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of Richard Artschwager's paintings and sculptures from the past twenty-five years. Through April 3. . . . ¶ A Charles Sheeler retrospective offering paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through April 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Monday, March 7. . . . ¶ A display of primitive wood carvings by natives of the South Pacific island New Ireland. Through May 9. . . . ¶ A survey of prints by Alex Katz. Through April 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. Through May 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of a hundred paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight artists who have been nominated for Academy-Institute art awards. Among the candidates are Elizabeth Sandvig, Marja Vallila, and David Mann. Starts Tuesday, March 1. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A survey of present-day Scandinavian crafts comprising the work of thirty-five artisans. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A show of ancient terra-cotta objects—toys, fertility figures, reliefs—from South and Southeast Asia. Through May 8. (Open daily except

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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6	7	8	9			

Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of Swedish silver covering a three-hundred-and-fifty-year period and including flatware that graced the tables of King Karl Johan and Queen Desideria, Prince Gustav Adolf and Princess Sybilla, and King Carl and Queen Silvia. Starts Tuesday, March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—All fourteen canvases of Fragonard's "The Progress of Love," which is often considered his greatest work, are on view (as usual), complementing the comprehensive show of the artist's work at the Metropolitan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by Leonid Pasternak (1862-1945), the Russian Impressionist painter and the father of Boris Pasternak. Genre scenes, landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits (of, for instance, Lenin, Tolstoy, and Einstein). Through May 22. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Drake Manuscript consists of two hundred captioned watercolors of life in the West Indies, thought to be the work of someone on the voyages of Sir Francis Drake. The manuscript is on view along with transparencies of the individual pages. Through May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Bird prints in the library's collection, organized chronologically (1550-1900) and selected so as to show a range both of birds and of print techniques. Through May 7. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Photographs by Richard S. Roberts documenting black middle-class life in South Carolina in the twenties and thirties. Through April 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Feb. 29, at 7: "Siegfried," with Hildegard Behrens, Horst Hiestermann, and Hans Sotin; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 1, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Elizabeth Knighton, Stefania Toczyska, Wieslaw Ochman, and Denés Gulyás; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 8: "Turandot," with Marita Napier, Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 3, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and James King; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 4, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Elizabeth Knighton, Stefka Mineva, Wieslaw Ochman, and Denés Gulyás; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 12:30: "Siegfried," with Hildegard Behrens, Horst Hiestermann, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8: "Turandot," with Marita Napier, Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, March 7, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Susan Quittmeyer, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 8, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and James King; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 9, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Judith Haddon, Stefka Mineva, Thomas Booth, and Denés Gulyás; James Conlon. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Klaus Tennstedt conducting Mozart Symphonies Nos. 32 and 35, and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 2-3, at 8; Friday, March 4, at 2; Saturday, March 5, at 8; and Tuesday, March 8, at 7:30.)

American Composers Orchestra—Gunther Schuller conducting, with Thomas Riebl, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 3.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—David Zinman conducting the New York première of John Harbison's First Symphony. Also on the program are Samuel Barber's Cello Concerto, with Yo-Yo Ma, and Dvořák's Seventh Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

Chamber Orchestra of Europe—At Carnegie Hall, Claudio Abbado conducting. Wednesday, March 2, at 8: With Maurizio Pollini, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 3, at 8: With Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano.

Chamber Orchestra of the Auvergne—Jean-Jacques Kantorow conducting, with Marvis Martin, soprano, and Constantine Orbelian, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, March 3, at 8.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting and playing the flute, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

SinfoNova Chamber Orchestra—Aram Gharabekian conducting an ensemble from Boston in its début here. With Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-Mozart program, with Rudolf Firkušný, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Suzanne Sonnenschein, soprano; Rebecca Russell, mezzo-soprano; Frederic Kalt, tenor; and Justino Díaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

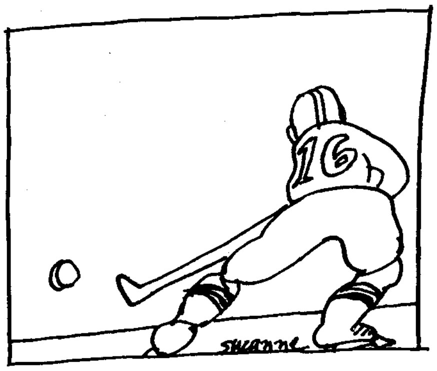
Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra—Richard Westenburg directing a Verdi-Mozart-Strauss program, with vocal soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 4, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Speculum Musicae—In a program that includes Anthony Davis's "Behind the Rock," with Mr. Davis at the piano, and Miriam Gideon's "Steeds of Darkness," with Constantine Cassolas, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Contemporary chamber music. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble, with André Emelianoff, cello, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)



Parnassus—A chamber group performing twentieth-century music, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, March 3, at 8.)

Sylvan Winds—Chamber music. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, March 3, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Playing music from the age of Dürer. With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 3, and Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in a Mendelssohn-Beethoven-Franck program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8.)

Michala Petri—Recorder, with Hanne Petri (her mother), harpsichord. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8.)

Joan Rowland—Piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Friday, March 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presenting the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8; Saturday, March 5, at 3; and Sunday, March 6, at 5.)

Tribute to Frank Wigglesworth—An ad-hoc group of musicians celebrating the composer's seventieth birthday. Presented by Composers' Forum. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 5, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Gregg Smith Singers—On Saturday, March 5. At 4: Brahms' vocal quartets and selections from Gregg Smith's "An American Cabaret." . . . ¶ At 8: In collaboration with four contemporary composers. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Steven Lubin—Playing the fortepiano and the modern grand. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

Spoleto Festival Chamber Music at BAM—With Paula Robison, flute; Frank Morelli, bassoon; David Singer, clarinet; Randall Wolfgang, oboe; Robert Routch, horn; and Stephanie Brown and Jeffrey Kahane, piano. The fourth in a series of seven concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

Peter Serkin and Alexander Schneider—Piano and violin, playing sonatas by Bach and Schubert. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, March 6, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Yuuko Shiokawa and Andras Schiff—Violin and piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, March 6, at 2.)

Judith Alstadter—Piano, in a program of music by French composers, with Robert Sherman, the radio personality, narrating Poulenc's "Babar the Little Elephant" and playing the piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 2.)

Paul Neubauer—Viola. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 6, at 3.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin, with André Laplante, piano, and Daire Fitzgerald, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting the New York première of Alessandro Stradella's oratorio "Susanna." With vocal soloists, instrumentalists, and Louise Basbas playing a newly built positive organ and conducting. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, March 6, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

The English Concert—Trevor Pinnock conducting and playing the harpsichord with this chamber group. Also with Simon Standage, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 7:30.)

Joshua Bell—Violin, in his New York recital début. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 8.)

Ian Hobson—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 8.)

New Calliope Singers—In a program of Elizabethan-type madrigals by contemporary composers. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Monday, March 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

On Original Instruments—Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano; Stephen Hammer, oboe; William

Purvis, horn; and others in an all-Beethoven program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

Mimi Lerner—Mezzo-soprano, in her New York recital début. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Robert Black conducting five pieces for instrumentalists and electronic tape. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 517-0475. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

Hung-Kuan Chen—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 8, at 8.)

Meliora String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 8, at 8.)

New York Consort of Viols—In a program of music and readings from seventeenth-century England. With assisting artists. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, March 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—Performing works by Beethoven, John Harbison, and Dvořák. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano, in the first of three all-Beethoven programs. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Leonard Bernstein Song Celebration—Composers' Showcase presenting a program performed by, among others, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Ben Holt, Angelina Reaux, Linda Lavin, and a small group of instrumentalists. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Japanese Music Marathon—A six-hour performance by Pro Musica Nipponia, a fourteen-member ensemble that plays traditional Japanese instruments: the yokobue, the shakuhachi, the biwa, the shamisen, and the koto. During intermissions, the audience will be invited to mingle with the players. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Sunday, March 6, from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Indiana Pacers, Tuesday, March 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Friday, March 4, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls, Monday, March 7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Wednesday, March 9, at 8. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Tuesday, March 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Saturday, March 5, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Monday, Feb. 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Tuesday, March 8, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, March 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, March 8, at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, March 2, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, March 6, at 1:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1.

Trotting—At **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Tuesday, March 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Joe Grifasi, Arnold Moss, Stockard Channing, and Jerry Stiller reading from the prose of William Kotzwinkle, Sholem Aleichem, Chet Williamson, and S. J. Perelman. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, March 2, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ X. J. Kennedy and W. D. Snodgrass reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

Spring Armory Antiques Show—An international antiques and fine-arts exhibition and sale, assembled by some seventy-five dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 3-5, from noon to 9:30; Sunday, March 6, from 11 to 6.)

New York Flower Show—An evocation of the gardens at Giverny and a topiary garden are among the special exhibits in the annual show, sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Passenger Ship Terminal, Pier 90, Twelfth Ave. at 50th St. Daily, 10 to 8, from Saturday, March 5, through Sunday, March 13.)

International Cat Show—A three-day competitive meet, sponsored by the Garden Cat Club. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Friday, March 4, from 3 to 9; Saturday, March 5, from 9 to 7; and Sunday, March 6, from 9 to 6.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota Twins, April 5-6 (both day games) and April 7 (night). . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal Expos, April 12 and 14 (both day games).

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 7-10.)

Music—**metropolitan opera** (362-6000): The season continues through April 16. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 27. . . . ¶ Yefim Bronfman and Shlomo Mintz, March 13. . . . ¶ Philharmonia Orchestra of London, March 20. . . . ¶ Horacio Gutiérrez, March 20. . . . ¶ Jessye Norman and James Levine, March 21. . . . ¶ Joan Sutherland, April 3. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, April 6. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7800): Maurizio Pollini, March 14 and 21. . . . ¶ Philharmonia Orchestra, March 17-18. . . . ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, March 22, 24, and 27. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, March 25. . . . ¶ John Shirley-Quirk and Sara Watkins, March 25. . . . ¶ Gidon Kremer and Martha Agerich, March 27. . . . ¶ Annie Fischer, March 29. . . . ¶ Juilliard String Quartet, April 5. . . . ¶ André Watts, April 6. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Borodin Quartet, March 13. . . . ¶ The King's Singers, March 13. . . . ¶ Kathleen Battle and James Levine, March 20. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet and Murray Perahia, March 22. . . . ¶ Grande Bande, March 26. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 28. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 29. . . . ¶ Composers' Showcase, March 31. . . . ¶ Marvis Martin, April 5. . . . **92nd street y** (427-4410): Richard Goode, March 13. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 15-16. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Symphony, March 19-20 and March 26. . . . ¶ Tokyo String Quartet, April 3. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Consort of Musicke, March 11. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 12. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 17. . . . ¶ Gidon Kremer, March 18-19. . . . ¶ Dmitry Sitkovetsky and Bella Davidovich, March 25. . . . ¶ Christopher Parkening, March 26. . . . ¶ James Levine and Ken Noda, March 28. . . . ¶ Shauna Rolston and Menachem Pressler, March 31. . . . ¶ Heinz Holliger and Christiane Jaccottet, April 4. . . . ¶ Helen Donath, April 7.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Blythe Danner, Aidan Quinn, Frances McDormand, and Frank Converse in a revival of Tennessee Williams' "Streetcar Named Desire." . . . ¶ "M. Butterfly," a play by David Henry Hwang, with John Lithgow. . . . ¶ A revival of "The Gospel at Colonus," the 1983 musical by Bob Telson (score) and Lee Breuer (book and lyrics), with Clarence Fountain and the Five Blind Boys of Alabama, J. J. Farley and the Original Soul Stirrers, and the J. D. Steele Singers. . . . ¶ August Wilson's new play, "Joe Turner's Come and Gone," seen recently at the Yale Repertory Theatre. . . . ¶ "Oba Oba," a Brazilian musical revue.

Dance—The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company, at City Center, March 15-27. . . . ¶ The Cisne Negro Grupo de Danca do Brasil, at City Center, March 29-April 3. . . . ¶ The Paul Taylor Dance Company, at City Center, April 5-May 1.

Other Dates—The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 23-May 1. . . . ¶ A show of Dutch and Flemish paintings on loan from the Hermitage, in Leningrad, at the Metropolitan Museum, March 26-June 5. . . . ¶ Passover is April 2. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 3. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 3.

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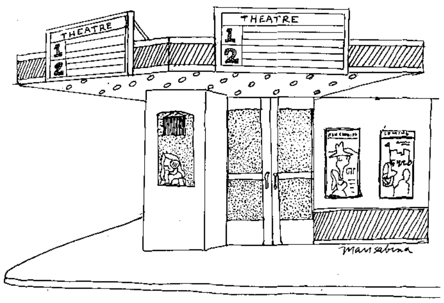
THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
March 1-3: "Harvest" (1937; directed by Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel; and "Angele" (1934; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel, Orane Démazis, and Jean Servais.
March 4-6: "The Baker's Wife" (†) and "Fanny" (1932 †).
From March 8: "Letters from My Windmill" (1955; Marcel Pagnol; in French); and "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 3: "Ironweed" (†). From March 4 (tentative): "Switching Channels" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kathleen Turner, Burt Reynolds, and Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 3: "Frantic" (Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Broadcast News" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
Theatre 3: "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Frantic" (Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Hope and Glory" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Moonstruck" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Wall Street" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through March 3: "Empire of the Sun" (†).
From March 4: To be announced.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through March 3: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven). From March 4: "Moving" (Alan Metter), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: Through March 3: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson. From March 4: "And God Created Woman" (Roger Vadim), with Rebecca De Mornay.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through March 3: "Ironweed" (†). From March 4: "Switching Channels" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kathleen Turner, Burt Reynolds, and Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 2: "A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon" (William Richert), with River Phoenix.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Frantic" (Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 3: "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern. From March 4: "The House on Carroll Street" (Peter Yates), with Kelly McGillis and Jeff Daniels.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"A Month in the Country" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon" (William Richert), with River Phoenix.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through March 3: "Apprentice to Murder" (R. L. Thomas), with Donald Sutherland and Chad Lowe. From March 4: "Moving" (Alan Metter), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: Through March 3: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson. From March 4: To be announced.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Frida" (1984; directed by Paul Leduc; a Mexican film, in Spanish). From March 2: "A Jumpin' Night in the Garden of Eden" (Michal Goldman; in English and Yiddish), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 3: "The Computer Animation Show." From March 4: To be announced.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 2: "Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will Be Done" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 3: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster. From March 4 (tentative): "The House on Carroll Street" (Peter Yates), with Kelly McGillis and Jeff Daniels.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 3: "Housekeeping" (†). From March 4 (tentative): "Anna" (†).
Theatre 2: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 3: "The Dead" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon" (William Richert), with River Phoenix.
Theatre 2: Through March 3: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven). From March 4: "Moving" (Alan Metter), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 3: "Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 3: "Ironweed" (†).
From March 4: "The House on Carroll Street" (Peter Yates), with Kelly McGillis and Jeff Daniels.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Dead" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through March 3: (Separate admissions) "Distant Harmony" (DeWitt Sage), a documentary about Luciano Pavarotti's 1986 tour of China; and "Anna" (†).
From March 4: To be announced.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"The Last Minute" (Pupi Avati; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Grand Highway" (Jean-Loup Hubert; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through March 3: (Separate admissions) "Jean de Florette" (†) and "Manon of the Spring" (†).
From March 4: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 3: "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.
From March 4: "The House on Carroll Street" (Peter Yates), with Kelly McGillis and Jeff Daniels.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through March 3: "Mélo" (†). From March 4: "Girl from Hunan" (Xie Fei and U Lan; in Mandarin).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "High Tide" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Family" (1988 †).
Theatre 2: Through March 3: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†). From March 4: "Babette's Feast" (Gabriel Axel; in Danish and French).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: "End of the Line" (Jay Russell), with Wilford Brimley and Levon Helm.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Last Emperor" (†).
Theatre 5: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 6: "Frantic" (Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through March 3: "The Dead" (†). From March 4: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through March 3: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven). From March 4: To be announced.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"School Daze" (Spike Lee).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 3: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson. From March 4: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon" (William Richert), with River Phoenix.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (directed by Wes Craven).

Theatre 2: Through March 3: "Scavengers." From March 4: "Moving" (Alan Metter), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 3: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 4: Through March 3: "Satisfaction" (Joan Freeman), with Justine Bateman. From March 4: "Prison" (Renny Harlin).
Theatre 5: Through March 3: "Aloha Summer" (Tommy Lee Wallace), with Chris Makepeace. From March 4: To be announced.
Theatre 6: Through March 3: "Broadcast News" (†). From March 4: "Switching Channels" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kathleen Turner, Burt Reynolds, and Christopher Reeve.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Apprentice to Murder" (R. L. Thomas), with Donald Sutherland and Chad Lowe.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon" (William Richert), with River Phoenix.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson.
Theatre 2: "Frantic" (Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Moonstruck" (†).

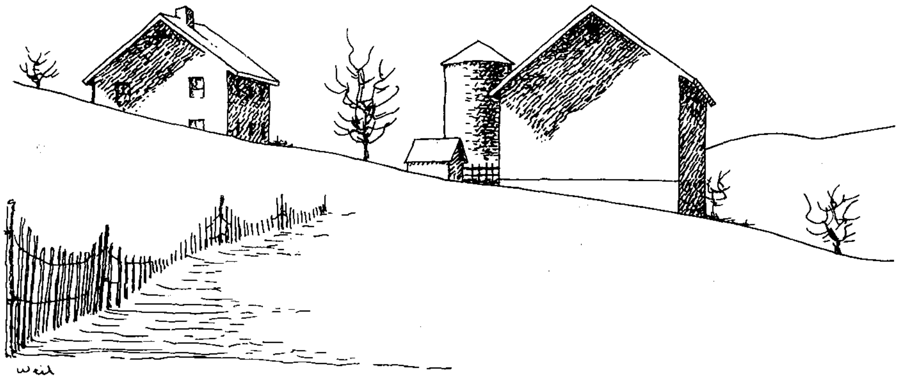
REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema (formerly called the New Carnegie), 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Feb. 29: "Penthouse" (1933; directed by W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter; and "Too Hot to Handle" (1938; Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy and Clark Gable.
March 1-2: "The Prizefighter and the Lady" (1933; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy, Walter Huston, and Max Baer; and "Topaze" (1933; Harry D'Arrast), with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy.
March 3-5: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
March 6-7: "The Rains Came" (1939; Clarence Brown), with Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, and George Brent; and "The Baroness and the Butler" (1938; Walter Lang), with Annabella, William Powell, and Helen Westley.
March 8-9: "The Great Ziegfeld" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 1: "Caravaggio" (1986; Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry; and "L'Homme Blessé" (1985; Patrice Chéreau; in French).
March 2-3: "River's Edge" (1987; Tim Hunter), with Daniel Roebuck, Crispin Glover, and Dennis Hopper; and "The Stepfather" (1987; Joseph Ruben), with Terry O'Quinn, Jill Schoelen, and Shelley Hack.
March 4-5: "Traffic Jam" (1979; Luigi Comencini; in Italian); and "Ménage" (1986; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou.
March 6: "The Fringe Dwellers" (1987; Bruce Beresford), with Justine Saunders, Kristina Nehm, and Bob Maza; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
March 7-8: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.
From March 9: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Feb. 29: "The Flower Thief" (1960; Ron Rice); and "Greenwich Village Story" (1963; Jack O'Connell), with Robert Hogan.
March 1: "Lost, Lost, Lost" (1961; Jonas Mekas); "Mounting Tension" (1950; Rudy Burckhardt); and "Inside Dope" (1971; Rudy Burckhardt).
March 2: "The Connection" (1961; Shirley Clarke), with Warren Finnerty; "Pull My Daisy" (1960); and "Scorpio Rising" (1963; Kenneth Anger).
March 3: "The Beat Generation—An American Dream" (1987; Janet Forman), a documentary.
March 4-5: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; "The Trip" (1967; Roger Corman), with Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg, and Dennis Hopper; and "Dennis Hopper: Some Kind of Genius" (1987; Paul Joyce), a documentary.
March 6-7: "The Last Movie" (†); "The American Dreamer" (1971; L. M. Kit Carson and Lawrence Schiller), with Dennis Hopper; and "Dennis Hopper: Some Kind of Genius."
March 8-9: "Key Witness" (1960; Phil Karlson), with Jeffrey Hunter, Pat Crowley, and Dennis Hopper; "The Sons of Katie Elder" (1965; Henry Hathaway), with John Wayne, Dean Martin, Martha Hyer, and Dennis Hopper; and "Dennis Hopper: Some Kind of Genius."

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 29: "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961; Samuel Fuller), with Cliff Robertson; and "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers.
March 1: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.
March 2: "Boy Meets Girl" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien; and "Dreamboat" (1952; Claude Binyon), with Clifton Webb, Ginger Rogers, Anne Francis, and Elsa Lanchester.
March 3: "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson; and "The Coca-Cola Kid" (1985; Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.
March 4-5: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant.
March 6: "Bellissima" (1951; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Anna Magnani and Walter Chiari; and "La Terra Trema" (1947; Luchino Visconti; in Sicilian dialect).
March 7: "China Gate" (1957; Samuel



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Fuller), with Nat King Cole, Gene Barry, and Angie Dickinson; and "The Crimson Kimono" (1959; Samuel Fuller), with Victoria Shaw, Glenn Corbett, and James Shigeta.

March 8: "Colonel Redl" (1985; István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer; and "My Way Home" (1964; Miklós Jancsó; in Hungarian).

March 9: "Lord Love a Duck" (1966; George Axelrod), with Tuesday Weld and Roddy McDowall; and "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 29: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

March 1: "The Old Maid" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Jane Bryan, and George Brent; and "A Stolen Life" (1946; Curtis Bernhardt), with Bette Davis, Glenn Ford, Dane Clark, and Walter Brennan.

March 2: "The Outlaw" (1941; Howard Hughes), with Jane Russell, Thomas Mitchell, Jack Buetel, and Walter Huston; and "The Front Page" (1931; Lewis Milestone), with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton.

March 3: "Moss Rose" (1947; Gregory Ratoff), with Victor Mature and Peggy Cummins; and "None but the Lonely Heart" (1944; Clifford Odets), with Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald.

March 4-5: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Weine; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

March 6: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (1938; Ernst Lubitsch), with Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, David Niven, and Herman Bing; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

March 7: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Shame" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

March 8: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Holmes–Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

March 9: "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "Man Hunt" (1941; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Walter Pidgeon, George Sanders, and John Carradine.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE I: March 1 at 1: "Once Upon a Time in America" (1984; directed by Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro, James Woods, and Elizabeth McGovern. . . . ¶ March 3-4 at 6:30: Films nominated for the 1987 Academy Award for Best Foreign-Language Film. . . . ¶ March 6 at 2: "Once Upon a Time in America." . . . ¶ March 7-8 at 2:30 and 6: Films nominated for the 1987 Academy Award for Best Documentary, Feature-Length.

THEATRE 2: March 1 at 6: "Vogliamo i Colonelli" (1973; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi, François Périer, and Claude Dauphin. . . . ¶ March 5 at 2:30: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 5 at 5:30: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Anita Ekberg. . . . ¶ March 6 at 5:30: "Amarcord." . . . ¶ March 8 at 6:30: "Il Deserto dei Tartari" (1976; Valerio Zurlini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A retrospective of the films of Keisuke Kinoshita, all in Japanese, with English subtitles. March 1 at 6:30: "Snow Flurry" (1959), with Keiko Kishi; and "Woman" (1948), with Mitsuko Mito. . . . ¶ March 4 at 6:30: "A Record of Youth" (1951), with Akiko Tamura; and "Spring Dreams" (1960), with Chieko Higashiyama.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through March 1: "New York World Television Festival," a program of twenty-seven international productions that have won awards during the past year. . . . ¶ "WNET Thirteen: 25 Years on the Air," over a hundred hours of news, public affairs, documentary, music, dance, theatre, nature, science, and children's programming. The first section, featuring news, public affairs, and documentaries, is on view through March 19. The schedules of performances are complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Feb. 29 at 8: "Demon Pond" (1980; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 1 at 8: "Reckless Moment" (1949; Max Ophuls), with James Mason and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ March 2 at 8: "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ March 3-6 at 8: "Chain Letters" (1986; Mark Rappaport). Mr. Rappaport will be present on March 3. . . . ¶ March 7 at 8: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 8 at 8: "The Ladies Man" (1961; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis. . . . ¶ March 9 at 8: "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

PLAYS INTO FILM: THE PLAYWRIGHT'S PERSPECTIVE—A series of films and lectures. March 3 at 8: "Little Shop of Horrors" (1986; Frank Oz), with Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, and Vincent Gardenia. Howard Ashman, screenplay and lyrics, and Alan Menken, music, will be present. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

ANNA—Sally Kirkland plays a Czech actress named Anna Radkova—once her country's leading film star, during the brief period of cultural freedom that ended in 1968, and now, in her forties, just another struggling actress in New York, desperate enough to take a job understudying all seven roles in an Off Broadway show. The conceit of the movie is that Anna has a kind of understudy in her own life, a lovely Czech country girl (played by the model Paulina Porizkova), who moves in with her and effortlessly achieves all the American-style success that has eluded the older woman. The script (by Agnieszka Holland, from a story by Holland and the director, Yurek Bogayevicz) occasionally suggests some sort of meditation on history and identity, though for the most part the film is content to be a vehicle for Kirkland, who laughs, cries, etc., in an accent that Meryl Streep would be proud of.—T.R. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through March 3. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 4, tentative.)

AU REVOIR LES ENFANTS (GOODBYE, CHILDREN)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boy's attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Cinema I.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1938)—The village baker (Raimu) cannot work because he laments his wife's departure with a stupid, sexy shepherd; the villagers, who want their bread, organize to bring her back. Raimu's baker is an acting classic—a true tragicomic hero. Marcel Pagnol, a playwright who turned scenarist and then writer-director, adapted this classic of cuckoldry from Jean Giono's "Jean le Bleu" and directed it very simply. With Ginette Leclerc (who can pout with her mouth open) as the wife; Charpin; and Charles Moulin. In French. (Public Theatre; March 4-6.)

BROADCAST NEWS—The writer-producer-director James L. Brooks puts us inside the world of a network's Washington bureau and sets up an adversarial relationship between the reddish-blond charmer Tom (William Hurt), who represents TV's corruption of the news into entertainment, and dark, broody Aaron (Albert Brooks), a near-genius newsman who, on the surface, at least, represents substance and integrity. The heroine, Jane (Holly Hunter), is a producer, and she and Aaron are supposed to be high-principled professionals, as well as close friends. The satirical, romantic-comedy dilemma is that Jane finds herself falling in love with Tom, who incarnates everything that she despises. Basically all the picture is saying is that beautiful, assured people have an edge over the rest of us, no matter how high our I.Q.s are. And it lacks any filmmaking excitement. With all the surface authenticity Jim Brooks gives us, he himself represents the corruption of movies into TV. (1/11/88) (Gramercy, Coronet, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through March 3.)

THE DEAD—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema, and Festival. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through March 3.)

EMPIRE OF THE SUN—At the outset, this Steven Spielberg epic is so big and majestic you want to laugh in pleasure, and it stays that way for about forty-five minutes—Spielberg takes over Shanghai, and makes it his city. But then, first in brief patches and then in longer ones, his directing goes terribly wrong. The story, taken from J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel, is set at the outbreak of the Second World War, and it's about Jim (Christian Bale), an eleven-year-old British schoolboy, who is separated from his parents when the Japanese Army invades the city, on December 8, 1941, and how he changes in order to survive three years of starving in a prison camp. It isn't told straightforwardly, though. Spielberg throws himself into bravura passages, lingers over them trying to give them a poetic obsessiveness, and loses his grasp of the narrative. For the sake of emotion—to have something to say, to give the picture some meaning—he pumps it full of

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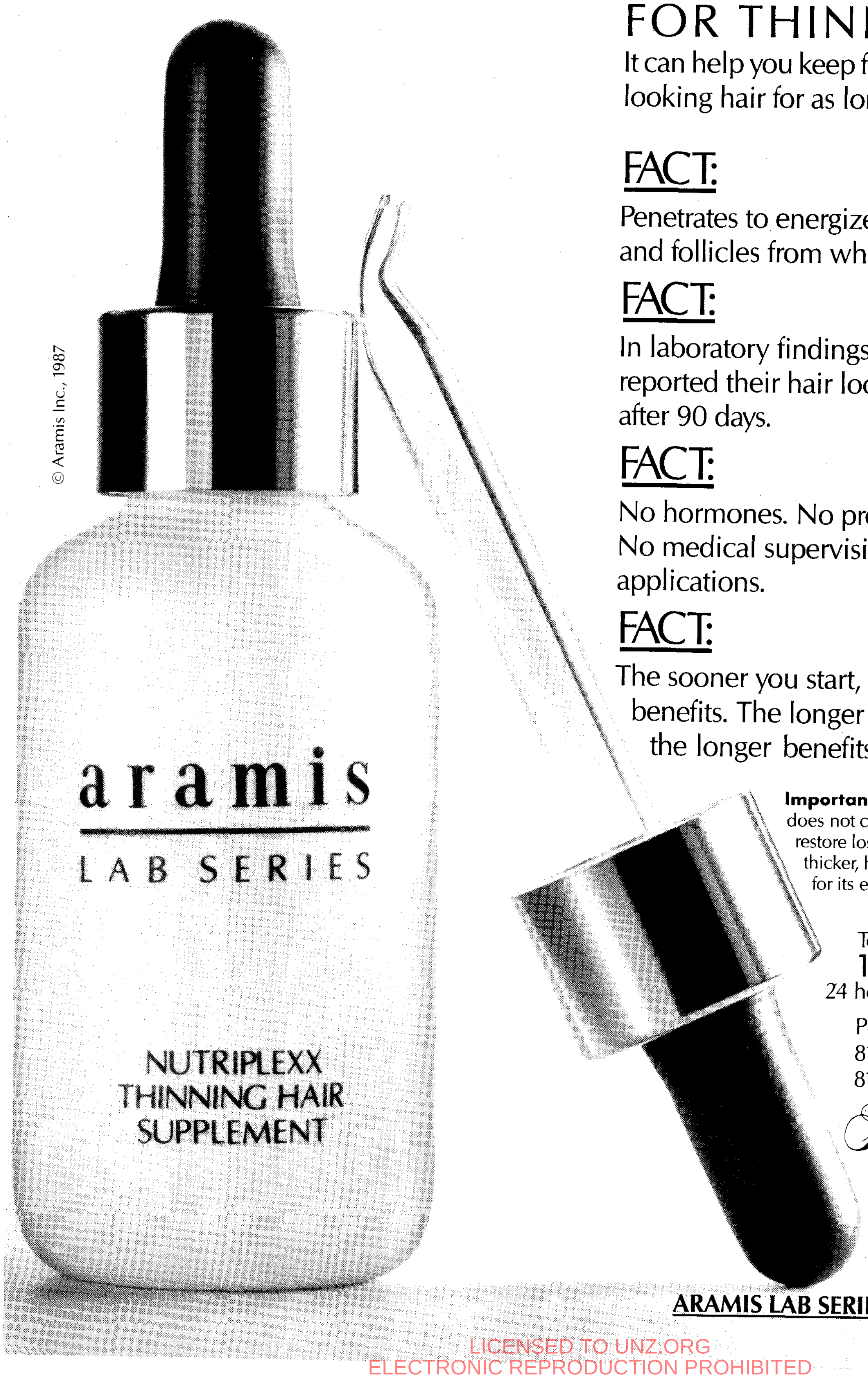

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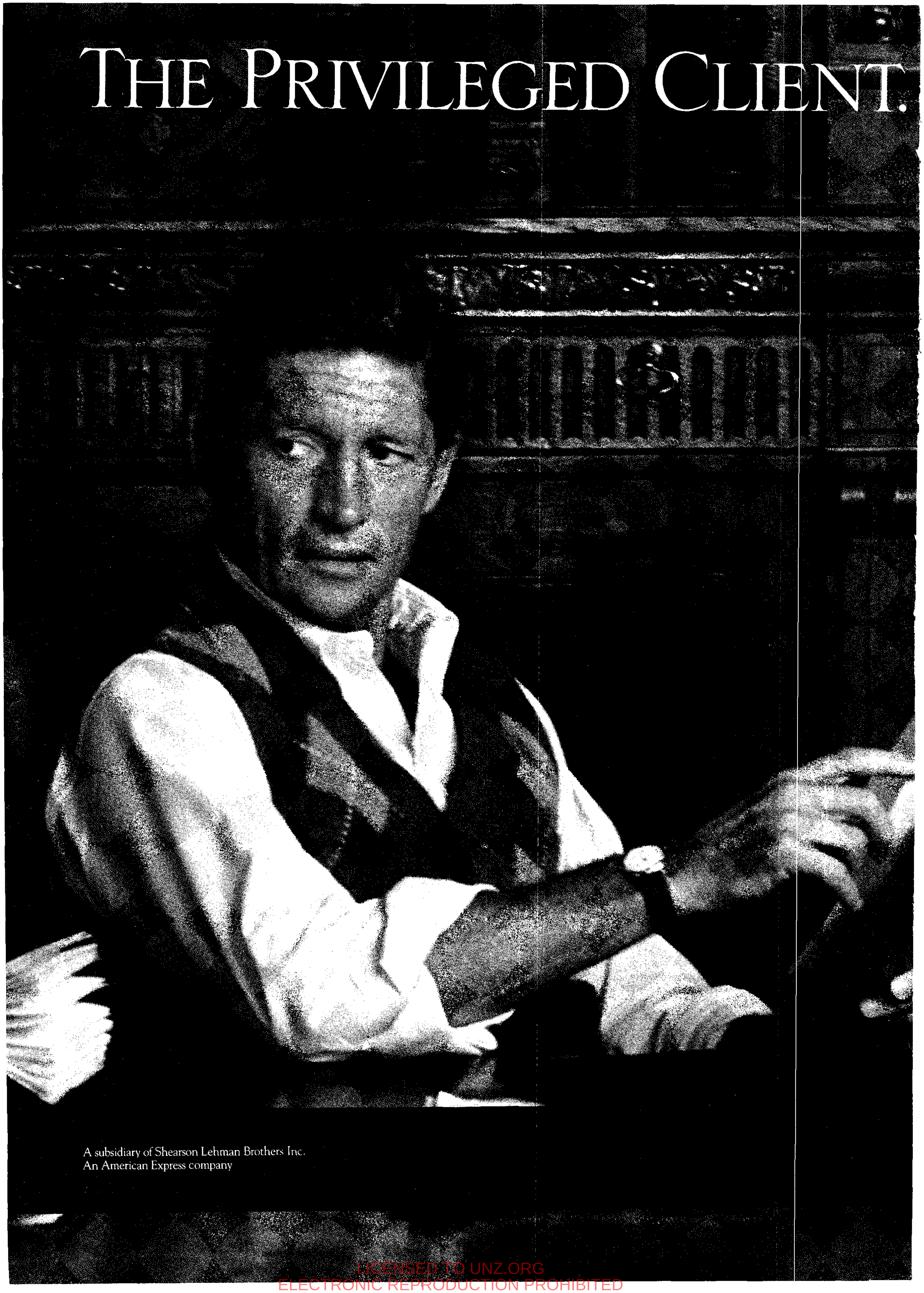
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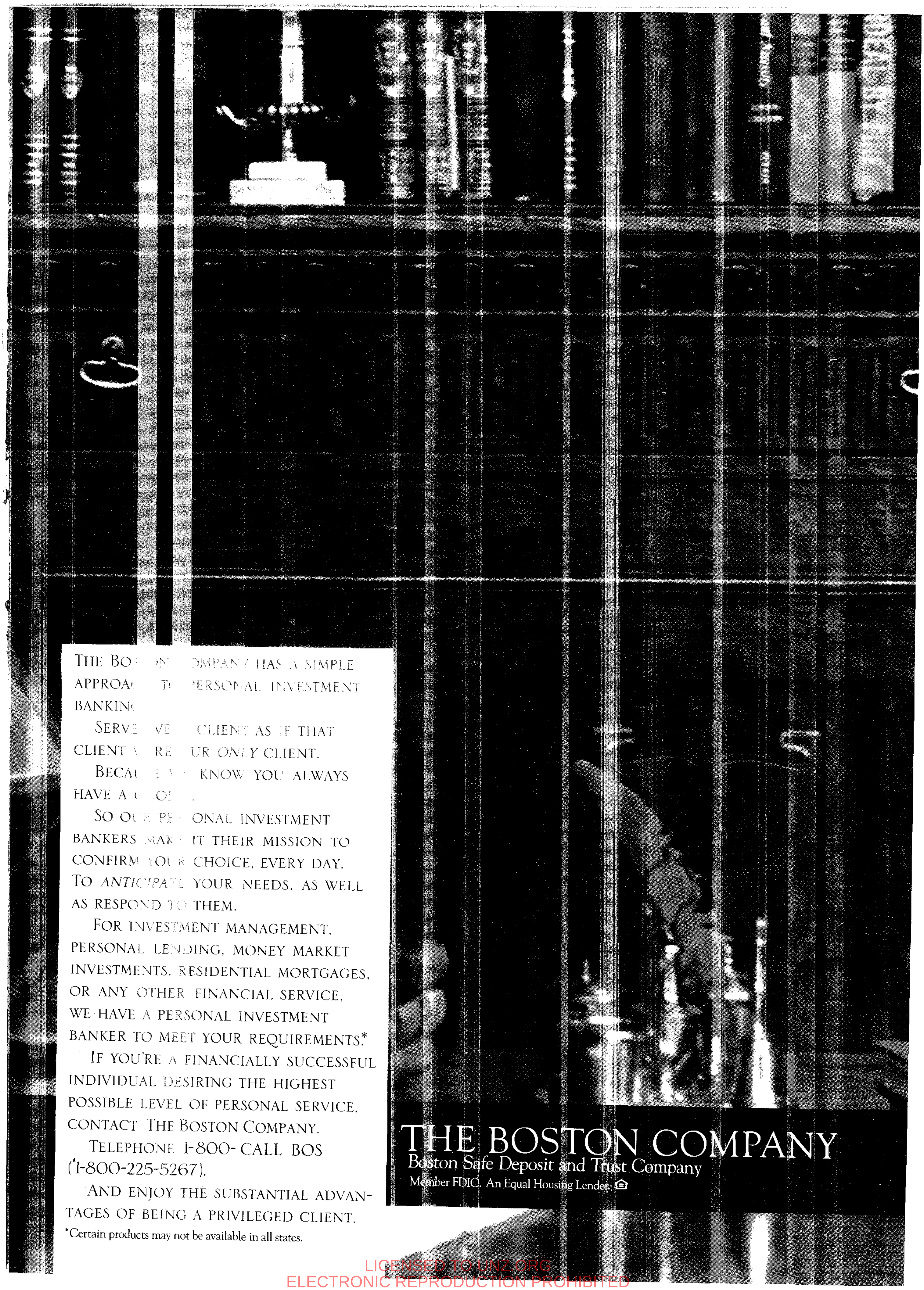

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false emotion. (That's what his poetry is.) John Williams' editorializing music swells and swooshes, trying to make you feel that something religious is going on. Christian Bale is a fine performer, directed superlatively; also with John Malkovich, Miranda Richardson, Nigel Havers, and Joe Pantoliano. The adaptation is credited to Tom Stoppard (it was also worked on by Menno Meyjes); the cinematography is by Allen Daviau. Spielberg had permission to shoot in Shanghai for only three weeks; the settings were matched up and constructed in Spain and London. 2 hours and 33 minutes. (12/28/87) (Plaza; through March 3.)

The Family—Ettore Scola's chronicle of a Roman middle-class family from 1906 to 1986 uses formal gimmicks to disguise its lack of substance. The film's nine episodes take place at precise ten-year intervals; both the first episode and the last involve the taking of a group photograph; and all the action is set in the family's spacious apartment. Scola and his co-scenarists (Ruggero Maccari and Furio Scarpelli) work the dull middle ground of human experience—amazingly little happens to any of this family's dozens of members—but the story's uneventfulness doesn't really mean anything, either. The filmmakers seem to be aiming for the blandest kind of universality. If we didn't know better, we'd swear that this fussy, empty movie had been made to demonstrate the decadence of bourgeois filmmaking, European style. With Vittorio Gassman, Fanny Ardant, Stefania Sandrelli, Andrea Occhipinti, Jo Ciampa, and, in a cameo, Philippe Noiret. In Italian.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Fanny (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret (and Pierre Prévert), with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, his pregnant fiancée, Fanny (Orane Démazis), marries the sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father, César (the great Raimu), acts as godfather to his grandson. César's dominating, expansive character is the central force of the film. When Marius returns, he finds that his leaving was an irremediable mistake—that the sailmaker is acknowledged as the father of his son and that there is no place for him (until the concluding film, "César"). You need a lot of tolerance for warm comic invention; it drags fearfully. In French. (Public Theatre; March 4-6.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Embassy.)

Good Morning, Vietnam—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. (1/11/88) (Bay Cinema, Cinema II, Art Greenwich Twin, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

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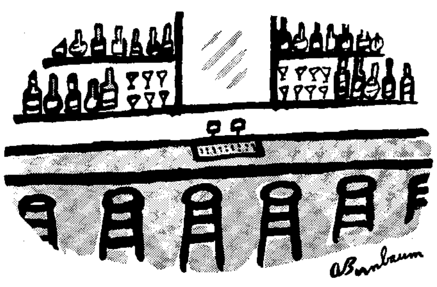
The Great Ziegfeld (1936)—William Powell plays Ziegfeld, and the two Mrs. Ziegfelds are played by Myrna Loy, as Billie Burke, and Luise Rainer, as Anna Held. Fanny Brice is herself, though she isn't onscreen enough to vitalize this lavish, tedious musical biography. Inexplicably, this thing won the Academy Award for Best Picture, and Rainer, who did her heartbreak specialty—smiling through tears and looking irresistibly fragile—was given the Best Actress award. With Ray Bolger, who has a few redemptive moments, and Gilda Gray, Harriet Hoctor, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen, William Demarest, Leon Errol, Stanley Morner (who became the singing star Dennis Morgan), and Virginia Bruce. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard, from a script by William Anthony McGuire. (Biograph Cinema; March 8-9.)

Hairspray—Directed by John Waters. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

High Tide—A great many young women are likely to feel that this is the movie they've wanted to make. It's a woman's picture in the way that "Stella Dallas" was—it's about the mother-daughter bond. But it's also a woman's picture in a new way: the Australian director Gillian Armstrong has the technique and the assurance to put a woman's fluid, not fully articulated emotions right onto the screen. And she has an actress—Judy Davis—who's a genius at moods. As one of three backup singers for a touring Elvis imitator, Judy Davis is contemptuous of the cruddy act, contemptuous of herself. Feeling put down, the dumb-lug Elvis fires her, and she's left alone at the beginning of winter in a ramshackle beach town on the magnificent, windswept coast of New South Wales. There she encounters her lonely teen-age daughter (Claudia Karvan), whom she'd given up to her confident, belligerent mother-in-law (Jan Adele) thirteen years earlier. The film's emotional suggestiveness makes it almost a primal woman's picture: Judy Davis has been compared with Jeanne Moreau, and that's apt, but she's Moreau without the cultural swank, the high-fashion gloss. She speaks to us more directly. The script is by Laura Jones; the superb cinematography is by Russell Boyd, who was also the camera operator; the stunningly effective editing is by Nick Beauman. With Colin Friels, Bob Purtell, John Clayton, and Mark Hembrow. (2/22/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema.)



Housekeeping—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema; through March 3.)

Ironweed—The director, Hector Babenco, treats William Kennedy's Albany novel, set in 1938, as a joyless classic; the movie has no momentum—the running time (two hours and twenty-four minutes) is like a death sentence. As Francis Phelan, the alcoholic hobo hero who is torn by guilt over the family he deserted twenty-two years ago and sees the phantoms of men he has done violence to, Jack Nicholson seems to be in a slow-motion dream. The only moments of reprieve from all the sombre artistry come when Meryl Streep, who is Francis's hobo crony Helen, sings "He's Me Pal" in the all-out, sentimental-Irish manner of a balladeer of a decade or two earlier; it's a spectacular re-creation of the old technique for "selling a song." Tom Waits, Hy Anzell, and Margaret Whitton provide brief changes of mood and emotion. The screenplay is by Kennedy. (1/11/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, and Guild; through March 3.)

Jean de Florette—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (7/13/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through March 3.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (8th St. Playhouse, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Last Movie (1971)—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stuntman with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs; screenplay by Stewart Stern. With Julie Adams, Tomas Milian, Samuel Fuller, Sylvia Miles, Peter Fonda, Henry Jaglom, Kris Kristofferson, Michelle Phillips, Dean Stockwell, and Russ Tamblyn. (Film Forum 2; March 6-7.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil),

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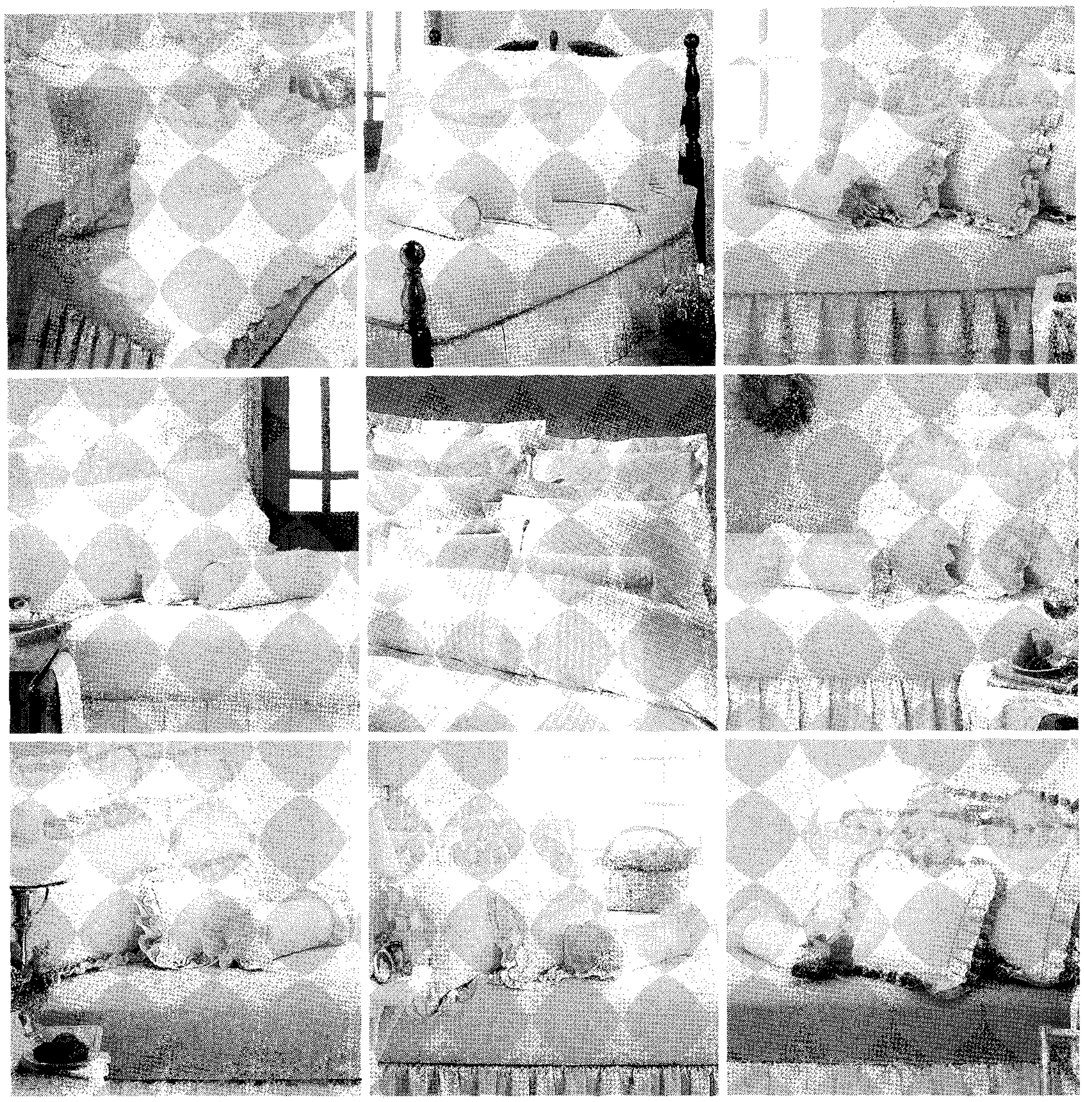

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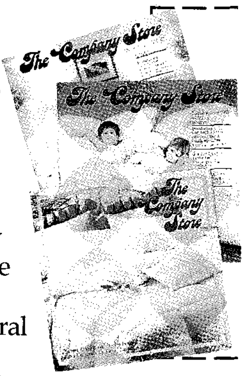

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the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Cinema 3; through March 3.)

Mélo—Alain Resnais's latest film is based on an old-fashioned drama of infidelity written in the nineteen-twenties by Henry Bernstein. The play, conventional and well constructed, is a pristine example of the kind of popular art that's doomed to become "dated." Resnais calls attention to the story's outmoded theatricality by treating it with ostentatious respect, and the self-conscious style has the effect of making the characters seem weirdly unmoored—as if they were adrift in some featureless space between the twenties and the eighties, between theatre and "real life," and so on. The director's exaggerated formality, his scrupulous technique, and his extreme reserve occasionally succeed in giving the characters the odd poignance that puppets sometimes have. Even at its best, though, "Mélo" isn't much more than a classy dinner-theatre production—without the dinner. With Sabine Azéma, André Dussollier, Pierre Arditi, and Fanny Ardant—the same quartet of actors who have appeared in each of Resnais's last three films. In French—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza; through March 3.)

A Month in the Country—Pat O'Connor's film, based on a novel by J. L. Carr, is intelligent and scrupulously made, but it never comes to life. Set in Yorkshire just after the First World War, it's about several kinds of restoration: A young veteran named Birkin (Colin Firth), emotionally blasted by the war, accepts a commission from a small country church to uncover a long-neglected mural by an unknown medieval artist. In the process of restoring this odd, apocalyptic tableau—a disturbing vision that the young man finds himself identifying with—Birkin somehow returns to a semblance of his prewar self: his stuttering and twitches gradually disappear. The themes are impeccably worked out in the script (by the playwright Simon Gray), though in ways that seem at odds with the story's emotional core. "A Month in the Country" is an attempt to restore something, too—the serene confidence of well-made nineteenth-century fiction—but the project has no conviction. After the Great War (as the film reminds us), a generation of Englishmen said goodbye to all that, and the filmmakers' very literary reaffirmation of faith feels hollow, wishful, even a little glib. The cast includes Kenneth Branagh, Patrick Malahide, and the wonderful Natasha Richardson.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse.)

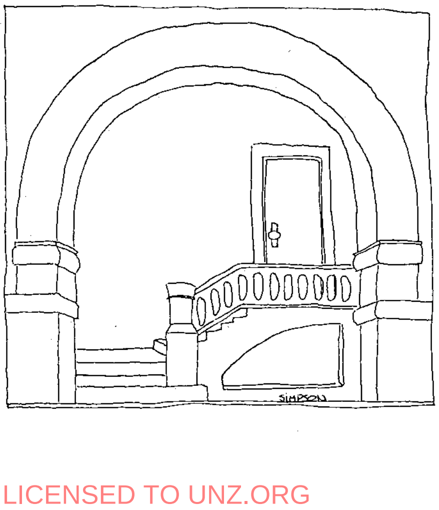
Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Warner.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio; through March 3.)

Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will Be Done—A documentary, directed by Antony Thomas. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Waverly.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. With Derek de Lint, Pavel Landovsky, Erland Josephson, and Donald Moffat. Script by Jean-Claude Carrière and Kaufman; editing by Walter Murch; cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (2/8/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)



The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Embassy.)

Wall Street—Oliver Stone makes films in the overwrought pulp style of directors like Samuel Fuller and Robert Aldrich. Everything has the hysterically urgent tone of a war movie, and the actors scream their lines as if they were struggling to be heard above the din of artillery fire. Applying his combat-zone sensibility to the financial community, Stone produces some good, weird comedy in the movie's manic first hour, as the young stockbroker hero (Charlie Sheen) claws his way to success by providing inside information to a ruthless corporate raider (Michael Douglas). As the picture goes on, though, the disparity between Stone's complex subject and his melodramatic style becomes less and less entertaining. Repeating the worst idea in "Platoon," he turns the movie into a contest for the young hero's soul, a battle between his decent union-man father (Martin Sheen) and the greedy, reptilian Douglas. The dialogue gets overexplicit, the tone becomes desperately moralistic, and we begin to wonder if Charlie Sheen's soul is really worth all this fuss. (At one point, he steps out onto his balcony and muses aloud, "Who am I?," and the audience has to think a minute: Tom Cruise? Judd Nelson?) Also with Daryl Hannah (cruelly directed), Hal Holbrook, and Terence Stamp.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Gotham Cinema.)

The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—The most famous French comedy about illegitimacy stars Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and the lovely Josette Day (the beauty of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. Undeservedly popular, this pastoral romp, written and directed by Marcel Pagnol, did much to convince a generation of art-house patrons that the French who lived close to the soil were warm, witty, and wise. Actually, Raimu and Fernandel, both products of the Marseilles music halls, were about as representative of indigenous peasant humor as an American burlesque graduate like Bert Lahr was of rural humor. But Pagnol knew not only how to use his actors but how to use traditional, stylized comedy plots in a natural setting and make them look as if they grew there. In French. (Public Theatre; starting March 8.)

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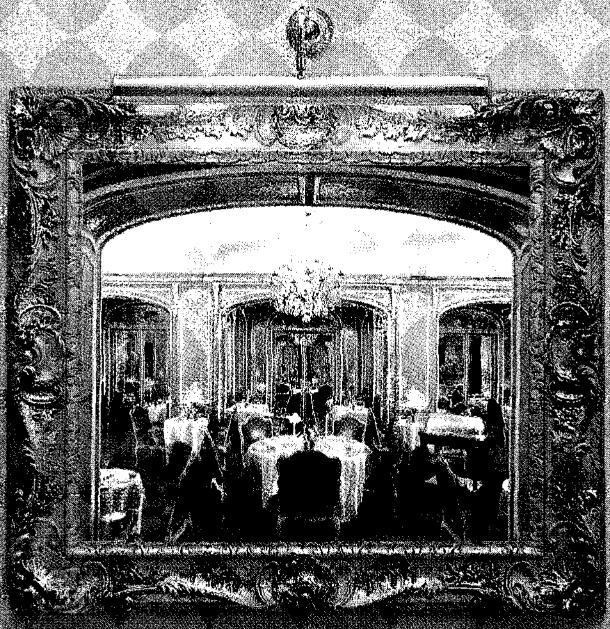

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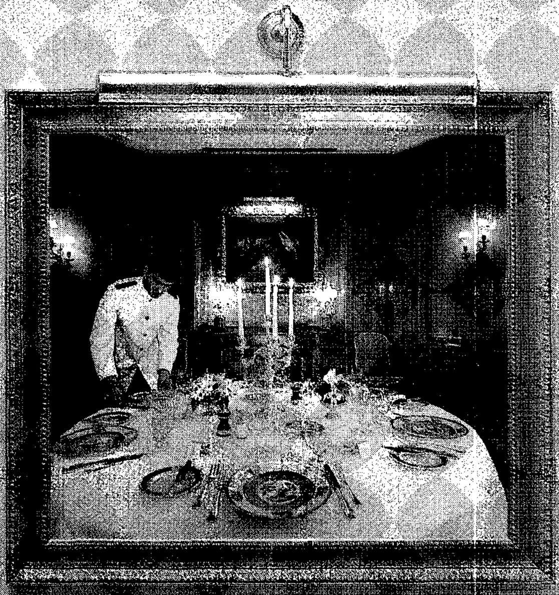

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THE NEW YORKER

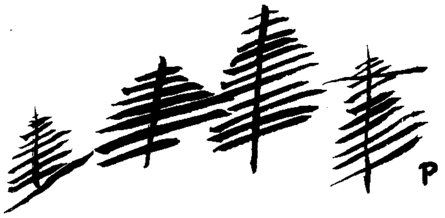
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"I COULD hardly believe I was in a parachute," Air Force Captain Lawrence Haskell told a military accident-investigation board. "I felt like I was in a nightmare that I was trying to wake up from, but I couldn't wake up." Last September 28th, Haskell, a thirty-three-year-old pilot, was on his first training sortie in one of the Strategic Air Command's new B-1B bombers. The B-1B, which costs two hundred and eighty million dollars, has five thousand pounds of electronic war-fighting gear and is supposed to be able to fool Soviet air-defense radars and elude interceptors by skimming a few hundred feet above the ground at nearly the speed of sound. Haskell was practicing low-level bombing runs on an Air Force "racetrack" near La Junta, Colorado, and, according to the official report, he saw "a white blur" just before hearing "a significant bang." The airplane shuddered, and the instructor-pilot on board, Major James Acklin, took the controls. He put the engines into full afterburner and tried to gain altitude, but the plane soon began a steep death roll to the right. "I heard Major Acklin say words to the effect of 'Crew, I've lost control,' " Haskell recalled. "And then a single word, 'Eject.' " Haskell and two other crewmen got out, but Major Acklin's escape seat malfunctioned; also trapped in the plane were First Lieutenant Ricky Bean and Major Wayne Whitlock, who didn't have ejection seats and couldn't get out the B-1B's bottom escape hatch, which is hard to open and has a history of jamming. Startled local farmers, who were harvesting mangoes, watched the plane go down, and so did an Air Force technician on the ground, who reported seeing "an extremely brilliant orange fireball with dense black smoke." "It almost looked like a small nuclear explosion," he said. The B-1B crashed because it hit a bird.

A few days after the accident, the Air Force BASH unit, the Bird Aircraft Strike Hazard team, surveyed the area and reported seeing hundreds of turkey-size birds—American white pelicans, *Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*—at a reservoir near the crash site, and the Air Force insists that it was not a "normal garden-variety robin" that penetrated the right wing and damaged critical equipment. However, the plane was almost totally destroyed, and no physical evidence of the bird that struck it was found at the impact crater or on any of the components, which were strewn for fourteen miles around. An Air Force spokesman said that he resented editorials questioning how well the B-1B could stand up to the Siberian snow goose; the American white pelican is a much larger bird, he noted.

In any event, the Air Force suspended low-level bombing practice following the crash and has belatedly recognized the need to birdproof the B-1B. It announced a thirty-eight-million-dollar additional contract to Rockwell International, the plane's manufacturer, to cover sensitive areas with Kevlar—the lightweight synthetic material used in bulletproof vests. Bird strikes are a common occurrence in flights of both civilian and military aircraft—thousands of such incidents take place each year—but the Air Force investigators did not explain why the B-1B, which flies at low altitudes, where birds are most likely to be a problem, was not adequately protected. The Air Force had done some testing with birds weighing as much as six pounds—it has an air gun at a base in Tennessee that hurls dead chickens at windscreens and other surfaces—but had obviously not covered all the possibilities.



If the plane's vulnerability to birds were the only gap in the testing program, over-all confidence in the B-1B—or in the Strategic Air Command's other supersophisticated new weapons systems, such as the MX missile—would not be greatly reduced by the crash in Colorado. But there is strong evidence that Air Force testing of new weapons technology in general has been skimpy, and that instead of challenging equipment to the limit tests have been deliberately designed not to show up weaknesses that could jeopardize program budgets. The Air Force's aversion to operational testing goes back at least to 1968, when after only four tests it suspended test firings of Minuteman missiles from operational silos. The missile, one of the mainstays of the country's nuclear deterrent, worked once and failed three times. The Air Force never makes public the reason for a test failure, but in an interview in 1985 a former SAC commander-in-chief did say why this testing program was stopped—"because it was too damn embarrassing."

In 1981, when the B-1B and other new strategic-weapons programs were initiated by the Reagan Administration, a classified Defense Audit Service Report warned, "There was no assurance that the operational tests of Air Force . . . weapons systems were conducted in a realistic threat environment or that the results of the tests represented true system effectiveness against enemy threats expected to be encountered in combat." Yet, far from designing better tests, the Air Force Systems Command, which was in charge of the B-1B, put off necessary testing of critical components, such as the plane's complex electronic warfare systems, until after the entire B-1B fleet, of a hundred planes, was built. The head of the Systems Command, General Lawrence Skantze, said, unapologetically, in a speech last year at the National Press Club, "The problems we are seeing in the B-1B today are products of the risks we accepted when we decided to develop and produce the aircraft concurrently." The result, he admitted, is a residual need to "mature" the electronics so the plane can fulfill its assigned role. What this means, in plainer language, is that there are very serious bugs still to be worked out; instead of jamming Soviet radar, for example, the B-1B's new electronics may actually help Soviet ground-to-air missiles home in on the plane.

At the moment, as Senate arms-control critics home in on the treaty that would eliminate intermediate-range nuclear missiles, the central issue has become whether we can "trust the Russians" not to cheat on the agreement. But, in the longer run, if we do not choose to rely on arms control the issue will be whether we can trust advanced technology, and the military's way of managing it, to assure our survival.

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Deliveries

WE have a friend who is a beekeeper in Missouri, and occasionally drives to New York to deliver honey. She writes:

When I come to New York, I stay at the Y.M.C.A. on Forty-seventh Street between Second and Third. The Y is a liberal and welcoming sort of place. I am not Y, I am not M, I am not C, and yet I am allowed to stay there, and even use the swimming pool. The location is convenient. The place is clean and cheap: twenty-eight dollars a night. Of course, the rooms are small—the size I like to imagine monks' cells to be—but, after all, I'm only in my room to sleep. The bathrooms are shared, but that is rather Continental. And lots of Europeans stay there. In the elevators, I hear spirited conversations in a variety of tongues. I can also leave my delivery truck out in front, because the whole block is designated a truck-standing zone. I'm not sure how *long* I can leave it there. I once parked, went into the Y, checked in, unpacked, took a shower and washed my hair, and came out to find my truck unticketed. So a truck-standing zone is good for at least that long.

Another thing I like about the Y is that there is a Smiler's all-night deli just around the corner, on Third, so when I get up, at five in the morning, I can walk over there, buy a cup of coffee to go, bring it back, and sit in my tiny little room and drink it while I plan my delivery route. I like to be over at Macy's loading dock, on Thirty-fifth Street, before six-thirty. The men who work there have all come in by then and are having their coffee and Danish, and they aren't yet exasperated, as they sometimes are after the big semis start to arrive. My truck is big as pickups go—it's a three-quarter-ton—but it's a lot smaller than a tractor-trailer rig, which is what most loading docks are set up for. My deliveries, of just a few cartons at a time, are a nuisance to most dock men. But at six-thirty the men at Macy's are still in a good mood. They let me back up to one of the bays. I put down my tailgate, which is several feet below the loading-dock level, and unload my cartons up onto pallets, which they will move with a forklift. In winter, it's still dark then, and I have to wander around the loading dock in golden lamplight to find someone who will sign my invoice and officially receive my delivery. He checks the purchase-order number and the department-destination number, stamps the invoice in several places, and scrawls his initials on it. I give him the duplicate copy, and in several weeks, perhaps a month or longer, I'll receive a check for what I've delivered.

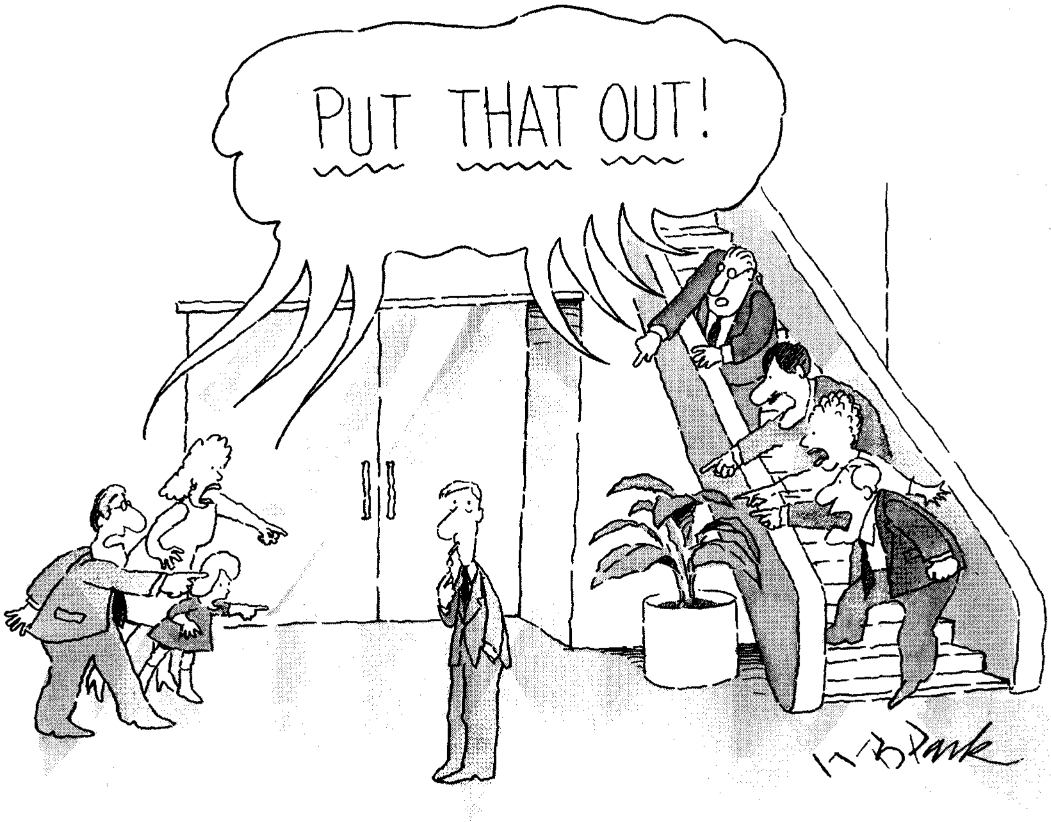
If I'm not there by six-thirty, I go looking for the dispatcher, who has a booth on the street and is sometimes in it. The first time I delivered to Macy's, he noticed my Missouri license plates. With a sigh, he told me how much he missed his girlfriend, who lived in Kansas City and was stubborn about moving to New York to be with him. We talked about Missouri and the recalcitrance of lovers for a while. He helped me find a parking place and let me wheel my cartons up a walk-in ramp on my hand truck. He remembers me from year to year and always gives me a big hug.

After Macy's, I drive to Seventh, hang a left, turn left again on Thirty-fourth, right on Broadway, and go speeding downtown to the World Trade Center. It's enormous fun to drive down Broadway at that hour of the morning. No one is about except other delivery drivers, and we all hustle right along, making every light, the big wheels of our trucks scarcely noticing the potholes. New York is dark, cozy, and ours at that time of day.

Deliveries for the World Trade Center are made underground, down a ramp off West Broadway, in a cavernous space with a dock running the length of it. At the entrance, a guard looks over my invoice, checks to see that I have commercial license plates, and waves me on to what he says is the appropriate area. I thread my way between big pillars, tractor trailers, and a few vans. After I'm parked, it gets confusing and uncomfortable. No matter what the outside temperature, it's warm and clammy there, and the air is bad. After I've loaded my cartons on my hand truck, I'm drenched in sweat. The rules change every time I go there. My deliveries end up in Inhilco's Big Kitchen, on the concourse, but sometimes I have to take my cartons up in the freight elevator all the way to an Inhilco storage room, on the hundred-and-sixth floor—the ride is so fast it makes my ears pop—and then trundle my hand truck around until I can find someone willing to sign for the delivery. If I'm lucky, though, I can leave the cartons down on the loading platform and one of the workers will take them up.

The workers are, for the most part, young men who speak little English. I speak little Spanish. Fortunately, they bring forth all their Latin courtesy for an older woman, and somehow, with many gestures and in phrases halfway between our languages, we communicate. They are always sweet and helpful, and do what they can to save me from lifting my cartons, which weigh forty pounds each. One day, I had been sent from one uncomprehending young man to another. My sweatshirt was soaked, my hair dishevelled. I was tugging my hand truck behind me, clutching my invoice book to my chest. My purse dangled from my shoulder. A young man stopped me, his dark eyes melting with concern, to point out that my purse was unzipped and a twenty-dollar bill was hanging from it. "You must be careful in this big city," he said haltingly.

Balducci's is next. I've sold to Balducci's for years, and remember the first time, when Louis himself came out to the truck, which was triple-parked on Sixth Avenue, to dicker over the price and help unload the order. The store has grown too prosperous for that now. The stock is controlled by a computer, and I deliver to a storage area on Eleventh Street between First and Second, where there are no spaces reserved for trucks unloading. So I have to double-park and block all the early-morning traffic behind me while I ring a concealed bell and wait for a man to open a heavy metal grillwork gate. He usually comes out to help me unload, however, and once the drivers of the cars trying to get through see what is happening they settle down to honking in only a perfunctory way.


PUT THAT OUT!

The American People Finally Speak Up

Next, I head uptown, to deliver to Bloomingdale's and a number of small shops on the East Side. The traffic is beginning to pick up by then, but in my truck I am high above it and can plan my strategy, threading my way in and out, going as fast as possible to finish my deliveries before ten-thirty, when double-parking, even with blinkers flashing, becomes unconscionable.

The little shops usually take only one carton, and so those deliveries are quick if I plan my route carefully and avoid as much as possible the narrow cross streets. My fat truck can barely fit through them, and I have to suck in my mirrors (folding them back), pray to the trucking gods that a tank truck will not be delivering fuel oil, and squeeze by.

At Bloomingdale's, I leave my truck running on Fifty-ninth Street—its flashers going and tailgate down, so that the traffic wardens in brown can see what I am doing—while I go inside the gourmet-food store to find someone willing to authorize the delivery. After this person has satisfied himself of my good intentions, he opens a lock on a very heavy metal trapdoor on the sidewalk outside the Fifty-ninth Street entranceway. I go back and tug it open, sometimes only with the help of a strong passerby. Then I slip my cartons down the chute. I try to close the trapdoor in a satisfactory way, but I often fail, and leave an edge sticking up. This makes the man inside exceedingly cross. He invariably reminds me that people could sue Bloomingdale's if they tripped over the door, and that it would be my fault.

Once, the Bloomingdale's buyer directed me to deliver to the warehouse, over in Long Island City. I changed my schedule around and, after driving down from Boston, on a wintry day, planned to stop at the warehouse before checking into the Y. After losing my way several times, I found the warehouse at about 1 P.M. and pulled into a line of small trucks and delivery vans. I waited for half an hour and nothing happened, so I got out and asked what the protocol was. The other drivers, all men—Haitians, Puerto Ricans, Italians, Jamaicans, and a black from southern Alabama—were helpful and friendly. They advised patience. They explained that I, like them, was a "straight trucker." (This refers to the way we back our trucks up. We do it straight; tractor-trailer rigs cut and bend.) There were a lot of loading bays, but only one for straight truckers. Each load had to be processed on a computer, whose speed was that of geological change, apparently—the lucky straight trucker who was now at the bay had been there nearly an hour and had only three pieces to unload.

A Jamaican driver explained that he had been waiting since eight in the morning and had just a single carton to deliver. He'd tried to walk it in, but the dock workers had barred his way. "All closed down now anyway," he said, in his lilting English. "The guys inside—they have stopped for lunch."

So I got back in my truck and waited. I took my checkbook out of my purse and balanced it. I planned my delivery route for the next day. On a tiny notepad I wrote a sixteen-page letter to a friend. Two hours had passed, and I had been able to inch forward one truck length. I got out and stretched, talked to the other drivers. They told me that the area was very unsafe—that young hoodlums would break into waiting trucks and rob them if the drivers left them. They advised me to keep my truck locked. We talked some more. Christmas was not far off, and one driver, recently arrived from Puerto Rico, told me about the beautiful doll he was planning to buy for his daughter back on the island. I gave him a jar of honey to send along. Then

I gave out jars of honey to the rest of the drivers. It was getting cold, and we all stamped our feet to stay warm. We moved our trucks another length and complained about Bloomingdale's computer, about computers in general.

We were all getting hungry. Lunch was over for the men inside the warehouse, but none of us had had ours. The Alabamian knew of a Greek restaurant several blocks away, but everyone agreed that it was unsafe for us to leave our trucks, even though they were locked. The men looked around, and decided that I seemed to be reliable. (There is an advantage to growing old and becoming motherly-looking.) Everyone dug into his pockets, we put together a kitty, and I took orders: burgers with various fixings, fries, and coffee in differing degrees of lightness and sweetness. I set off on foot for the Greek restaurant, and found it after a wrong turn or two. The counterman cooked our burgers to order and poured our coffees, and, hugging the warm sacks to me, I walked back, against a cold wind, to the drivers. We spread our feast out on a hood top and ate and talked. We talked trucks—the good points of some, the defects of others. We talked driving, and compared hard places for deliveries. We talked families. They showed me pictures of their babies, and I told them about my son in Boston. Occasionally, we got back into our trucks and inched up in line. We talked jobs and how to get them. We talked about what it is like to come to New York from far places and what those far places are like and what they mean to us.

At seven in the evening, I was finally at the unloading bay. I slid out my cartons of honey, the computer processed them, a dock worker signed my invoice, I drove out and waved to the remaining truckers. It was one of the best days I've ever had in New York.

Avtograf

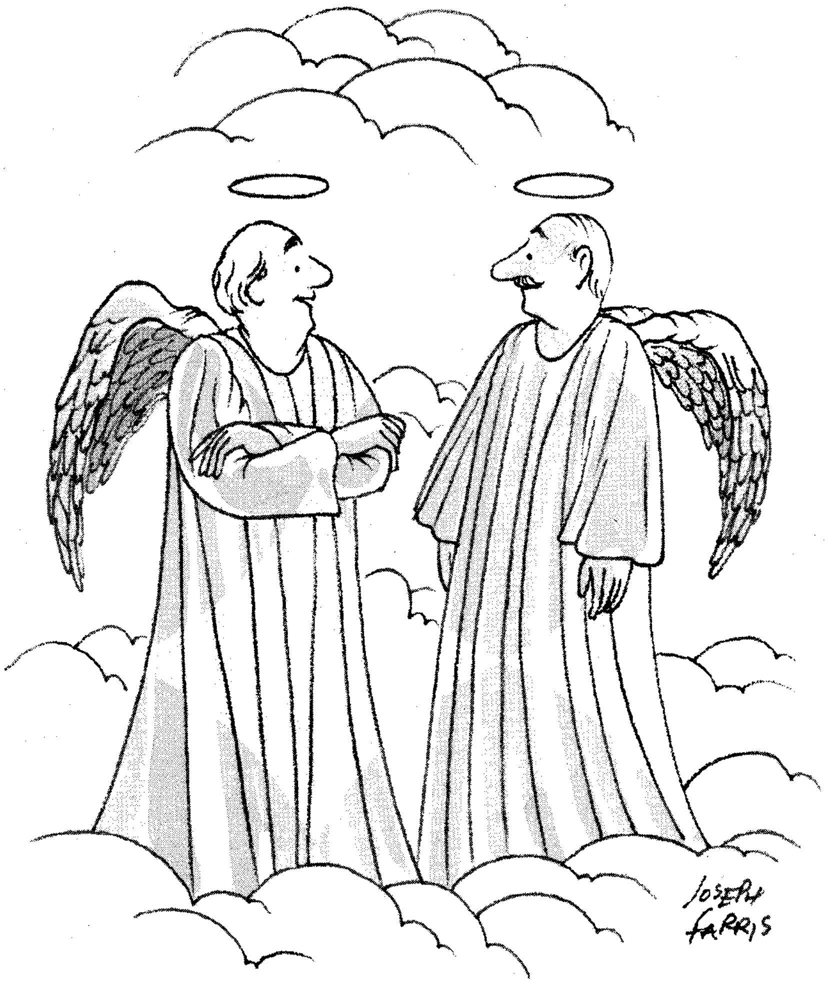
A FRIEND of ours, Brad, is a teacher of Russian. Two years ago, he fell in love and married Katya, a beautiful Russian nineteen-year-old, while they were both studying in Leningrad, and after seven months the Soviet authorities permitted her to move to the United States, where she now teaches Russian also. During her first week here, Brad and a few of his buddies made sure that to begin her American education she saw such cultural treasures as "The Wizard of Oz" and "Blue Velvet" on the VCR.

Every so often now, we check in with Brad and Katya, and it's obvious that Katya's cultural exposure is increasing exponentially. Often on Saturday nights, she sits at the kitchen table, resting her head in her palms, and watches Brad and his friends dance to his cherished collection of old 45s, including "Kung Fu Fighting," "The Night Chicago Died," "I've Never Been to Me," and "I Am Woman." (They've even choreographed some of these.) Brad is particularly fond of the Carpenters' 1977 hit "Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft"—a song written and recorded for extra-terrestrials. (The idea was that they would find the record in space, put it on their turntables, and know once and for all that Earth was a peaceful planet and welcomed them.)

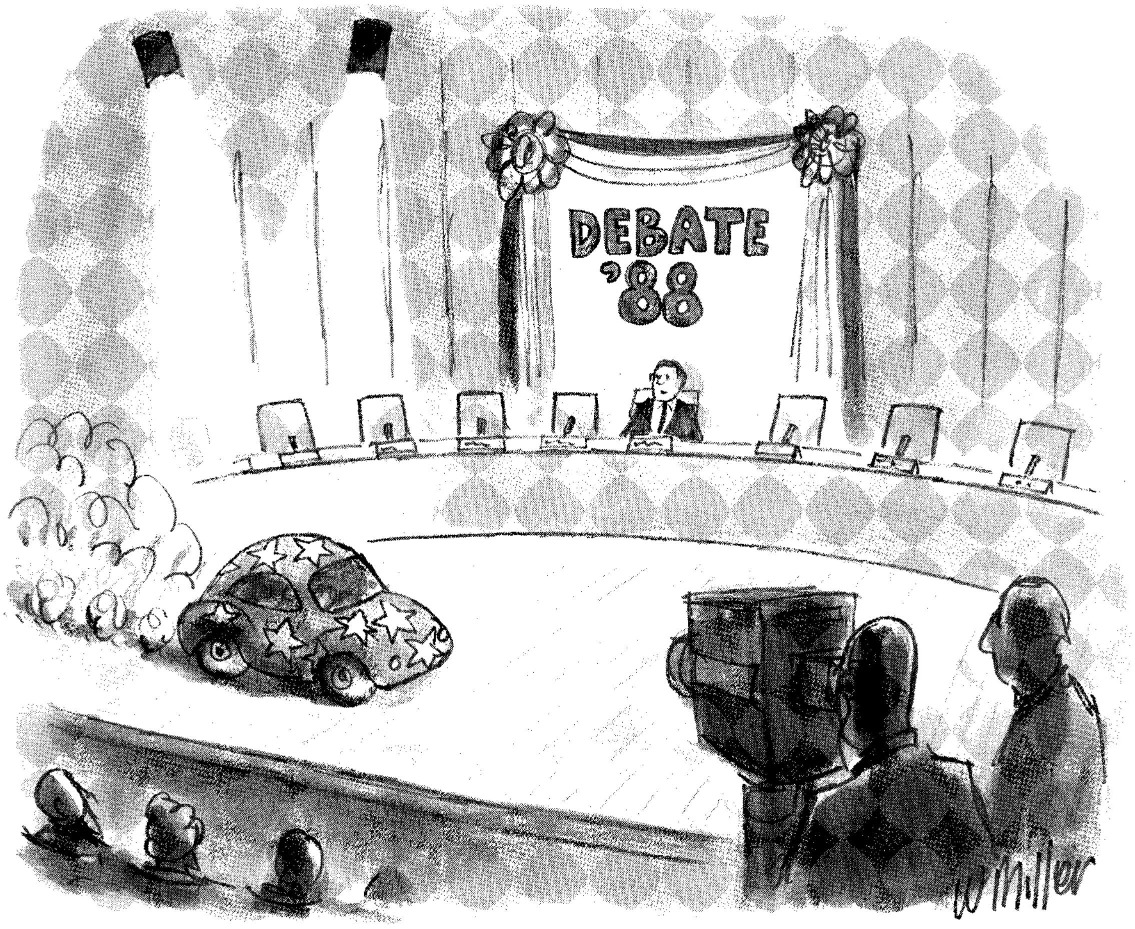
So, of course, we thought of Katya when we heard that Avtograf, a Russian rock-and-roll band, was playing in New York. We thought that after listening to "The Incredible John Davidson" she might be ready for something that would seem more normal to her. But Katya evidently wouldn't drop her homework to go see Avtograf in Leningrad, and wasn't about to here, either. It didn't help when we pointed out that this was the *very first* rock-and-roll band from the Soviet Union to play in the United States. Maybe she was just too close to the situation to grasp its significance, we thought. We wound up going alone—to Drums, a rock-and-roll club on East Sixtieth Street.

The first thing we discovered about the band was that its members all had hopes of signing with an American label. And anyone could see they were already onto the importance of the right haircut: the lead singer had an early John Cougar Mellencamp, the drummer a long ponytail, and the lead guitarist—well, he had a Doug Henning shag and mustache.

We talked to the lead guitarist—his name is Alexander Sitkovetsky—before the show, and he told us the group had been too busy doing interviews to see much of New York. "Most of the questions are all the same," he said. "About official bands.



"To play it safe, I still take one aspirin every other day."



"We should be getting started momentarily. The Presidential hopefuls have just arrived on the stage."

• •

What is happening in the Soviet Union? Do you have underground concerts? And so on. What do you think about Afghanistan? But our main aim is music. Melody and so on. Not singing about Afghanistan, for example. You know, I understand all the changes in Iran, but I don't have a wish to write a song about it. That's the different thing."

We asked whether playing rock and roll in the Soviet Union involved any element of rebellion.

"We have some bands who are really rebellious, but they are dealing with political ideology," he said. "They are strong and aggressive, sometimes, and very popular and very special. I don't think they would be interesting here, because to understand what they are about, you must have grown up there." After a pause, he went on, "I know that you have information that it is really impossible for most of the bands to have an album in the Soviet Union. But the problem is that we have only one label—a record company called Melodia—and they do not have enough studios to record everyone. But now, if you're popular, you can record. Maybe you have to wait a little bit, because there are many people who are recording now. But it's possible."

Alexander told us that all the members of the band had studied classical music, and that they were music students when they met and began playing together, in 1979. In Leningrad in 1980, they won second prize at the first Soviet rock festival, and their popularity grew. They were allowed to make a record, and it sold six million copies. "In Russia now, there is a big hunger for rock and roll," he said. "We fill halls with five, ten, and thirty thousand people. There are many other bands—many very good ones—and they have sold out the halls, too."

Soon afterward, Alexander was onstage, wearing a duster coat, and clapping his hands enthusiastically. His friends followed him on: Artour Mikheev, the lead singer, in a leather jacket and leather pants, and the others—Leonid Guitkin, the bassist, Leonid Makarevich, the keyboardist, and Victor Mikhalin, the drummer—in less flashy, standard-issue rock-band wear. We listened for some musical texture heretofore unheard in the West, but there wasn't any. Avtograf sounded just like many of the big-arena bands here—the ones that are just loud and threatening enough to appeal to mutinous pre-teens. Meri D., a petite young Texan singing with the band on the tour, came onstage, sporting Pat Benatar black. She and Artour sang several cheery duets ("We are the world . . . spinning with love and not with fight"), and after one of them they kissed each other on the cheek. Cameras flashed. A rock critic sitting next to us leaned over, clearly unimpressed, and demanded, "Where's the *party*?"

When we called Brad and Katya the next morning, they were watching "The Brides of Dracula." We said that it was probably better that they hadn't gone after all.

"I told you that," Katya said. "I told you they were not great. All about love and peace, all the time. They are very average." She added that her favorite Russian bands—Aquarium, Strange Games—were considered underground when she lived in Leningrad, and weren't on the radio. "You'd just have to know someone, and they would tell you where these bands would play," she said. "At that time, you could easily go to the police station for being too loud."

We asked Katya if there were Russian versions of Brad's bad 45 collection.

"Oh, sure," she said, without hesitation. "We have a lot of that, too. My friends and I used to collect the words of those songs. We had a big exercise book we'd write the words in, and then we'd call each other up and say, 'Oh, listen to this!' "

THE FLY

I

While you were singing, fall arrived.
A splinter set the stove alight.
While you were singing, while you flew,
the cold wind blew.

And now you crawl the flat expanse of
my greasy stovetop, never glancing
back to whence you arrived last April,
slow, barely able

to put one foot before the other.
So crushing you would be no bother.
Yet death's more boring to a scholar's eye
than torment, fly.

II

While you were singing, while you flew, the leafage
fell off. And water found it easier
to run down to the ground and stare,
uninterested, back into air.

But your eyesight has gone a bit asunder.
The thought of your brain dimming under
your latticed retina—downtrodden,
matte, tattered, rotten—

unsettles one. Yet you seem quite aware of
and like, in fact, this mildewed air of
well-lived-in quarters, green shades drawn.
Life does drag on.

III

Ah, buggie, you've lost all your perkiness;
you look like some old shot-down Junkers,
like one of those scratched flicks that score
the days of yore.

Weren't you the one who in those times so fatal
droned loud above my midnight cradle,
pursued by crossing searchlights into
my black-framed window?

Yet these days, as my yellowed finger-
nail mindlessly attempts to fiddle
with your soft belly, you won't buzz with fear
or hatred, dear.

IV

While you sang on, the gray outside grew grayer.
Damp doorframe joints swell past repair;
drafts numb the soles. This place of mine
is in decline.

You can't be tempted, though, by the sink's outrageous
slumped pyramids, unwashed for ages,
or by sweet, shiftless honeymoons
in sugar dunes.

You're in no mood for that. You're in no mood to
take all that sterling-silver crap. Too good to
let yourself in for all that mess.
Me, too, I guess.

V

Those feet and wings of yours! They're so old-fashioned,
so quaint. One look at them and one imagines
a cross between Great-Grandma's veil
et la Tour Eiffel

—the nineteenth century, in short. However,
by likening you to this and that, my clever
pen ekes out of your sorry end
a profit, and

prods you to turn into some fleshless substance,
thought-like, unpalpable—into an absence
ahead of schedule. Your pursuer
admits: it's cruel.

VI

What is it that you muse of there?
Of your worn-out though uncomputed derring-
do orbits? Of six-legged letters,
your printed betters,

your splayed Cyrillic echoes, often
spotted by you in days gone by on open
book pages, when—misprints abhorring—
fast you'd be soaring

off? Now, though, since your eyesight lessens,
you spurn those black-on-white curls, tresses,
releasing them to live brunettes, their ruffles,
chignons, thick Afros.

VII

While you were singing, while you flew, the birds went
away. Brooks, too, meander free, unburdened
by stickleback. Groves flaunt see-throughs: no takers.
The cabbage acres

crackle with cold, though tightly wrapped for winter.
And an alarm clock, like a time bomb, whimpers
ticktock somewhere; its dial's dim and hollow:
the blast won't follow.

Apart from that, there are no other sounds.
Rooftop by rooftop, light rebounds

back into cloud. The stubble shrivels.
It gives one shivers.

VIII

And here's just two of us, contagion's carriers.
Microbes and sentences respect no barriers,
afflicting all that can inhale or hear.
Just us two here—

your tiny countenance pent up with fear
of dying, my sixteen, or near,
stones playing at some country squire—
plus autumn's mire.

Completely gone, it seems, your precious buzzer.
To time, though, this appears small bother—
to waste itself on us. Be grateful
that it's not hateful,

IX

that it's not squeamish. Or that it won't care
what sort of shoddy deal, what kind of fare
it's getting stuck with in the guise of
some large nose-divers,

or petty ones. Your flying days are over.
To time, though, ages, sizes never
appear distinguishable. And it poses
alike for causes

and for effects, by definition. Even—
nay! notably—if those are given
in miniature: to cold fingers,
small change, odd figures.

X

So while you were off there, busy flirting
around the half-lit light bulb's flicker,
or, dodging me, amidst the rafters,
it—time—stayed rather

the same as now, when you've acquired the stature
(thanks to your impotence and to your posture
toward myself) of pallid dust. Don't ponder,
decrepit, sombre,

that time is my ally, my partner.
Look, we are victims of a common pattern.
I am your cellmate, not your warden.
There is no pardon.

XI

Outside, it's fall. A rotten time for bare
carnelian twigs. As in the Mongol era,
the gray, short-legged species messes
with yellow masses,

or just makes passes. And yet no one cares
for either one of us. It seems what pairs us
is some paralysis—that is, your virus.
You'd be desirous

to learn how fast one catches this quite lucid
indifference and sleep-inducing
desire to pay for stuff so global
with its own obol.

XII

Don't die! Resist! Crawl! though you don't feel youthful.
Existence is a bore when useful,
for oneself especially, when it spells a bonus.
A lot more honest

is to hound calendar days with a presence
devoid of any sense or reasons,
making a casual observer gather:
life's just another

word for non-being and for breaking rules. Were
you younger, my eyes'd scan the sphere
where all that is abundant. You are,
though, old and near.

XIII

So here's two of us. Outside, rain's flimsy
beak tests the windowpanes and in a whimsy
crosshatches the landscape: its model.
You are immobile.

Still, there's us two. At least when you expire,
I mentally will note the dire
event, thus mimicking the loops so boldly
spun by your body

in olden times, when they appeared so witless.
Death, too, you know, once it detects a witness,
less firmly puts full stops, I bet,
than tête-à-tête.

XIV

I hope you're not in pain—just lonely.
Pain takes up space; it therefore could only
creep toward you from outside, sneak near
you from the rear,

and cup you fully—which implies, I reckon,
my palm that's rather busy making
these sentences. Don't die as long as
the worst, the lowest

still can be felt, still makes you twitch. Ah, sister!
To hell with the small brain's disaster!
A thing that quits obeying, damn it,
like that stayed moment,

XV

is beautiful in its own right. In other
words, it's entitled to applause (well, rather,
to a reversed burst) to extend its labor.
Fear's but a table

of those dependencies that dryly beckon
one's atrophy to last an extra second.
And I, for one, my buzzy buddy—
I am quite ready

to sacrifice one of my own. However,
now such a gesture is an empty favor:
quite shot, my Shiva, is your motor—
your torpor's mortal.

XVI

In memory's deep faults, great vaults, among her
vast treasures—spent, dissolved, disowned, or
forgotten (on the whole, no miser
could size them, either

in ancient days or, moreover, later)—
amidst existence's loose change and glitter,
your near-namesake, called the Muse, now makes a
soft bed, dear *Musca*

domestica, for your protracted
rest. Hence these syllables, hence all this prattling,
this alphabet's cortège: ink trailers'
upsurges, failures.

XVII

Outside, it's overcast. Designed for friction
against the furniture, my means of vision
gets firmly trained on the wallpaper.
You're in no shape to

take to the highest its well-travelled pattern,
to stun up there, where prayers pummel
clouds, feeble seraphs with the notion
of repetition

and rhythm—seen senseless in their upper
realms, being rooted in the utter
despair for which these cloud-borne insects
possess no instincts.

XVIII

What will it end like? In some Housefly Heaven?
An apiary or, say, hidden
barn, where above spread cherry jam a heavy
and sleepy bevy

of your ex-sisters slowly twirls, producing
a swish the pavement makes when autumn's using
provincial towns? Yet push the doors:
a pale swarm bursts

right past us back into the world—out! out!—
enveloping it in a white shroud
whose winterlike shreds, snatches, forms
—whose swarm confirms

XIX

(thanks to this flicker, bustling, frantic)
that souls indeed possess a fabric
and matter, and a role in landscape
where even blackest

things in the end, for all their throttle,
too, change their hue. That the sum total
of souls surpasses any tribe.
That color's time

or else the urge to chase it—quoting
the great Halicarnassian—coating
rooftops *en face*, hills in profile
with its white pile.

XX

Retreating from their pallid whirlwind,
shall I discern you in their winged
(a-priori, not just Elysian)
aswirling legion,

and you'll swoop down in your familiar fashion
onto my nape, as though you missed your ration
of mush that thinks itself so clever?
Fat chance. However,

having kicked off the very last—by aeons—
you'll be the last among those swarming millions.
Yet if they let you on a scene so private,
then, local climate

XXI

considered—so capricious, flippant—
next spring perhaps I'll spot you flitting
through skies into this region, rushing
back home. I, sloshing

through mud, might sigh, "A star is shooting,"
and vaguely wave to it, assuming
some zodiac mishap—whereas
there, quitting spheres,

it will be your winged soul, aflurry
to join some dormant larva buried
here in manure, to show its nation
a transformation.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Jane Ann Miller and the author.*)

CHILD IN THE LEAVES

A MEAN little storm passed through Weatherwax on the first day of the leaf pickup, and a car went into a skid at lunchtime, striking a boy before coming to a stop in the leaves where the boy was hiding. The driver continued on, unaware of what had happened.

The boy's name was Randy Brennan. He was small for his age, which was eight and a half. His mother taught P.E. and coached the girls' volleyball team at the high school in Fillmore, six miles up the river. His father was a sculptor in unwieldy metals who supplemented his income by tending bar at the Sundial Lounge, a hundred feet from where Randy was lying.

The boy was supposed to be in school, but restlessness had been like a fever in him recently, and he kept going on little excursions of rebelliousness that only got him in trouble with his parents. At the time he was hit by the car, he was stretched out under the cold leaves confident he could not be seen; his coat was the wet-brown color of the raked leaves, and by keeping his head down he minimized the beacon signal of his red knit cap. He could lie there in the leaves on Weatherwax Avenue and keep watch over his father and never be seen.

Randy's father, Craig, was in the Sundial Lounge washing glasses one-handed. He had burned his left hand the night before with his acetylene torch. A glancing violet flame, barely a touch, had flashed across his skin while he was working in his studio. He had been having trouble lately knowing when a piece was finished. Each tended to grow cumbersome, to slip out of any sort of harmony, as he welded new elements to the work in a search for exactly what he was trying to accomplish. Tired and careless, working late without gauntlets, he was trying to salvage a piece that had consumed six months of his time. Frustrated that the teetering mess had resisted all his attempts at conjunction, he had glanced around him at the small, chilly converted garage imagining setting fire to the place. He had insurance; he could use the money to start fresh. But in the midst of this reverie he lost track of the position of the flame and touched it to the back of his hand. For a moment he looked at the burn with genuine curiosity. The skin was black and peeled back, as if the flame had run across his hand like a plow. The hairs on either side of this furrow had been turned to ash.

Now he wedged each wet glass between his hip and the rim of the sink counter, and then jabbed the soapy sponge-stick into the glass with his good hand. The pain that followed his brief, curious inspection of the burn had a life of its own. Francie had driven him to the emergency room, which was eleven miles down the river, in Lubbers. Randy and Glynnis rode in the back seat. Craig sat hunched forward, holding the burn in a coffee can filled with ice water, which had been Francie's idea.

Randy Brennan hurried down Weatherwax Avenue expecting a shout from his teacher, Mrs. Junkins, which would end his escape. But he was just one of thirty-four children in his classroom, and on the battlefield of recess, where two other classes of comparable size were also set loose, he and a dozen other children could walk away without any teacher noticing. The students had been turned out to beat the approaching storm, which was just a rumor on the radio, a nervous buzz in the air. The teachers wanted to get the children out in the cold wind to burn away some of the energy that would be merciless in the afternoon if not expended sooner.

Randy found himself behind the bus shelter across the street from the Sundial Lounge. The air was cold, silvery with the approaching sleet, and he thought about stepping into the tavern, surprising his father, having a sandwich and getting warm before being sent good-naturedly back to school. But his father would not understand. He would demand to know what Randy was doing away from school. He would greet him as a kid who had screwed up again.

Randy considered just sneaking up and looking in the Sundial's window. At lunchtime his father would be busy and not likely to notice him spying through the thin gap between the Weatherwax High basketball schedule and a community-blood-drive flyer. He wanted to see if his father's wounded hand was giving him as much pain as it had on the drive to Lubbers. He had never seen his father cry before.

If he waited long enough, school would be out, and he would see his father leave for home. He could nonchalantly come up behind him, and his presence would seem perfectly natural. His father might welcome the company, invite him into his studio. The chilly room, with its scorched-iron smell and jungle of metals and sculptures, was off limits to Randy unless he was in his father's company. Randy loved it in there. He had his own three-legged stool to sit on, out of the way. His father appeared to forget he was there, as if Randy were

New Neighbors

wearing a shirt the color of the garage wall and were hidden. Randy knew enough not to ask a lot of questions, lest he break his father's concentration and be told to leave. He liked the colors of the acetylene flames: violet, green, gaseous. He liked it when his father let him try on the cumbersome welder's helmet, its filmy window cutting the room down to strict dimensions, his breathing echoing in his ears; Randy thought this was what it must be like to drown.

Now he had returned to the place where he had waited before. He could be out of sight and still keep watch over his father. He lay down in the leaves, on his back first. But his angle of vision was bad from that position, and little pins of sleet had begun to fall and sting his face. He rolled onto his stomach and pulled leaves out from under him and transferred them to the layer on top of him. He left a comparatively dry layer of leaves beneath him. He rested his head on his folded arms. In a minute he was out of sight.

THE town of Weatherwax was built on a steep hillside. The leaf pickup began at the bottom of the hill, along Weatherwax Avenue, which hugged the river all the way through town. Each autumn day and into the early winter, the red municipal leaf trucks could be heard from three blocks away, their vacuums humming like bees, advancing back and forth up the hill, sucking up the leaves that the residents of Weatherwax had raked into piles at the curb.

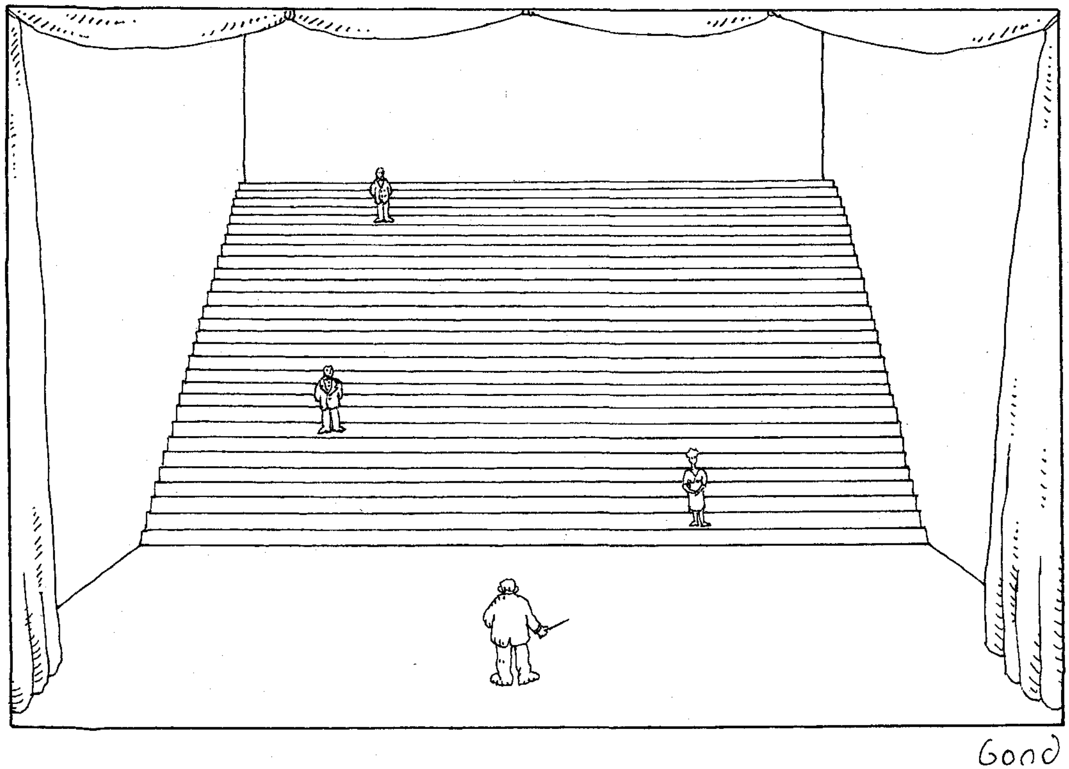
Around noon on the first day of the pickup, a leaf truck pulled away from the Sundial Lounge, where the driver, Al Franks, had just eaten lunch. A thick hose extended from the storage bay out over the windshield of the truck. The hose was maneuvered with a joystick from the cab. Almost immediately, the hose mouth grabbed Randy Brennan between the shoulders and lifted him clear of the leaves, just far enough for Al Franks to realize what he had found.

A NOISE somewhere high in the house awakened Randy, and he lay without moving for several minutes, wondering if he had dreamed his father's burn. A little light had seeped into his room. Glynnis, who lately required nearly an hour to get ready for school each morning, would arise soon to dominate the downstairs bathroom and the hot water. Randy got out of bed and walked in his socks and pajamas down the hall to his parents' bedroom. The door was open an inch. He put his ear to this gap and listened. First he heard his mother's breathing, and this troubled him. Usually she could not be heard over his father's snores. But there she was, out of sight around the edge of the door, breathing in a deep, slow cadence.

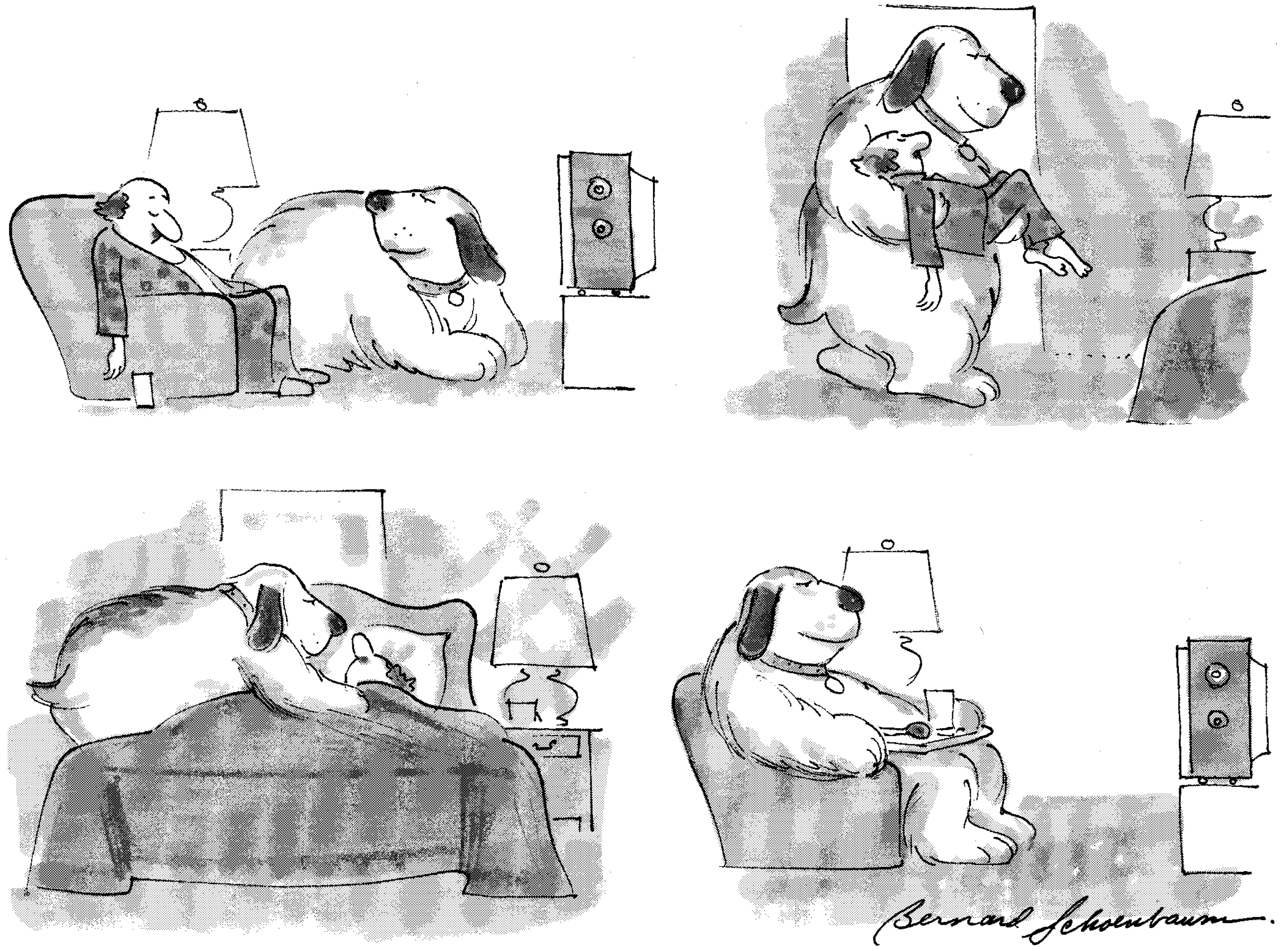
Randy put a finger to the door and pushed. The foot of his parents' bed came into sight—the elongated plateaus and the rises of two pairs of feet under white covers. He pushed the door open farther. His mother was asleep on her back, her head nestled in a basket of her crumpled hair; his father was awake and looking over at him without evident interest, his bandaged hand held like a club over his head. After looking at Randy he returned his attention to his hand, turning it this way and that in the gray light, wiggling his fingertips a little, just staring at what he had done to himself. He glanced back at Randy and whispered with what the boy took to be impatience that he should go back to bed, it was too early to be up.

The night before, Randy was watching TV and his mother was going over Glynnis's homework when they heard Craig scream. Randy saw his father first. Looking through the living-room window, he saw him come crashing out the door of the studio, advancing on them through the fog-lamp light above the garage, his burned hand clutched desperately at the wrist with his other hand. The hand that he held looked strangely diminished, like the head of a doused match.

Randy's mother was the first to understand. She yanked a can of coffee from a cupboard and emptied it on the counter. She gave the can a quick rinse to let the water get colder, and had the can half full by the time her husband came bellowing into the room. She turned, almost as if greeting him with a gift, and he plunged the burned hand into the water, splashing them both, letting out another shriek. Randy's mother guided his father to the counter by pulling the can that way.



THE MORMON TABERNACLE TRIO



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"Oh, God," she whispered. "You poor thing."

Expertly she cracked an ice tray against the counter opposite where her husband stood. She dumped the cubes and shards into the can. Randy thought he saw steam rising from the water, thought he heard it hiss.

"Let's get you to the emergency room," his mother said.

Firmly she ordered Randy and Glynnis into their coats. She shooed them from the kitchen to accomplish this chore, and to tear their eyes from the sight of their father hunched over the ice water. She took the car keys down off the hook that Randy had made in first grade and hustled her children out into the cold, clearing the way for her husband, who came last, slowly, carrying his cargo.

Before they left she asked, "Did you turn off the torch?"

FRANCIE BRENNAN called her husband during her lunch break to gauge the pain in his hand. She would encourage him to leave the Sundial for the day; their family could survive without the forty dollars he might earn in the afternoon. But she knew he would refuse. Every dollar he made was important to him, because he saw it as one way to buy space in her life until he could pay his way as a sculptor.

She used the pay phone outside the gym, because there was more privacy there in the raucous halls than in the cramped P.E. office. Girls on her volleyball team crept past, winking, sticking out their tongues at her. They were tall, strong girls, agile leapers. She could not have chosen better players if she had recruited them, and as a result her team had not lost in almost two years, and her advice was sought by other coaches. She felt silly expounding on her philosophy of volleyball, when all the others needed was tall, leaping girls who had no other interests, really, except volleyball.

Someone, a strange voice, answered at the Sundial Lounge. The person said his name was Glen; he had reached over the bar and picked up the phone when nobody appeared willing to answer it. He did not know who Craig Brennan was; he knew only that he had the bar to himself and his beer glass was empty.

She called the house. They had a place a few blocks from the river, an architectural commonplace made remarkable by its positioning on the side of the hill. She would often look out the window while cracking an egg or pouring milk in the kitchen and imagine that she was living on a slant, that only an extended act of faith kept her from sliding to the downhill side of the house. Each morning she was surprised to see the car still in the street where she had parked it. She was convinced that one night all their preventive measures—the parking brake, the wheels turned in to the curb, and the stone chocks under the wheels—would be proved meaningless and the car would simply roll away down to the river.

No one answered her call at home. Her children were in school; she thought her husband was at work. Her inability to put her finger on his whereabouts, to exchange a few words with him before she had to go to class, set a small storm of nervous dread loose in her. Outside, in the courtyard, where the students went to smoke in better weather, she saw snow falling heavy and sharp as iron filings, and nearly of the same color. She phoned the Sundial one more time, and after many rings the same stranger picked up the phone and informed her that nothing had changed except that his glass was a little drier.

STILL some miles from the hospital, Randy heard his father tell his mother, "I've melted the ice."

"We'll be there in a jiff, darling."

Randy looked over at Glynnis, who was watching the river. She had had the presence of mind to bring a book, and now had it open on her lap, though there was no light to read by. She ran her fingers lightly across it, back and forth, still looking at the river.

They spilled some water getting his father out of the car near the emergency room. His shirtsleeve had unrolled and fallen into the can, and the wetness had soaked up almost to his elbow. He stared down into the can of water as his wife guided him into the hospital. A nurse came forward, looked into the water, and removed Craig from his wife's care. She led him through double doors, leaving Randy and Glynnis and their mother behind.

Over the next three hours, Randy tried to behave. Glynnis, with her natural inclination toward the studious, hardly budged after she had taken a seat along the wall and found her place in her book. She understood that inevitably she would be informed, and in the meanwhile there was time to be put to good use.

Randy wanted to know what was happening every moment. He pestered his mother to question anyone who looked even remotely like a doctor. His mother finally was summoned inside the double doors, and he nearly exploded waiting for her to return. Glynnis barely raised her head (and kept a finger on her place) when their mother came back with news that their father had suffered a third-degree burn. He would be in a great deal of pain that night and for several days afterward. He was not to be bothered under any circumstances.

While they waited for him to be released, Randy moved around looking for a place where he would be most out of sight. He was wearing a blue sweater and green jeans with billowy military pockets on the legs. No colors in the waiting room matched his outfit, and he moved around feeling exposed, afraid his father would emerge and catch him in the open.

His mother was called back into the emergency room. She came out alone again, like someone sent ahead with a warning.

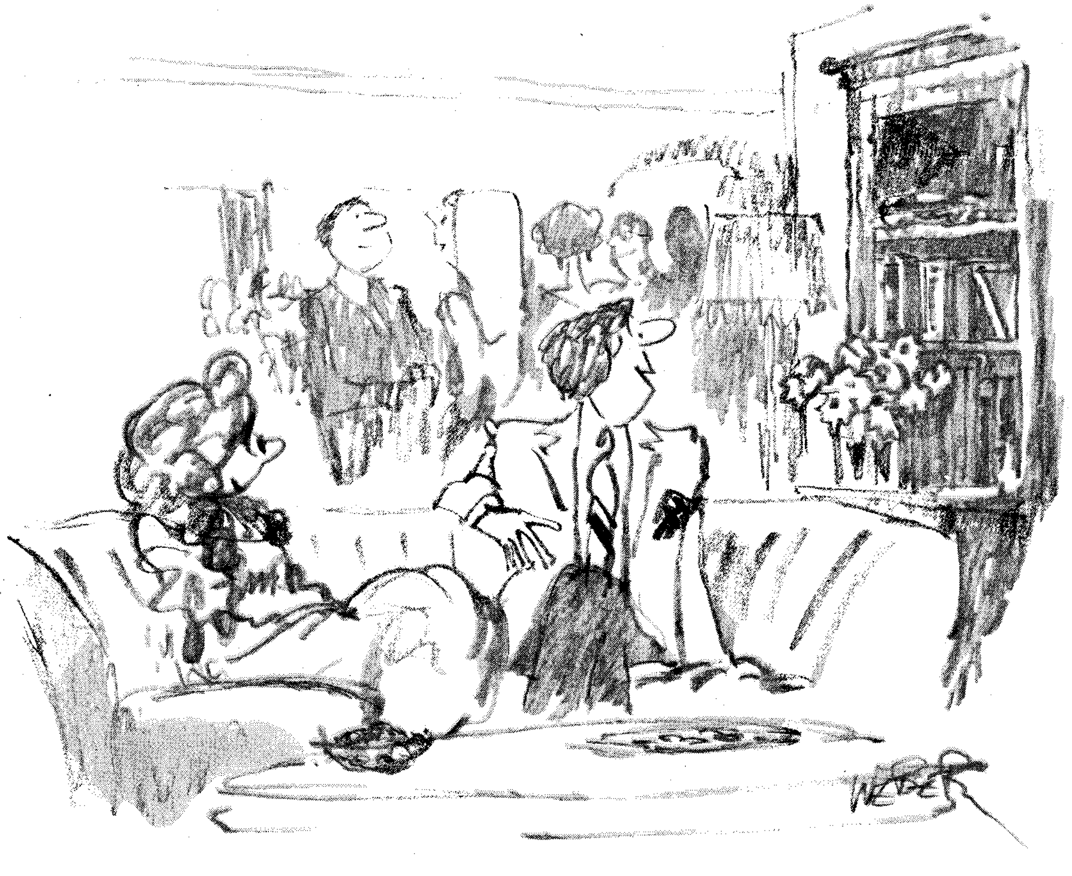
"They gave him something for pain," she told her children. "I don't want you to make a sound. Got that?"

When Craig did finally come out, he did not seem to recognize anyone other than his wife. Something seemed to be missing, a piece of light from his eyes which Randy hadn't realized existed until it was removed. Randy's mother led Craig outside and helped him into the front seat. His injured hand had been swathed in bandages; it reminded Randy of the end of a bone.

As they pulled away from the hospital, his father leaned his head back against the seat. Within minutes he had begun to snore, and this sawing of the air, annoying under any other circumstances, comforted Randy, as if it were final proof that he had his father back.

CRAIG was turning his bad hand this way and that when he heard the siren. A police car. Close by. He was familiar with the town's cops. They came into the bar for free beer and roast-beef sandwiches at the end of their shifts, in exchange for quick responses to the occasional fights at the Sundial Lounge. A couple of guys drinking beer in a booth stood and pressed their faces to the front window to get a look at the cause of all the excitement. The glass fogged up in front of them before they could make a confident determination of events, but their curiosity was aroused sufficiently to draw them out into the cold without their coats on. Other drinkers straggled out. Something was going on down by the river. A leaf truck was parked there, as was a police car. Other people came running, slipping on the new snow and the wet leaves.

Jim Sarkisian, the owner of the Sundial Lounge,



"Books—wow. I love books."

was the person who told Craig about Randy. He had left the bar in Craig's care, pulling on a sweater, eager to go and investigate. He was a man who never spent much time in his own business, and when he was on the premises he looked for any excuse to get out. He liked to go for walks with his patrons who had had too much to drink, throwing an arm over their shoulders and guiding them out to take the fresh air by the river, or, if they lived nearby, accompanying them right to their front door. He had survived two heart attacks, and his doctor had prescribed exercise, so he walked everywhere in town, even to his house up at the crest of the hill.

Jim knew Randy from those occasions when the boy came into the bar to visit his father. Craig didn't like his son to come there; the lights, the smoke, the music, the whole aura of the place were elements of his life that he did not want to advertise to Randy. But Randy came over to bring his father a forgotten lunch, or just to surprise him on a Saturday afternoon; he would come up behind him in the TV din of the football game, tap him on the hip and demand his attention for a few minutes.

A rumor had floated into the bar that someone had been hit by a car. A hit-and-run. The ambulance in Lubbers had been summoned. Craig drew a beer for the only customer left in the place. Craig's wife was at work; his children were safe in school. He wiped down the counter with a damp rag, then drifted to the window. Jim was coming back. He was running up a slight incline, into the wind, his head bowed and his hands in his pockets. He skidded a little reaching the door, then he was inside, looking wildly around for Craig.

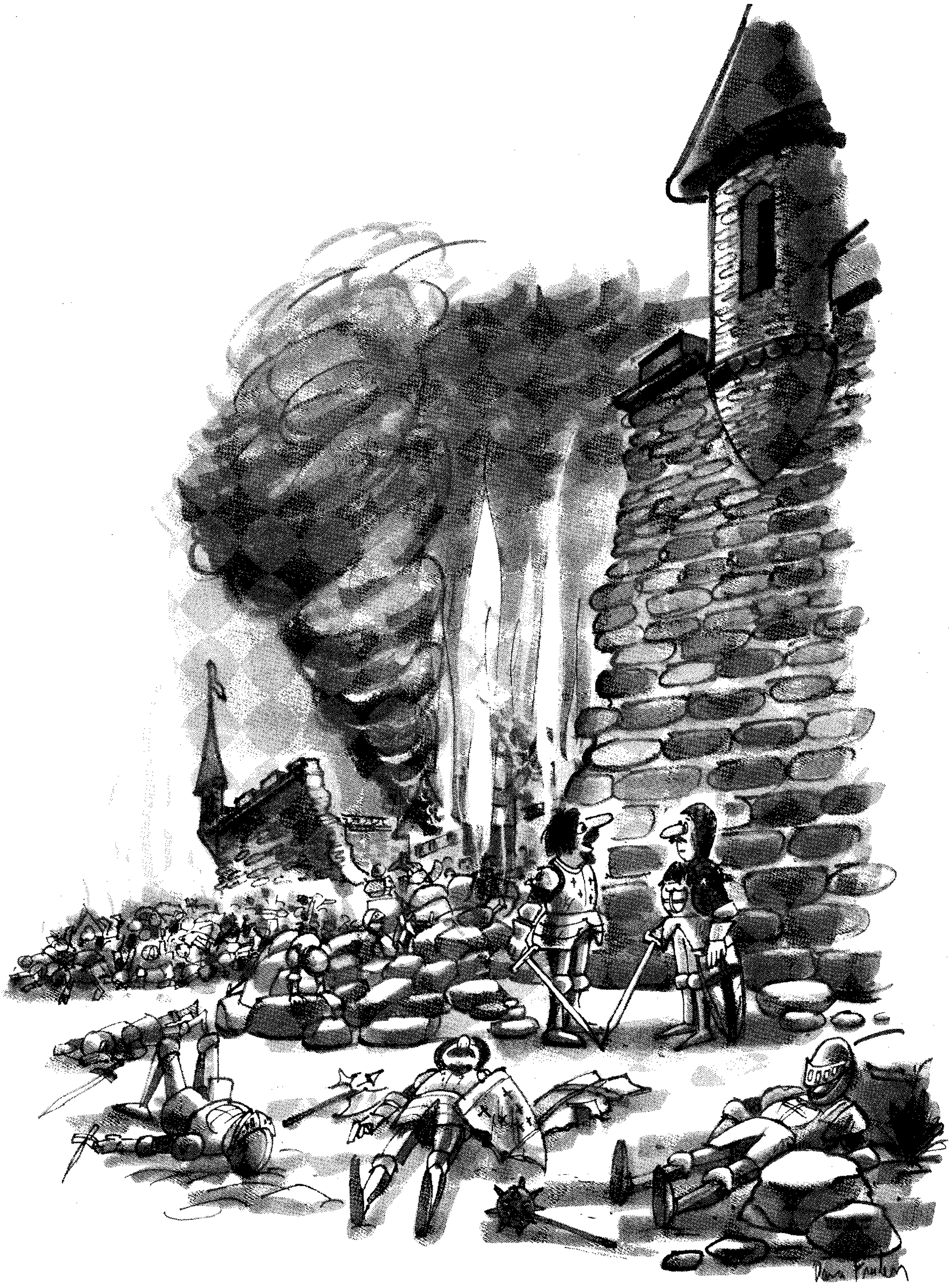
"What?" Craig said, scared by the dread in Jim's eyes.

"Go down there," Jim said, gently drawing the towel from Craig's fingers. "I think it's Randy."

"He's in school."

"You're probably right. Go make sure, though."

Craig took a moment getting his coat out of the basement, and when he came back up Jim was gone, leaving



"I want to apologize for some of the remarks I made during the heat of battle."

• •

the place empty except for the customer drinking the beer and reading the newspaper at the bar.

"You want a refill?" Craig asked conscientiously before heading for the door.

"No, thanks. I'll be fine."

Craig kept his injured hand in his coat pocket as he approached the scene. Randy's school was four blocks away—an easy distance for a kid to cover. And Randy had been restless of late, having trouble sleeping, picking fights with Glynnis. His whole attitude was one of wandering: his attention, his interest in school, his very participation in the family.

The figure on the ground was wearing a brown coat like Randy's, and a hat like his, too—a red knit stocking cap. Craig verified it was Randy from a distance of about a yard as he broke through the rings of the curious and saw his son's face pointed to the sky. He was frowning, his eyes squeezed shut, a bruise floating like a thundercloud beneath the skin at the corner of his forehead. Craig dropped to his knees and cupped the small head under one hand. He looked for blood in the ears. A policeman—his name would have come to Craig under other circumstances—told him to be careful. Craig had to put his ear to Randy's mouth to get the satisfaction of feeling a warm breath. He scraped a leaf chip from the corner of his son's mouth.

SEEKING TO ACCOUNT TO A FISHERMAN THIEF

See this fish flipping around, hand-sized, silver to
gold? See the caught suns scaled down in its sun-
fish sides? Look, here's the shade
under the unpaid dock, dark and smooth, where you
threw him back. But, look, here's the grass-green
shade on the shore, where you keep him.

And see that fish flying up into the shallow sky
to eat, inches? See that heavier weight, cast
high into the spyglass sky, though—miles? Down here,
a held, then skipped, then lost silver dollar's as
dear as strong drink: elixir. There where
a dollar is trash are rivers of them.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

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RANDY had asked his father if he could come out to watch him work. Dinner was over, Glynnis was in her room doing her homework. Randy saw the brief hesitancy in his father's eyes before he agreed. His mother told him to put on his old coat—it was cold and dirty in the studio. While he was digging for the coat in the closet he heard the back door slam, and his father was gone.

"Go on," his mother said when she saw him looking at the old garage through the window. "He said you could go. He's never going to drag you with him by the hand."

So he pulled on the old coat and his red hat and went out. His father was already busy in the corner, his back to him. His sleeves were rolled up. It was cold—a deep, metal cold that did not seem to bother his father.

"Bring that book of matches over here," his father said without turning around.

He used one match to light some candles, saving the flame until Randy was certain he would burn his fingers, then kneeling and using the last spark to fire up the pilot light on the gas heater.

Randy pulled his stool over so he could sit near the warmth. He wondered if he should speak. His father had a vaguely triangular piece of metal about the size of an unfolded scarf clamped in a vise. He worked at this piece with a file, rasping the tool over the metal's razor edge, making a shriek that hurt Randy's ears. After a few minutes of this his father set the metal on his workbench and began to dimple it with the rounded end of a ball-peen hammer. Randy liked the look of his father at work—the muscles in his arm as he raised the hammer, the tension across his shoulders and down his back. When his father was concentrating on his work, he was less apt to be paying attention to Randy, and Randy felt then most comfortable watching his father closely.

After nearly a half hour of work, his father carried the piece of metal across the studio to the sculpture. He intended to add the triangular piece to the work. He put on the gauntlets and the welding helmet, the mask cocked up on his head, and scratched the igniter in front of the torch's nozzle. A bright white flame appeared with a *puck* and a hiss of gas, and his father focussed the flame down to a clean blue point. Craig nodded sharply, and the mask fell over his face.

Randy tried to guess where the piece would fit, but he could make no sense of the sculpture; it had no shape, no expression, no story. He dared not ask for a title or an explanation. His father would announce the piece's completion by ceasing to work on it. He would simply begin something new; or, rather, he would tear down something from the tangle at the back of the garage and use the components in some new form.

After ten minutes of work, his father stepped back, raising the mask. His face was smudged and wet. As he and Randy watched, the weld that held the triangular piece to the sculpture began to fail, and slowly the weight of the metal tore it loose until it fell with a clang on the studio floor.

"Shit," his father said. And soon after he asked his son to go back into the house.

"WHAT happened to your hand?"

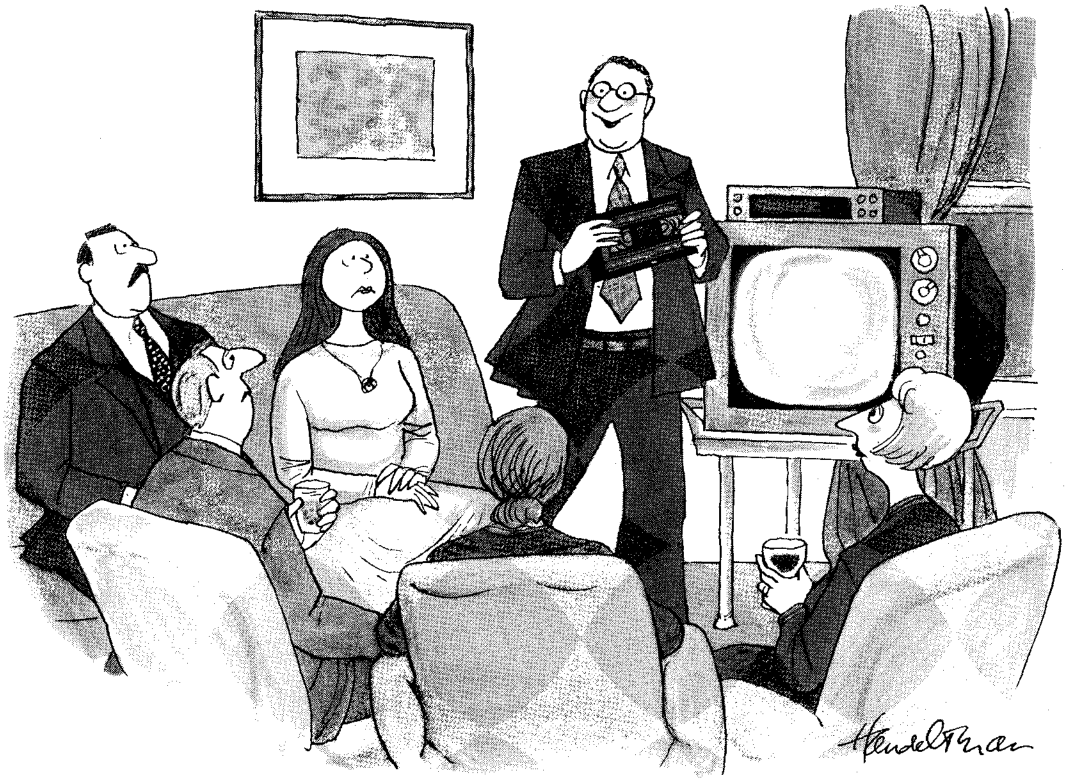
"I burned it."

"That's quite a bandage for a burn."

"I burned it with an acetylene torch."

The ambulance driver glanced over at Craig, wondering if he was being dramatic.

The paramedics had been in touch with the hospital about Randy's condition, but they kept their voices down. Out of deference to me, Craig thought—an assumption that terrified him. If the boy was going to survive, wouldn't they announce that fact proudly to the father? It made sense to Craig. But the paramedics communicated in murmurs and the ambulance travelled with no



"Now for the high point of the evening—a videotape of my elevation to regional director of marketing."

undue speed, as if the outcome had been decided.

The Lubbers Hospital was on a bluff above the river, with a circular drive in front of the emergency-room entrance. Two men and two women stood in the cold waiting for the ambulance. They watched its progress up the drive, and when the ambulance braked in the orange light they leaped to work, all eight hands grabbing for the doors; there was a chaotic bumping of his son's body as they extracted the gurney. All of them had disappeared by the time Craig got out. He went into the anteroom and they weren't there. Waiting people blinked in his direction.

He put his face to a narrow window in one E.R. door and saw them all, plus a few new people, bunched around Randy like a family at dinner. He wanted to get a look at his son's face, but that was the focus of attention in the room and most of the medical personnel were clustered there, blocking his view. He was amazed that he remembered almost nothing of the hospital, although he had been there the night before.

A man in a Red Sox cap was using the waiting room's only working pay phone. Craig thought the intensity of his longing to get in touch with Francie would be transmitted to the man, persuading him to hang up, but Craig stood within a yard of the man's broad back for nearly fifteen minutes thinking black and dangerous thoughts, and still the man gabbed on.

He went to a vending machine and bought a cup of coffee, black. The challenges of having one good hand had worn thin for him: he was in pain. He carried the coffee by his fingertips back to the E.R. window and peered inside. Everyone was gone: doctors, nurses, his son. He pushed the door far enough open to insert his head, and a nurse at a table hidden to him from outside asked him firmly to remain in the waiting room. He asked about Randy Brennan, and she promised to have the doctor speak to him when there was useful information to impart.

When the coffee had cooled enough to hold in his palm, he approached the man on the phone. "I'll give you this coffee if I can use the phone," he said.

The man looked with some impatience at Craig and covered the mouthpiece with his hand, as though the other party had sensibilities too fragile to overhear the exchange to come. "I'm on the phone," he said.

"I need to reach my wife. My son's been hurt."

The man tipped back his Red Sox cap and looked into the coffee cup. "You already drank some. I saw you."

"No, it was too hot. I haven't touched it."

"I take cream."

"Let me buy you a cup," Craig said. He put the coffee down on a bench and searched in his pocket for some change.

"This call is important," the man said. "My Pearl just had a baby."

"Congratulations. I'll buy you coffee with cream," Craig said, "and I'll pay for you to call back whoever you're talking to."

The man hung up without a word of explanation to the other party, and Craig stacked change in his hand.

Francie was not at home. Glynnis answered, sounding young, and nervous about being alone in a dark house always threatening to tip over. "Where *are* you?" she asked with a pout in her voice.

"I'm at work," he said. "Where's Mom?"

"Volleyball practice. Are you at the Sundial?"

"Yeah. Have you talked to Mom?"

"I looked in there for you and they told me you had left."

"I went out. But now I'm back."

"Can I come down and sit with you until Mom gets home?"

"I'm working, honey. It's not a place for you."

"I don't like being alone," Glynnis said. "It's dark in all the rooms."

"You know how to turn on the lights," he said. "Make yourself some cocoa and turn on the TV. Mom'll be home before you know it."

"Do you want her to call you?"

"Read me the gym-office number there," he asked.

His daughter was quiet as she searched the sheet of numbers taped to the wall beside the phone. He hated the idea of her in the bar. She was eleven years old, turning pretty to a degree that startled him when he came upon her unexpectedly. The idea of that innocent beauty looking for him in the clamor of the Sundial left him feeling helpless—the thought of her wandering there without his protection.

She read him the number; he held it in his memory, then hastened to end the conversation before he forgot it.

He put in his money and dialled the P.E. office number. A woman—a stranger—answered, and when he stressed that it was an emergency she agreed to interrupt Francie in gym class. He tried to imagine the office; he had never been there. More clearly, he saw his wife turning pale at the mention of an emergency, saw her running toward the phone. She was a quick, graceful runner, and it would not take her long to get there.

FRANCIE had Glynnis with her when she arrived at the hospital, and Glynnis was carrying a book. First thing, she went to her father.

"You lied to me," she said coldly. With that she reassumed her pose, her very seat, from the night before, head bowed, the book open in her lap.

Francie had a great many questions, but Craig had few answers. His lack of knowledge about what had happened, what condition their son was in, finally wore her down and she just sat playing with her rings and watching the door to the emergency room.

Craig kept seeing vaguely familiar faces, men and women in pale-green clothes who had briefly come into the circle of his awareness in the past. Several smiled at him as if they had seen him somewhere but couldn't place him. None of them stopped to provide word about their son.

"Go look again," Francie said. The first two dozen times he had gone to look, Glynnis accompanied him, standing on tiptoe to see through the glass. But an hour ago she had fallen asleep and collapsed with her head in her mother's lap.

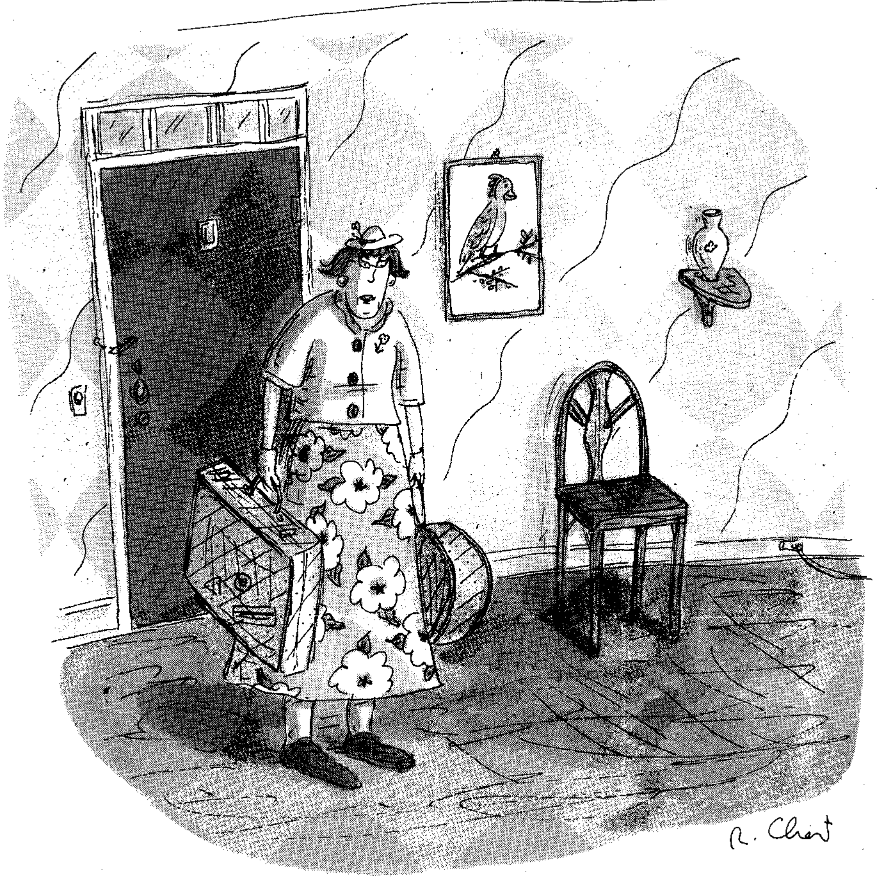
Craig went to the window in the E.R. door and looked through it. Francie seemed to have some hope that he would see Randy in there, sitting up in bed telling jokes to the nurses. This time, as before, he saw no one resembling his son.

In time, the waiting room emptied to the point where they felt comfortable arranging Glynnis in a limp, sleeping line along one couch. Francie stretched out on a couch perpendicular to Glynnis's and stroked her daughter's hair. Craig stayed in a chair with his coffee, and that was where the doctor found them. Oddly, he first asked about Craig's hand.

He then spoke in clipped phrases that Craig and Francie could not recall precisely afterward. But the information was conveyed that Randy had a crack in his skull and a concussion, that his eyes were reactive to light, that the impact of the car's tire against his head had been oblique and had been cushioned by leaves and an outthrown hand.

Francie left with Glynnis in time for the girl to get home and ready for school, after which Francie would return to the hospital. But she had not yet returned when Craig was allowed in to see Randy. The boy's head was wrapped in white, and there was an abrasion like a skid mark running from the bottom of his cheek up under the edge of the dressing. He had an L-shaped cast on his arm. He opened his eyes once, but Craig was looking away at that moment and didn't see.

HE stretched out in the leaves and kept watch over his father—this on the day before the leaf pickup began. He was worried where he would hide when the leaves were gone. The weather that day had been overcast early, with an afternoon burst of sunlight that threw shadows into the mix of colors where he hid. People walked past, within a few feet of him, and didn't see him. The road hummed when cars went past, and he was positive the people in those cars didn't see him, either. —CHARLES DICKINSON



THE ARRIVAL OF AUNT MATHILDA: Visit or Visitation?

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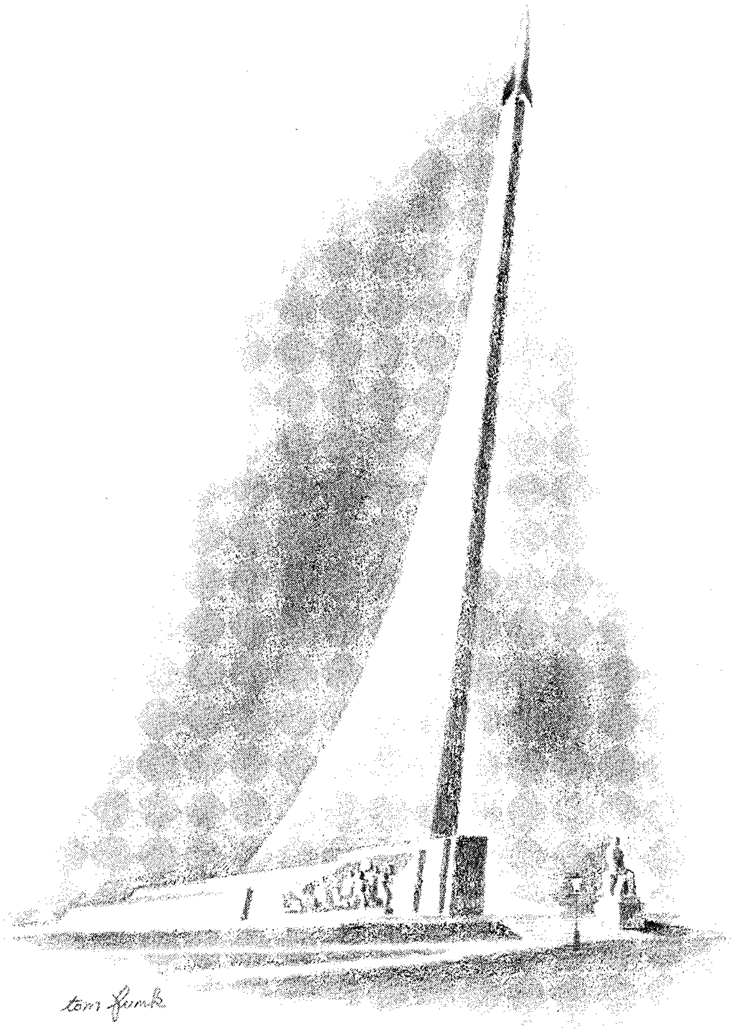
No seer foresaw the script for the last 12 years, and none will foresee the next 12. Readers will find no guesses here, but may ponder the wisdom of Thomas Mann, in "The Magic Kingdom."—*Editorial in the Times.*

In which Hans Castorp meets Princess Zogra.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

EXPLORERS



AT the heart of Moscow, where I went recently to talk with people in the Soviet space program, the Kremlin looks a little like a medieval space center, its star-topped towers resembling a fleet of rockets poised for lift-off to some distant planet. The Soviet Union's real space centers—Zvezdniy Gorodok (Starry Town), just outside Moscow, where the cosmonauts live and work, and Tyuratum, in Central Asia, where most Soviet rockets are launched—are off limits to foreign journalists. However, Moscow itself is a space center, in a way that Washington is not, being the home of several institutes—under the aegis of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, which has far more authority than its American counterpart—from which many aspects of the space program are run.

At present, the Soviet lead in space is formidable. In 1985, when our space shuttle was still flying, the Soviet Union conducted ninety-eight launches, as against seventeen for the United States; and in 1986, the year the Challenger (and, later, two unmanned rockets) blew up, the Soviets conducted ninety-one and the United States six. The Mir space station, which is similar in many respects to the one we hope to have a decade from now, has been in operation since February of 1986, and is currently occupied by a crew that may be up for about a year. The Soviets have offered to carry American experiments aboard it—a service some of our companies are likely to try. An elaborate Soviet program for the unmanned exploration of Mars, possibly leading to manned landings in the next century, is under way. A pair of automated spacecraft that will rendezvous with Phobos, one of the two moons of Mars, and will also orbit Mars to photograph its surface, will be launched this July. In 1994, the Soviets plan to launch another pair of Mars orbiters, from each of which will descend a small roving vehicle and a balloon carrying various instruments. And in the late nineties they plan to send a larger rover, able to collect samples of rocks and dust, and a rocket for bringing the samples to earth. The Soviets would like the United States to participate in these missions, and in fact have suggested that we provide the rover for the sample-return mission. This proposal was embraced by most of the seven hundred American space scientists who attended last year's Lunar and Planetary Science Conference at the Johnson Space Center, outside Houston. Despite their enthusiasm and that of many people within the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Reagan Administration has been cool to the idea—in part because of uncertainty concerning the future direction of our space program, and in part because the Department of Defense is worried about what it refers to as "technology transfer." However, a directive on national space policy issued by the White House on February 11th backs NASA's development of technologies for eventual manned missions to the moon and Mars, and also touches on coöperation with the Soviet Union, though without mentioning Mars in this context; there is some speculation—in, among other places, *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, a usually well-informed trade publication—that when and if President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev meet in Moscow later this year, they will discuss some kind of joint Mars mission.

In many respects, the Soviet and American space programs are opposite sides of the same coin. They were born out of the same set of circumstances in the nineteen-thirties and forties, and they share the same technology. They have undergone a joint evolution, each pushing into areas left vacant by the other; and whether the motivation is competition or coöperation the end result is the same—the exploration of the solar system. We have proceeded together very much as the contentious nations of Europe did in the great explorations of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: with their own personal or national interests ahead of all other considerations, the Spaniards settled much of South America, the Portuguese explored Africa and India, and the French and English staked out much of North America; between them, they managed to explore and settle a large part of the world. Today we recognize the great age of exploration not as a Spanish or a Portuguese or a French phenomenon but as a European one—a response to pressures that crossed national boundaries. Future historians may well look back at the beginnings of space exploration and see it not as the work of any particular nation but as a global venture, and the fact that the Soviets orbited the first satellite or the Americans were the first to the moon will be as incidental as the fact that the Portuguese opened a route to India or the French were the first to explore the Mississippi. Consequently, when I went to Moscow it was with the intent of visiting the neighboring dockyards. I felt a little the way a sixteenth-century Englishman might have felt visiting the port of Cádiz just as a fleet of caravels was setting sail for the New World.

THOUGH the Soviet space officials and scientists I spoke to were exceedingly open and friendly, achieving permission to go to the Soviet Union to talk to them was—at least, at the outset—a little less imbued with the spirit of *glasnost*. My original application had been approved in August of 1986, but after the arrest of the American reporter Nicholas Daniloff in Moscow later that month, and the unsuccessful Reykjavík summit in October, all trace of my approved application vanished. After a while, I reapplied, and I decided that I needed reinforcement. I sought the help of a number of our own space scientists whom I had met over the years and also of a friend in the State Department; they were able to put me in touch with people I might talk to in Moscow. I also wrote directly to people in Moscow, among them a professor of English and American literature at the Gorky Institute of World Literature named Dmitri Urnov, who is a member in good standing of the Soviet academic and literary establishments, with connections in the right places. He had come to see me several years earlier when he was in New York gathering information for a biography of James Fenimore Cooper, who is a great-great-grandfather of mine. I had taken Dmitri to lunch once or twice at the Century Association, on West Forty-third Street, because it is descended from a club that James Fenimore Cooper founded in the eighteen-twenties called the Bread and Cheese, and because it is hung with pictures from the Hudson River School, which Cooper's descriptions of landscapes had helped to inspire. Dmitri, a vigorous man in his early fifties with an ebullient manner, told me that he was not without ancestors himself. He is the grandson of a publisher who at the beginning of this century printed the works of Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, the great Russian aeronautical engineer and pioneer space theorist, who was a frequent visitor to Dmitri's grandfather's house. It was in a letter to his grandfather in 1911, Dmitri said, that Tsiolkovsky had set down his credo, which is famous in Russia: "Humanity will not stay on the earth forever, but in pursuit of new frontiers will first penetrate timidly beyond the atmosphere and then will conquer for itself the rest of the planets around the sun." Dmitri and I hit it off very well. Over lunch, he suggested that one day I come to Russia and write about the Soviet space program, and he promised that if I ever did he would put me in touch with the right people. He noted, as an afterthought, that the Leatherstocking Tales were very popular in the Soviet Union.

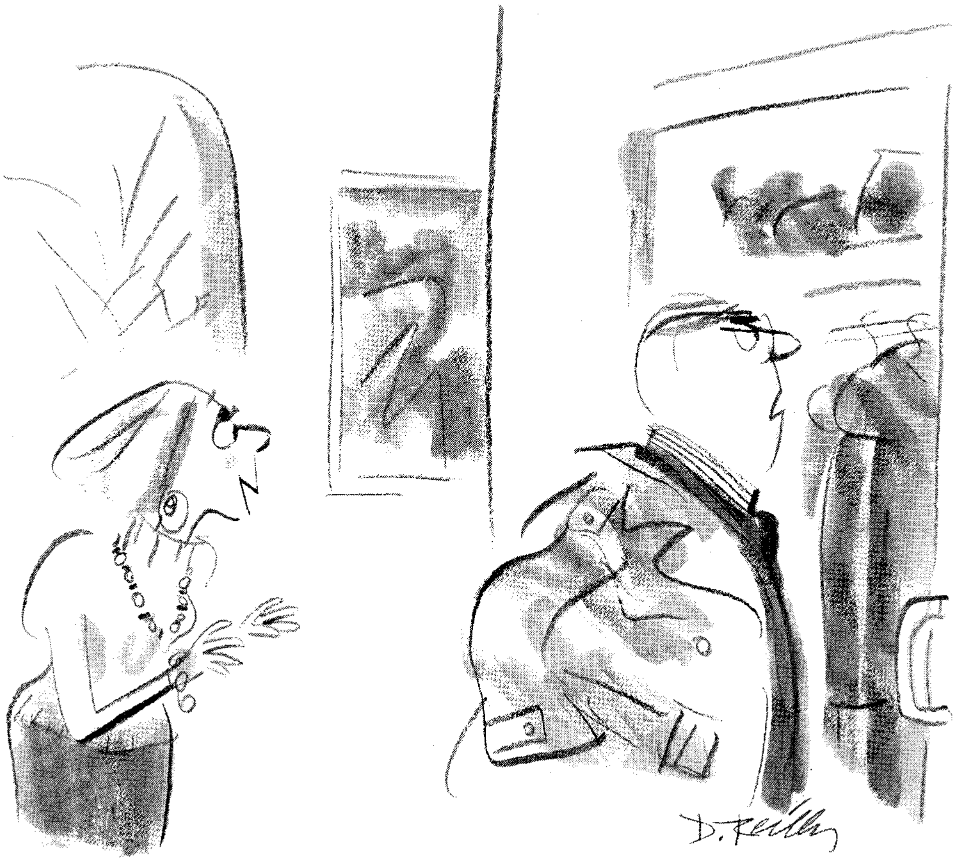
MEADOW IN A CAN
modell

In my letter to Dmitri, I told him of my difficulties, and asked him if he could help. Then I added a paragraph about how some friends of mine and I had managed to prevent a power line from being run through the neighborhood of Otsego Lake, in upstate New York, near Cooperstown, where Cooper had lived; the area is the scene of some of the Leatherstocking Tales. "It was as if the Soviet government had tried to put a power line through Tolstoy's home town," I wrote, reaching—possibly too far—for an analogy I thought a Russian would understand. Good as his word, Dmitri wrote back to say that he had informed the vice-president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, who had a special interest in space, of my problems. A few months later, when my visit was scheduled, he wrote again:

> But while you are here, you must take some time out to perform your filial duties! I took the liberty of mentioning to some friends of mine at the Writers' Union (of which I am a member), who are on its Council of Literary Memorials and Monuments, your successful fight against the power line through Fenimore Cooper's homeland, and your remarks about a power line through Tolstoy's home, Yasnaya Polyana. You should know that we have our problems, too! They were most interested, and want to meet you and hear about your struggles. So you will please to note in your book that you should be at the Writers' Union on the Tuesday after your arrival, at six in the evening.

He further informed me that he had telephoned the Novosti Press Agency, which handles interviews for foreign journalists and was arranging mine, to reserve the time.

It appeared to be something of a command performance, so on the appointed evening I picked up Dmitri outside the Gorky Institute, and we drove to the headquarters of the Writers' Union, a nineteenth-century mansion on Vorovsky Street, where we were to have dinner. Tolstoy is said to have used the house as the model for the home of the Rostov family in "War and Peace," and the dining room was certainly as venerable and creaky as the one in the Century. After dinner, Dmitri propelled me into a narrow, high-ceilinged conference room, where twenty or thirty members of the Council on Literary Monuments and Memorials were assembled around a long table. I was sharing the billing with a writer named Boris Rachmanin, who thought he might be related to Joseph Conrad, and the council members—who, like many Russians, were fascinated with relationships and resemblances—spent a lot of time trying to decide whether we looked like our advertised relatives. (He does, and I don't.) In a euphonious baritone, Rachmanin gave a poetic account of his quest for his roots through the taverns and churchyards of the Ukraine, amid the detritus of prewar Eastern Europe. My talk was a bit more mundane. To get myself through the evening, I had brought along some pictures of Otsego Lake and other places associated with the Deerslayer, and I discussed them. With respect to the power line, I said that there had been a special irony in the attempt to put it through this particular patch of upstate countryside, because the Romantic depictions of landscapes in the Leatherstocking Tales—"The Pioneers," in particular—were among the first in American literature or art to present nature as attractive and worth preserving instead of a force to be overcome. These tales were thus an early source of the environmental movement—in the manner of the first photographs of the earth from space, which environmental groups immediately adopted as a symbol. My talk was well received, but afterward one committee member asked me why I wasted my time fighting power lines when I should be fighting President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative. Another asked me what the Leatherstocking Tales had to do with my interest in space—a question I was unable to answer, at least then. At the end of the evening, a door opened, and a young woman with blond hair and a pink complexion entered the room. "It's Pushkin's great-great-great-granddaughter," someone whispered, and she was.



"How was the market, dear?"

"Just mildly erotic."

A few days later, in the course of transacting some routine business at the Novosti Press Agency, I was told by the director of the agency's North American division—an affable man named Boris Korolev, who was in charge of my visit—that Sergei Ivanko, the first vice-chairman of Novosti, wanted to meet me. We got into an elevator, and Boris said to me, "The higher the floor, the more important the guy." When we reached the top floor, he added, "And the more important the guy, the bigger the office." Ivanko, a small man in a gray suit, was enthroned behind a huge desk in a room the size of a tennis court. From my acquaintance with James Bond movies, I felt that little good could come from a tête-à-tête with a business-suited bureaucrat inhabiting a vast office that commanded a view of most of Moscow. At best, I thought, he was going to break the news that my remaining appointments with space officials had been cancelled. But no. Ivanko, too, was writing a biography of James Fenimore Cooper, and he wanted to chat. At a beautifully lacquered table, he dispensed tea and chocolates. From his jacket pocket he produced a snapshot, taken a year or two earlier, of himself standing in front of a bronze statue of my great-great-grandfather in a park in the middle of Cooperstown. He searched my face, with diminishing hope, for a resemblance to my ancestor as represented in the photograph. I told him we both had blue eyes. I was curious to know the extent of Cooper's popularity in the Soviet Union, and learned that he was the fourth most popular American writer there, after Theodore Dreiser, Mark Twain, and Jack London. Since 1917, Ivanko said, thirty-one million copies of Cooper's books had been published, twenty-four million of them in the last fifteen years. I said that sounded like an awful lot of copies of the Leatherstocking Tales.

I was having difficulty putting all this together; here was a country that spent a disproportionate amount of its budget on its space program, yet in many respects had nineteenth-century tastes—certainly in novels, art, and ballet, and arguably in other areas as well. I asked Ivanko why he thought Cooper's books were so popular in Russia, and whether their popularity and the Soviet enthusiasm for space had anything in common.

"Russians like novels, and the longer the better," he replied. "And people all over the Soviet Union have always had very good feelings about the United States. When we meet Americans, we are surprised how much like Russians they are—we feel closer to Americans than to any other people. In the nineteenth century, the

"Gentlemen, the Stone Age was a wonderful period, but, moving forward, I give you dripless paint."

people in both our countries were expanding into the wilderness—the Europeans were no longer doing this. We are explorers and you are explorers, and Cooper captured, for all of us, the love of the wilderness. And, of course, we are both still exploring—after we reached our respective sides of the Pacific Ocean, we went straight up into the sky. It is no coincidence that our two countries are the first into space. Space is the new wilderness."

In the days that followed, I often had occasion to reflect on Ivanko's remarks (most recently when I learned that NASA has named its new technology-development program "Pathfinder"—the title of another of the Leatherstocking Tales). With the advent of *glasnost*, the Soviet Union is just now entering the global village that the launching of Sputnik thirty years ago did so much to create. It would be a sad turn of events, I thought (the obvious benefits of *glasnost* to both nations aside), if increased exposure to the Western world discouraged the Soviets from reading nineteenth-century novels about the wilderness and spending so much of their money on trips into space.

My hotel in Moscow, the Kosmos, seemed the embodiment of Soviet enthusiasm for the new age of exploration; it was a great, modern, glassy semicircle of a building, with restaurants named Luna and Galactica. My room was on the twenty-first floor, with a view across an immense park surrounded, like Central Park, by tall apartment buildings and containing the huge Exhibition of Economic Achievements. Across the street was the so-called Space Obelisk, a soaring, curved jet of titanium more than three hundred feet high, ending in a rocket, whose nose was level with my window. One afternoon early in my stay, I walked over to have a closer look. A heroic bronze bust of Konstantin Tsiolkovsky was set beside the monument's base, which was decorated with bas-reliefs depicting cosmonauts, engineers, flight controllers, and Laika, the Russian dog who orbited the earth in 1957. Inside the base was a small spaceflight museum; it was shut, and remained so throughout my stay.

I walked on into the Exhibition of Economic Achievements, a set of ornate pavilions whose proportions were as imposing as the Space Obelisk's. The space exhibit was at the far end, about a mile from the massive entrance arch, in a vaulted glass-and-steel-beam structure called the Kosmos Pavilion—a building reminiscent of the grand railroad stations built in the latter half of the nineteenth century. On display in this vast anachronistic showcase were models of most of the Soviet Union's spacecraft. Both sides of the main hall were lined with replicas of the unmanned craft—the Sputniks, the Lunas, the Lunakhods, the Veneras, the Vegas—that, together with our analogous craft, have spread across the solar system to distant planets and moons. Most of the rest of Earth's interplanetary fleet is represented in the National Air and Space Museum, in Washington; the Soviet spacecraft, I thought, looked somehow friendlier than their American counterparts—as if they had been designed with a sense of humor, by designers who, although they knew that the craft would probably never be seen again by human eyes after launch, nonetheless intended them to be appreciated aesthetically by intelligent beings of some sort. They were bright-colored and oddly shaped, like oversized toys. Extraterrestrials coming upon one of these Russian spacecraft might suppose that human beings were imaginative creatures—perhaps even likable. A 1973 Lunakhod, an automated moon-rover, was a fat white tub mounted on eight little wire wheels. A Venera, one of the early craft to visit Venus, looked like a giant ant resting on its rotund abdomen and contemplating space with a tiny round head. All the craft bristled with colorful antennae: spikes, small cones in barber-pole patterns, stacked disks, blue-and-white dishes, brown conical caps.

At the rear of the museum, under a huge glass-and-steel dome, the manned spacecraft—the Soyuzes and the Salyuts—were clustered; they appeared more formidable than the unmanned craft. A spherical pressurized module with a glass hatch looked more like a diver's bathysphere than like a vehicle for cruising through space. In contrast to American spacecraft engineers, Soviet designers allow the spherical shape of pressure chambers to define the external design of their manned spacecraft, and since these chambers are usually at the extremities Soviet manned spacecraft often resemble those Russian Orthodox churches surmounted by onion-shaped domes. Outside the space exhibit stood a Vostok rocket with a rounded capsule at the top and parallel rocket stages strapped on either side, looking very much like a Kremlin cathedral surrounded by buttressing half-domes.

On my way back to the hotel, I stopped briefly at a nearby pavilion in

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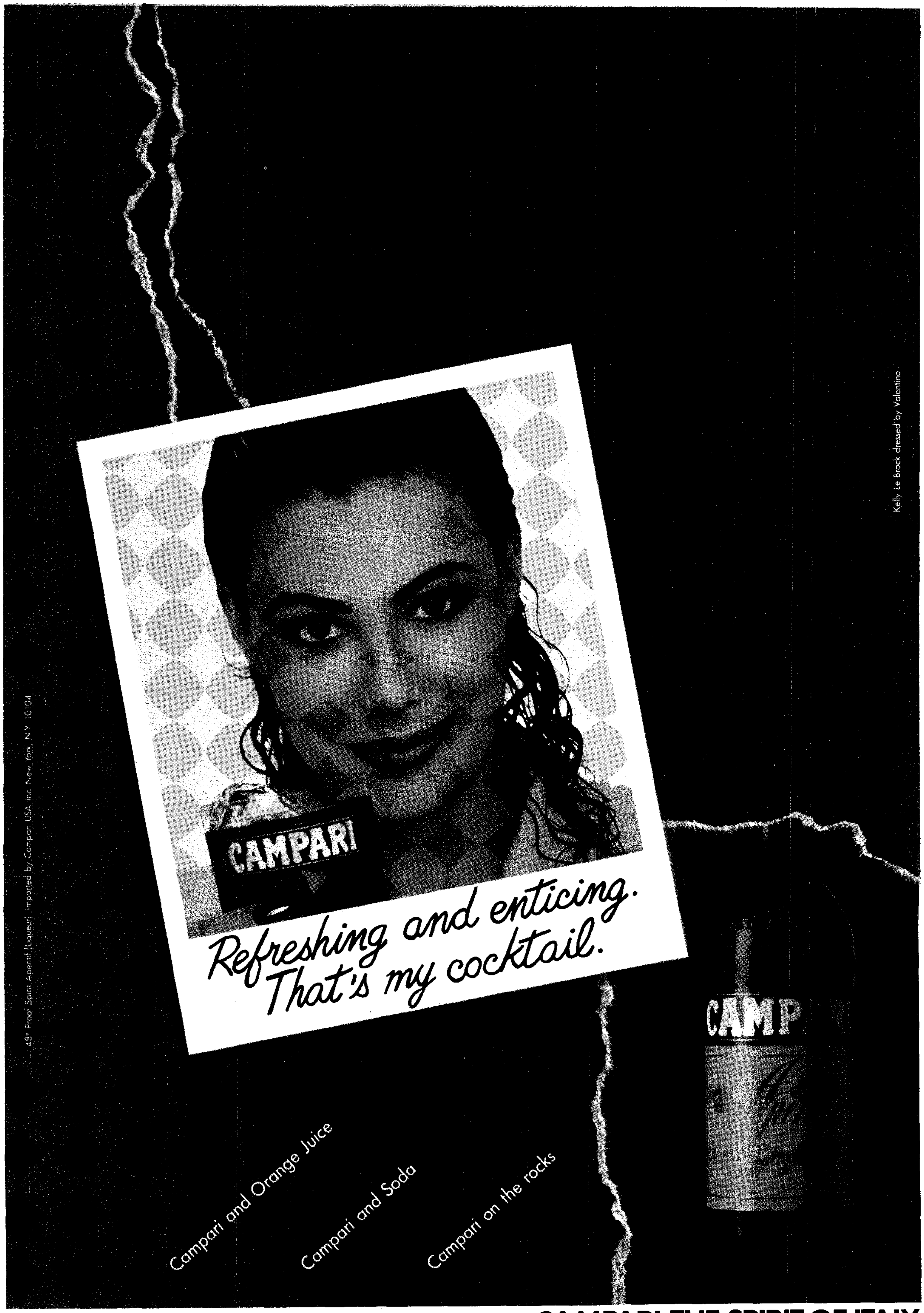

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CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.

which the United States Information Agency had mounted an exhibition full of the electronic communications gadgets that pervade American households today and that the Soviets, in spite of the capabilities of their spacecraft, don't have but would like to have: personal computers, videotape recorders, portable cassette players. The exhibit was introduced by several large photographs of various American Presidents, and blowups of pronouncements by them about freedom of speech; a bit farther on was a photocopier (another item virtually unknown in Russia) with which Soviet visitors could duplicate for themselves Cyrillic versions of our Declaration of Independence and Bill of Rights. I wondered what the Muscovites waiting in a line a hundred yards long would make of it all.

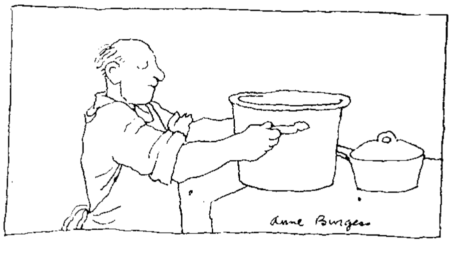
ON the morning of my second day in Moscow, I was driven in an Intourist car to Novosti to pick up Alexei Perevoshchikov, my interpreter—a stocky, sandy-haired man in his early thirties, who, as far as I could tell, faithfully conveyed both sides of conversations and did so with some flair, his face lighting up in unabashed triumph after the negotiation of a difficult verbal passage. (About half the people I talked to spoke English well enough to dispense with his services, but he had a welcome knack for starting up my tape recorder—a balky Japanese one—whenever it broke down.) Today, we were on our way to the south side of Moscow to visit Roald Sagdeev, a physicist who is the director of the Space Research Institute, the chief science commissariat of the Soviet space program. Sagdeev occupies a position midway between the head of NASA and the director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, which operates our unmanned spacecraft. He is internationally known as a leading proponent of the peaceful uses of space, and is in some sense a more powerful figure than even the NASA Administrator, because he is also a close adviser to Gorbachev. He was recently made a member of the Supreme Soviet, the fifteen-hundred-member body that enacts Party-initiated legislation. There is no one truly analogous to him in our space program; the structures of the two programs are as difficult to compare as the structures of the two nations' governments.

It was pouring rain that morning, as it was during most of my stay. The driver kept consulting Alexei about the route, and between them we soon got lost. The Space Research Institute, when we finally found it, was housed in a huge modern concrete building—one of several identical structures, and easy to miss. The exterior had nothing in the way of formal landscaping to mark it as a government building; there was only an inconspicuous sign on one door—a sign so small that Alexei had to get out of the car to interpret it. This is apparently the case with many major government offices in Moscow. Inside, the building was cavernous and very cold, and most of the inhabitants were bundled up in sweaters and coats.

Sagdeev, a cordial, professorial man in his mid-fifties, was wearing a dark suit and no sweater; he had just given a television interview, he told us, and the lights had warmed up his office. Like many of the government offices I saw, his was wood-panelled, with a well-polished desk and a conference table large enough for a dozen people. On the desk was a model of Phobos, the target of the two Soviet missions to be launched this summer. (Desk models of Phobos are currently much sought after by Soviet space scientists. Sagdeev's model, an early one, had been made in Russia, but I was told by a scientist lucky enough to have one that the newest and best Phobos models are made in Paris. I wasn't sure whether this was true or just a wry reference to the fact that many of the more sophisticated scientific instruments flown aboard Soviet spacecraft are designed and manufactured in the West.) Across Sagdeev's blotter from Phobos was a model of the Vega spacecraft, a pair of which had flown to Venus in 1985 and on to a rendezvous with Halley's comet.

I asked Sagdeev, who speaks excellent English, in what ways he saw space exploration as a contribution to peace.

"Any object in space crosses, in the course of a day, most national borders," he replied. "So it makes sense to consider everything that goes into space as the joint concern of humankind. And almost all spacecraft serve international users, or could do so. A communications satellite, for instance, broadcasts television programs or transmits messages with a beam much wider than the receiving antenna, or even than the individual country the satellite is meant to serve—you could serve an entire continent with it. This internationality applies particularly to the spacecraft that explore other planets; it takes a worldwide network of ground stations to receive their data. I first began to think in these terms in 1973, when I joined the space program as a physicist. I discovered many companions in other countries working on the same problems. Some French and Soviet scientists, including myself, launched a high-altitude rocket from Kerguelen, a French island in the Indian Ocean, to a point a few hundred kilometres above the earth; an electron gun on the rocket then sent streams of electrons along the earth's magnetic-field lines, which curve from pole to pole and guide the naturally occurring electrons that make up the aurora borealis. Our electrons followed the magnetic-field lines from the Southern Hemisphere to the northern part of the Soviet Union, in huge arcs, and scientists could measure the force of impact of the particles. This experiment could never have been carried out by one country."



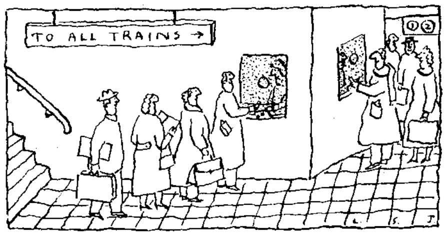
Like many people in both the Soviet and the American space programs who grew up before the space age, Sagdeev had not been drawn to his present work by childhood dreams of space travel—though he had read his share of science fiction. Rather, he had been guided more pragmatically, by the field lines of his career. "When I was young, there was no indication that we would go into space during my lifetime," he told me. "At the University of Moscow, where I decided to study theoretical physics, space was considered the province of engineers. But the discovery of the Van Allen belts by your Explorer satellite in 1958 changed all that—those belts of electrons were probably the first targets of serious science in space. By that time, I was working in plasma theory—in particular, on the confinement of plasma by magnetic fields. The Van Allen belts are themselves plasma—streams of particles held in place by magnetic-field lines. Instabilities in the Van Allen magnetic lines cause a sudden precipitation of electrons and ions from the belts, and this creates the aurora borealis. One of these instabilities was discovered by me and my colleagues here in Moscow. The late Mstislav Keldysh, who was then the president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, became interested in my work. We had a long conversation, and at the end of it he asked me if I would come into the space program."

In 1973, when Sagdeev joined the Space Research Institute, there were seven hundred and fifty members; there are now double that number of scientists working there, mostly physicists and astronomers. According to Sagdeev, one of the aims of Gorbachev's *perestroika* is to bring more young people into space science. To that end, the Space Research Institute has concluded an agreement with the Physical Technical University, in Moscow, under which Sagdeev and several of his associates will run a program for students who might move on to the institute after graduation. Sagdeev himself has taken a chair in space science at the university.

One of the pressing reasons for internationalizing space, Sagdeev readily admitted, is the high cost of space exploration. The idea of joint American-Soviet missions is an old one, and, indeed, was made an official objective of the United States government, in a congressional resolution sponsored by Senator Spark Matsunaga, of Hawaii, and signed by President Reagan on October 30, 1984; it called for joint activities in space as an alternative to the arms race. A joint mission to Mars was publicly proposed by the American astronomer Carl Sagan in an article that appeared in *Parade* in early 1986. Sagan and Sagdeev had already discussed the idea of such an expedition at a meeting of religious and scientific leaders in Italy in November of 1985, and when the *Parade* article was excerpted in *Pravda* it was endorsed by Sagdeev, in principle. A problem from his point of view was that Sagan's proposal was for a manned mission—an undertaking of enormous difficulty, which no country has yet been willing to commit itself to. (Nonetheless, many space experts outside the Soviet Union have suggested that the ever-lengthening sojourns of cosmonauts aboard the Mir and Salyut space stations are building up to a duration of three years—the approximate length of a manned mission to Mars. Soviet experts have said nothing to discourage this speculation.) Soviet and American scientists alike, however, feel that the proposed joint sample-return mission would take advantage of the strengths of both countries: the Americans are ahead in the computer technology necessary for the automated rover, and the Soviets have had more experience than we have in the automated return of samples from another planetary body—the moon. Each element of the mission could be successful if the other failed: the rover could still explore Mars, and the ascent module of the return rocket would be equipped to pick up samples at the landing site. "Technology transfer" would be kept to a minimum, since, as Sagdeev put it, "the only interface is the mechanical interface, far from the earth, between the rover and the ascent module; whatever technology is transferred will be God's in creating the planets."

Last April, the United States and the Soviet Union signed an accord that provided for the coördination of their efforts in space, including the exchange of data. An accord allowing such exchanges had been signed in 1972, but ten years later the Americans let it lapse, as a protest against the Soviet imposition of martial law in Poland. Since then, discussions of joint missions and other mutual concerns have been taking place unofficially, between space scientists, who—probably more than members of other professions—regard themselves as belonging to an international community. The informal contacts and exchanges of data appear to have been carried on with the tacit approval of both governments. "The first objective of both American and Soviet scientists has been to avoid duplication in our work, and our two countries' space projects have become more or less complementary," Sagdeev told me. "From the very beginning, the Americans have known what we were going to do."

Much of the association between the two countries' scientists has occurred at "microsymposiums"—meetings small enough to avoid attracting undue official attention. They originated in 1982, in an agreement between the Vernadsky Institute of Geochemistry and Analytical Chemistry, in Moscow, and Brown University. So far, there have been six, three in each country. The fifth was at Brown last March, and the sixth was at the Vernadsky's research station in Soviet Armenia last August. There will be a seventh at Brown later this month. The host scientists, or their institutions, pick up the visitors' bills—a useful piece of international coöperation, since it is difficult for the Soviet scientists to take money out of the U.S.S.R., and the exchange rate is unfavorable for Americans bringing money in. Perhaps because of the new space accord, the microsymposiums are not so micro anymore: eighty scientists showed up at Brown last March—though only about seven of them were Soviets—and about a hundred were at the meeting in Armenia.



The dangers of technology transfer are difficult to assess, but in the Reagan Administration the fear of it extends well beyond coöperation in space. The Administration has encouraged such civilian agencies as the Department of Energy to develop programs aimed at discouraging scientists at national laboratories from sharing unclassified research data with foreigners. At the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, in California, the D.O.E. established a security program known as SAFE—Security Awareness for Employees—which has as one of its aims preventing an employee from "innocently providing unclassified information which may complete a part of a classified puzzle." Scientists were informed that ignorance in "innocently" transferring unclassified information would not protect them against felony prosecution. A D.O.E. official was quoted by Janet Raloff in a recent article in *Science News* as saying, "We want to put the fear of God in them." This chilling doctrine apparently affects NASA, which keeps what it calls a "no-no list" of people—many of them American academics involved in technology-exchange programs—who are not allowed to subscribe to *NASA Tech Briefs*, an unclassified publication that summarizes new developments in technology. It was in this climate that the negotiations with the Russians over the new space agreement were carried out. Though the agreement contains no provision for joint missions to Mars, neither does it rule out the possibility. However, in regularizing the meetings that have taken place informally between scientists, it effectively restricts the role of informal discussions, placing any further consideration of joint missions firmly in the hands of NASA and the Departments of State and Defense. When I asked

Sagdeev what he thought was the future of the informal contacts, he said, "I hope we will go on having them. You cannot convert our friends—and many of the American scientists are our friends—into formal negotiators."

After our talk, Sagdeev turned me over to a younger associate, a physicist named Albert Galeev, who had been on the science team for the Vega mission to Venus and Halley's Comet but who was now absorbed in plans for Phobos. Galeev led me through a maze of gray concrete corridors to the institute's clean room—a workshop where tests of some of the instruments that would study Phobos were under way. Unlike the clean room at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, which is immaculate to the point of obsession, this one looked as if there might be a few flecks of dust here and there; indeed, the catwalk I was on, overlooking a full-sized working model of the craft that would fly to Phobos, seemed just a touch grimy. On the other side of the catwalk was a long, narrow tank; this, Galeev told me, was a vacuum chamber, which was being used to test a laser that would zap the surface of Phobos to kick up molecular fragments so spectrometers could analyze its composition. The laser was at one end of the chamber, and a target material that simulated the Phobos surface was at the other. The Phobos laser has already figured in the international arena; some American arms-control experts—among them Paul Nitze, who in the early nineteen-eighties headed our negotiating team at the I.N.F. talks in Geneva and still advises the Administration on disarmament—have been suggesting that it will be used to test Soviet laser technology in space for the Soviets' own Strategic Defense Initiative. This suggestion, of course, distresses Sagdeev; he points out that the instrument's strength is a tiny fraction of an S.D.I. laser's. "It's ten-to-the-minus-eight Star Wars units," he says.

"Sorry, Conklin, I'm on my way from the cradle to the grave, and I don't have time to exchange civilities."

LIKE Roald Sagdeev, Valery Barsukov, the director of the Vernadsky Institute, is a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Between them, the two men have pretty much set the course of Soviet unmanned space exploration. The Vernadsky—which is devoted primarily to the geological study of Earth—is analogous to the United States Geological Survey, though it is much smaller; it has eight hundred geologists and geochemists, and the Survey employs eight thousand. In the Soviet Union, most of the space scientists are at either the Vernadsky or the Space Research Institute, whereas in the United States the community of planetary scientists is much larger, comprising many hundreds in universities and other institutions spread across the country.

The Vernadsky occupies a yellow stucco palazzo with gigantic colonnades and porticoes, in the southwestern part of Moscow. Barsukov's office is a spacious room over the central portico; on one wall is a small Soviet flag carried to and from the moon by the Apollo 17 astronauts, and on another a map of Mars made from our Viking spacecraft imagery. Barsukov reportedly sees pretty much eye to eye with Sagdeev on the need for international coöperation in space, but I had the impression that, to the extent that they are a two-man team, Sagdeev is the one with the olive branch, while Barsukov takes a sterner line.

"I think these hopes will not be fulfilled," Barsukov, a tall, slender man with unruly dark hair and strong Slavic features, said to me, of the possibility of NASA's participation in the Mars sample-return mission. "The reason is not objections by our side but objections by the Americans—I mean primarily the Administration of your country. I participated in preliminary talks on the 1987 space accord. There was a list of projects proposed by scientists on both sides in which coöperation could take place, and suggestions from our side regarding in particular the study of Mars. In spite of wholehearted support from American scientists, these were rejected by the State Department."

An American diplomat who attended the negotiations had told me that the Department of Defense, even more than the State Department, was responsible for the hostility to joint missions. "Richard Perle, who was the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy at the time, taught everyone to be careful about technology transfer, but for our side to kill a project like the joint Mars sample-return mission is going to an extreme," he said. "I feel that it's all right to have joint missions, provided they are properly handled. People in

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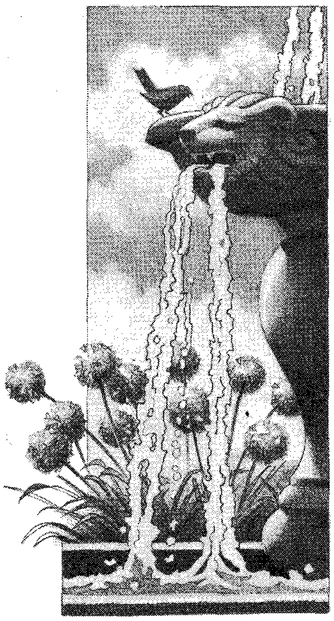

RANCHO BERNARDO INN

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the Defense Department feel that the technology-transfer problem can't be handled properly, and therefore we shouldn't even begin to try. Another problem is that we link things more than the Russians do—we peg space to politics. The Soviets, on the other hand, love predictability. They write space missions—joint or otherwise—into their five-year plans, and they don't want to cancel them because of some problem on the earth. If we went into Nicaragua, they wouldn't abrogate the new space agreement."

The Soviets are now clearly bent on exploring Mars, whether we go with them or not. (Sagdeev has taken to referring to Mars, with a certain amusement, as "the Red Planet.") In the view of some American scientists, Soviet motives are not unmixed. These scientists point out that in the nineteen-sixties the Soviets dropped their plans for a manned landing on the moon when they saw that the Apollo astronauts were probably going to get there first, and turned their attention to Mars. In the early seventies, however, when we were gearing up our highly successful Viking program to land on Mars, the Soviets cancelled their Mars program—several of their craft had failed during landings—and began to explore Venus. Then, in the late nineteen-seventies, when we were designing a complex spacecraft that would use radar to map the surface of Venus beneath its dense blanket of clouds, the Soviets reportedly mothballed their less sophisticated version of the same mission—a pair of Venera spacecraft. When our Venus mission didn't get off, because of budget cuts, the Soviets took their two craft out of storage and flew them as the highly successful Venera 15 and 16 missions, which orbited Venus in 1983 to produce the first high-resolution map of part of that planet. This continual shifting of goals can be seen as more politically than scientifically motivated, but when I asked Sagdeev why the Soviet Union had abandoned Mars in the early nineteen-seventies he replied, rather plausibly, "We knew that Viking was going to do a very thorough job. It would have been a waste of money to duplicate the mission. At that time, we had spacecraft capable of flying either to Mars or to Venus, and we knew that we could do good, original work on Venus."

Undoubtedly, the Soviets are able to make sudden changes in direction because of the authoritarian nature of their system—something American scientists might find difficult to adjust to. "In the Soviet Union, if the bosses want to do something it gets done, while in the United States it's usually just the beginning of a long discussion," one American scientist told me. "Instead of proposals bubbling up from numerous committees at the bottom, as happens here, plans come from the top down. If you are a Soviet scientist studying Venus and you're told that now they've decided to go to Mars, you are going to study Mars. It may not be the planet of your choice, but you'll still get good work out of it."

I asked Barsukov to explain the reawakening of interest in Mars. "There are many reasons for it," he said. "Mars is a key link in the history of the formation of the terrestrial planets, its diameter being half that of the earth and of Venus. Mars is also likely to have had liquid water on its surface. We see what must be traces of rivers and lakes on Mars, but any surface water there would have disappeared at least two and a half billion years ago. There may have been biological activity back then—it's sad, I think, to imagine that there has been life on only one planet. Mars is attractive in this respect. Besides, Mars is the most hospitable place in the solar system other than our own planet, and might eventually accommodate men."

Phobos, Barsukov added, was worth a visit for its own sake. The orbits of Phobos and Deimos, the other Martian moon, are slowly altering, which suggests that they were once independent bodies and were captured in Mars' gravitational field late in the planet's history. (Phobos will probably, in some future age, crash onto the Martian surface, and Deimos, whose orbit seems to be expanding, may escape the planet's gravity altogether.) Because Phobos is so dark—it is one of the darkest objects known in the solar system—many scientists think it was once a type of meteoroid called a carbonaceous chondrite, which is the oldest class of objects in the system. Though chondrites of various sorts land on the earth, their surface chemistry is altered by their searing passage through the atmosphere; the chemistry of Phobos would presumably be pristine.

While I was at the Vernadsky, I went to see Alexander Basilevsky, who is the chief of its Laboratory of Comparative Planetology. Back in 1970, before American and Soviet space scientists got to know each other, Basilevsky ran into Harold Masursky, a space scientist with the United States Geological Survey, at a meeting of the Committee on Space Research of the International Council of Scientific Unions, in Leningrad. With the first Apollo landings successfully completed and talk of a space accord between the two countries in the air, Masursky was on the lookout for Soviet colleagues. He found that they were on the lookout, too. Masursky was doing the same sort of work that Basilevsky was doing—for Apollo instead of for the Lunakhod missions; both were engaged in mapping the moon. Their friendship, which continues to this day, was one of the first between Soviet and American space scientists. As it happens, the two men resemble each other—both have shocks of dark brown hair and sharp, inquisitive faces—and talk with the same vigorous enthusiasm about what they do.

PLEASE WAIT TO BE SEATED
STEVENSON

Although Basilevsky is only a rung or two down the ladder from Barsukov, he shares a makeshift—albeit comfortable—office with a couple of other scientists; the grand, well-appointed offices are clearly in short supply. There is little in the room in the way of modern office furniture, such as metal desks or filing cabinets; in fact, the office looks more like an office in an American laboratory fifty years ago. Basilevsky was surrounded by bookcases—in one of them I could see the three volumes of abstracts from last spring's planetary-science conference near Houston, which he and Barsukov had attended. He told me he was now working on an engineering model of Phobos; this was a computer model—a determination of the moon's size, shape, and numbers of craters of different sizes, and the bearing strength of its surface. Engineers would use the model to fine-tune a pair of spherical vehicles the size of bowling balls and equipped with springs, which would be able to land on Phobos' surface and hop about, analyzing samples. "In the Soviet Union, we have no good data of our own for a detailed topographical model," Basilevsky told me. "We are using American data, from Viking, which imaged Phobos from a distance of about a hundred kilometres."

I asked Basilevsky about the relationship between Soviet scientists and engineers—a relationship that is not always an easy one in the American space program. "Engineers are engineers everywhere, and scientists are scientists," he said. "Engineers want safety—safe equipment, well within the margins of what a spacecraft can carry, and safe landing places. Scientists want to land in the most interesting places, with as much equipment as possible." I said that I had heard from some American scientists that Soviet scientists were able to persuade engineers to do things that—in the words of the astronomer Bradford Smith, who heads the imaging team for Voyager, our spacecraft exploring the outer planets—would "give American engineers ulcers, or turn their hair white," particularly when it came to adding instruments to a spacecraft, or making other changes, relatively close to launch. An American instrument for counting dust particles in the neighborhood of Halley's comet had been added to the Vega project less than a year before launch. Basilevsky assured me that with respect to changes the Phobos mission was all closed out. But he agreed in general with the assessment. "Americans are more cautious," he said. "You do much more preliminary work and planning than we do. But much of it is in vain, because many of the contingencies you plan for never come up. Naturally, it is necessary to do some planning, and I would like us to do more of it. But we have to have more people in our space program before we can—you have many more people than we do."

Hal Masursky, whom I spoke to before going to Moscow, pointed out that although the Soviet engineers and administrators were more accommodating than our own while the spacecraft was on the ground, American engineers were more apt to allow changes in flight. He thought that this might be in part because the computers in our spacecraft were more advanced, and therefore more flexible, than those of the Soviets, though the Soviets had learned to make up for the deficiency in their hardware by considerable ingenuity in programming. According to Smith, Masursky, and other American scientists, the Russians may also be a little more daring than we are in their plans for what they do with their spacecraft. At the moment, the Soviet space program is exhibiting the sort of inventiveness and exuberance that we used to associate with our own space program. It also exhibits a number of characteristics that Americans tend to see as their national traits and no one else's, such as the ability to improvise, to make the most out of what you have, to be flexible—all the traits summed up in the phrase "Yankee ingenuity." Yet we have typecast the Soviets as weighed down by their bureaucracy, rigid in their thinking, and seeking perfection at the expense of results. "The mythologies and stereotypes the two sides have about each other are wrong, at least regarding their space programs," Masursky told me. "We pay no attention to how the Soviet space program really works."

"In principle, there is a difference in approach," Roald Sagdeev said when I mentioned the chances taken with scheduling. "For a given sum of money, you can either do a very few expensive and extremely reliable missions or a lot of cheap missions, with which some risks can be taken. We try to launch more spacecraft—you go the other way. Presumably, there is a balance, and both sides have found that balance for themselves."

I remarked that neither the Vega mission to Venus and Halley's comet nor the mission to Phobos—both of them quite complex—sounded cheap to me.

"Vega was probably cheaper than any major American planetary mission," Sagdeev replied. "The reason is that we designed Vega with standard parts. Everything was of a type used in previous missions. We needed more electrical energy, so we added more solar panels, but they were of the same variety we had used before. We had a fast-moving scanning platform that was new, but the lander was standard—we had used similar ones on previous Venus landings."

No doubt the multiplicity of less expensive vehicles makes the Soviets more apt to accept risks with their unmanned craft than we are. They operate somewhat in the manner of biological evolution, producing an enormous number of organisms in the hope that some will survive; indeed, their whole space program has been described as evolutionary, with new spacecraft or rockets developing logically, over the years, from earlier forms. That has not been the way our space program has proceeded recently. In its early days, our spacecraft and rockets were evolutionary—with Mercury leading to Gemini and then to Apollo—and our program was more successful. For the last fifteen years, however, the United States has been making fewer spacecraft, and, to the regret of many American space experts, nothing has followed from them: nothing followed from Apollo or the Skylab space station or the Viking Mars landers or Voyager. The Soviets' current Mars projects build on Viking—a task that many American space scientists feel we should have undertaken ourselves. And the space shuttle has no descendants yet. The explanation for the Soviet Union's present success in space, some experts say, may simply be that it is reaping the rewards of years of steady growth.

FOR the most part, the Soviets agree that their scientific instruments are not as sophisticated as ours; they rely heavily on instruments produced in other countries. One reason is that their computer technology is generally conceded to be a decade or so behind ours. Another is doubtless the small size of the Soviet community of space scientists; there might be only one or two Russian teams working on designing an instrument, compared with half a dozen in the United States, and the selection would have to be made without benefit of real competition. While I was in Moscow, I talked with several scientists about their work on Vega. Vega was an international venture, with participation by scientists and engineers from the United States and Western and Eastern Europe. Despite its standard construction, Vega is one of the more intricate spacecraft yet flown.

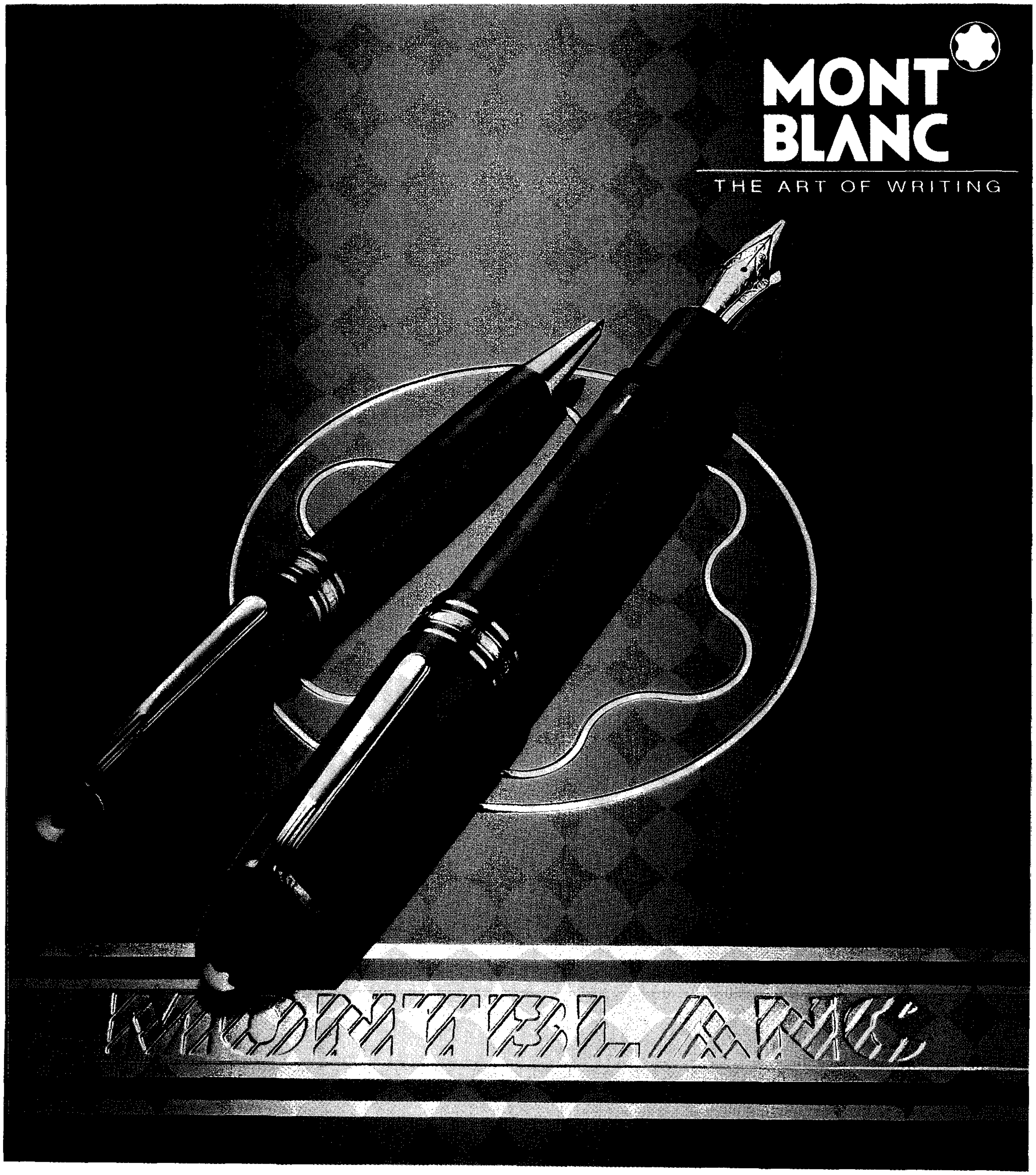
By and large, Soviet landing craft are more rugged, if less complex, than our Viking Mars landers, but then there have been many more of them, and the conditions under which they have had to operate are much harsher.

120
R.Donaldson

One Soviet scientist who is well aware of their capabilities is A. A. Pronin, a Vernadsky geologist who worked on the Vega mission as well as on the earlier series of Venera landings on Venus. The atmospheric pressure on Venus at ground level is ninety-four times that of the earth, and the temperature reaches eight hundred degrees Fahrenheit. None of the Soviet landers have survived much more than an hour.

"The first Venus lander that returned pictures was Venera 9, in 1975," Pronin told me. "I went over to the Space Research Institute to watch it arrive, on a TV monitor. There were a lot of people around, and a lot of excitement—it was mankind's first close look at the surface of Venus. I saw a pile of stones, and I was quite surprised, because they were fresh and angular; we had expected more in the way of erosion on Venus, because of its thick atmosphere. Afterward, I understood that we had landed on talus—the rocks must have slid recently from the neighboring hills. Seven years later, Venera 13 and 14 landed on a plain, and we could see that the rocks there *were* more eroded." Veneras 13 and 14 carried instruments for analyzing the rocks and soil; the rocks proved to be basaltic—material that had flowed onto the surface in a molten state and then cooled. This was also something of a surprise, Pronin said, because although Venus had been expected to show signs of volcanism, the rocks had appeared, in the pictures, to be sedimentary—as though, at one time in its history, there had been water on the planet. They were also found to contain a lot of iron oxide, but the landscape, instead of being reddish as on Mars, was gray, since iron oxides lose their color at high temperatures.

The Vega landers descended from a pair of parent spacecraft and performed analyses of the soil, transmitting results for just under one hour. The parent ships had also released a pair of balloons, at an altitude of fifty-four kilometres. Each carried a small gondola full of instruments at the end of a tether forty-two feet long; the instruments began transmitting data on atmospheric pressures, temperatures, and wind speeds immediately, and continued to do so for forty-six hours. The drifting balloons—white Teflon-cloth spheres nearly four yards in diameter—with their dangling baskets full of oddly shaped antennae, sensors, and weather instru-



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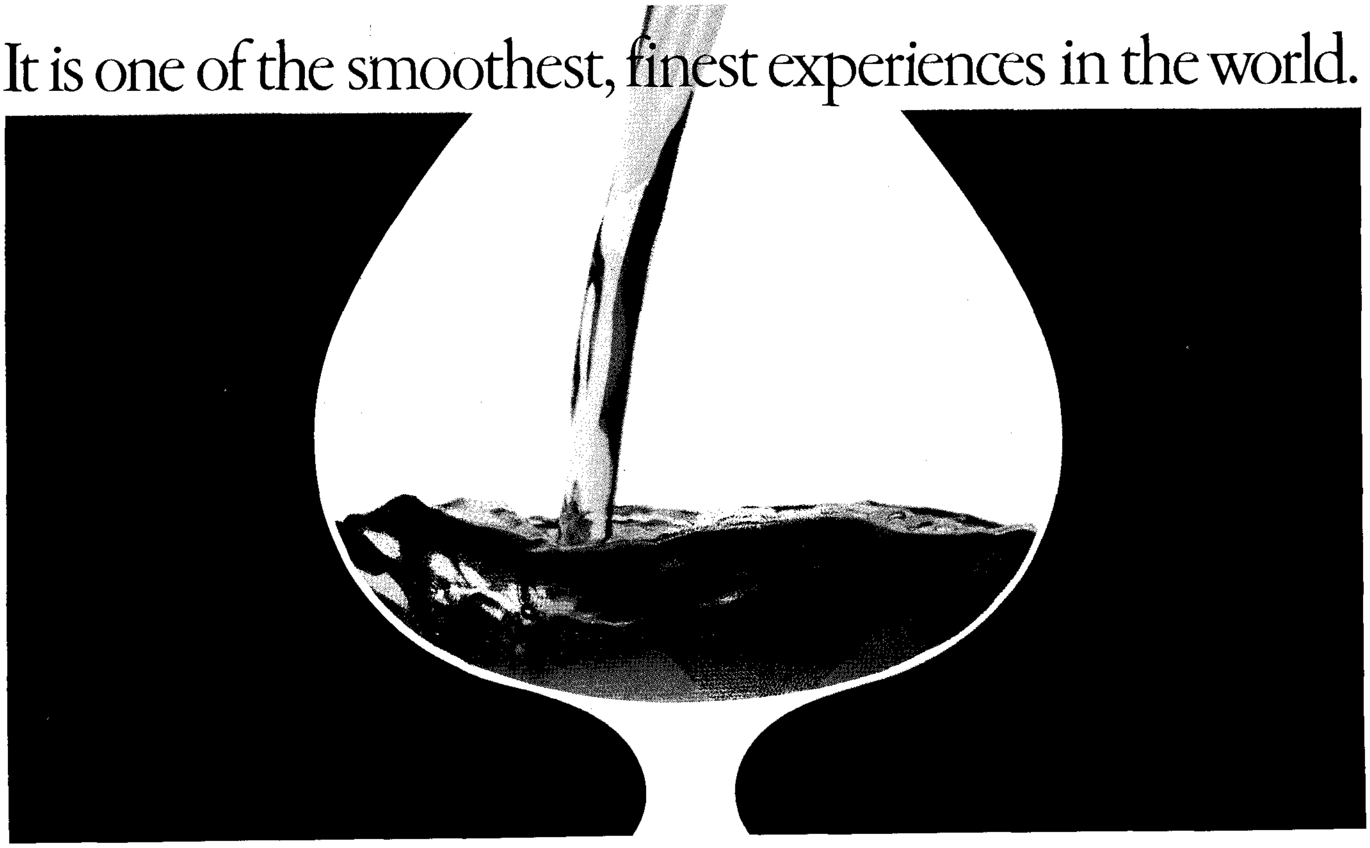
ments, must have suggested nothing so much as a painting by Joan Miró. They would sometimes bob up or down in sluggish vertical drafts, but for the most part they remained at the altitude at which they had been released; the horizontal winds were relatively steady, and there were no storms or lightning. Venus apparently lacks the belts of alternating wind currents that prevail on other planets with atmospheres, which may have to do with the fact that it rotates on its axis more slowly than any other planet.

As for the Vega parent ships, after dropping off the landers and balloons, they swung away from Venus on a trajectory that brought them close to Halley's comet nine months later. Vega 1 arrived on March 6, 1986, and Vega 2 on March 9th. They passed the comet at a distance of about five thousand miles; a European craft named Giotto, which followed a few days later, came within three hundred and seventy-six miles of the comet, which was spewing a veil of vaporized ice and particles of carbon and silica as it rounded the sun. Giotto suffered some damage that stopped it from sending data for over half an hour, and Vega 2, even at the five-thousand-mile distance, was hit by a particle big enough to knock out its main camera system.

I asked Albert Galeev to give me his recollections of the Vega 1 encounter. "Everyone was here in this room," he said. (We were sitting in a large lobby outside Sagdeev's office; a long blue-and-gold partition on one side could be removed to connect the lobby with a big conference room beyond, making one enormous hall.) Scientists from all over the world had been there for the fly-by, along with a few reporters, he told me. "When the pictures began coming in, we had arguments about whether or not we could see the nucleus," he said. "Then we began arguing about whether we could see waves in the comet's tail. People were calling out hypotheses all the time in a lot of different languages, interrupting each other and correcting each other."

Galeev emphasized that no one had ever had a good view of the nucleus of a comet before, because the glimmering dust-and-vapor cloud that a comet sprouts in the vicinity of the sun obscures the nucleus in its glow. The nucleus of Halley's comet proved to be darker than a lump of coal—darker even than Phobos—and about ten miles long and five miles wide. It rotates on its short axis, and the vapor escapes from it in geysers that arc, the way jets of water spray from a revolving lawn sprinkler. The rate of rotation of the nucleus has yet to be established. Sagdeev and Bradford Smith, who was on the Vega science team, published a joint paper in *Nature* that argued that the period is fifty-two hours, but other estimates have ranged up to a week and beyond. (Recent analysis explains the discrepancy by indicating that the nucleus may undergo two kinds of motion: a fifty-two-hour spin and a much longer wobble.) In this Tower of Babel reaching all the way to Halley's comet, the Russians and the Americans generally got along with each other better than either got along with their European colleagues. American missions usually have very few foreign scientists, but Smith has invited Sagdeev to assign two or three Soviet scientists to our Voyager imaging team in time for the encounter with Neptune, in August of 1989. If this happens, it will be the first time that Soviet scientists have served on an American team; the traffic—and the need—has been in the other direction.

It is one of the smoothest, finest experiences in the world.



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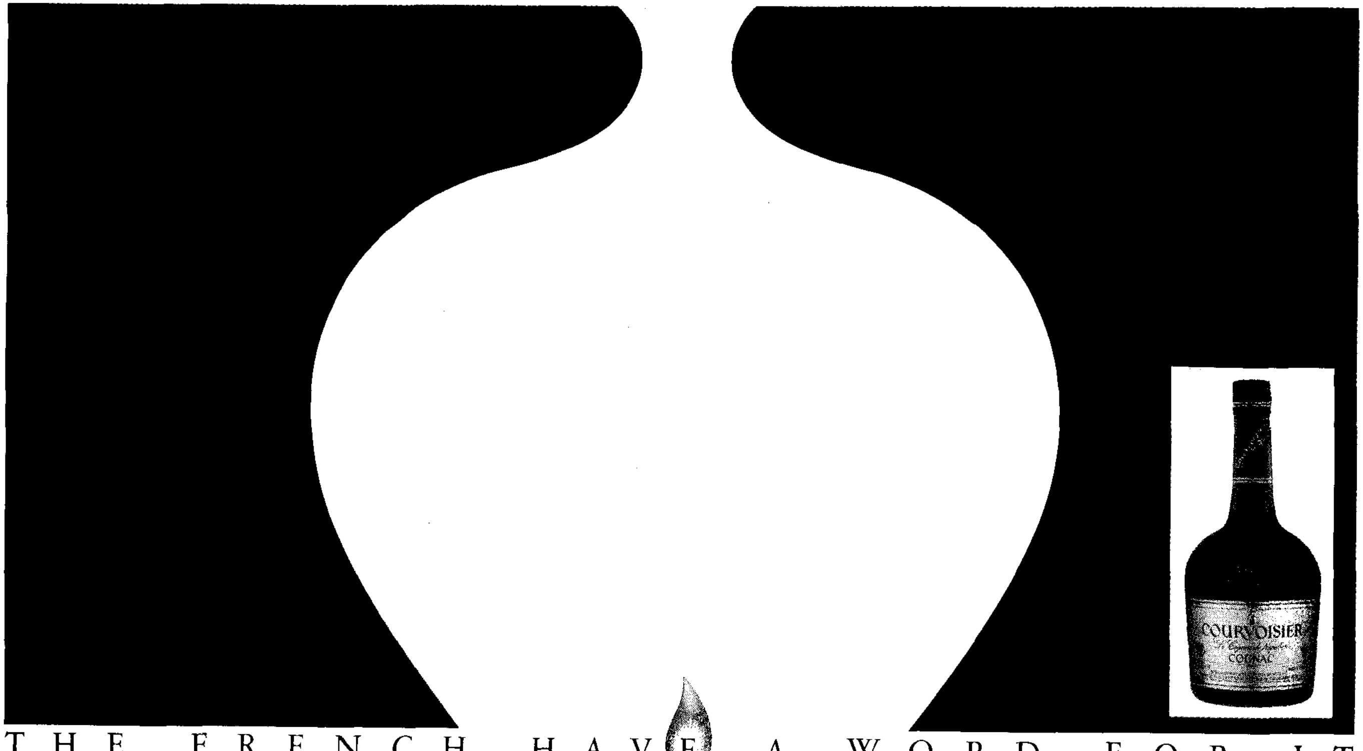
It will take some years, of course, for the Soviet Union to build up a larger space community, and meanwhile the Soviet space program will probably continue to make use of foreign scientists, including Americans, not only for the preparation of instruments and to serve on science teams during a mission but to help afterward with the analysis of data. As another American scientist who took part in Vega—Andrew Ingersoll, an atmospheric scientist at the California Institute of Technology—remarked to me, "they have killed the beast, and we can help them eat it." The release of data by either side, however, is usually accompanied by a certain amount of bargaining. Despite *glasnost* and personal friendships, these are two countries—and two space programs—whose relations have been prickly. "The Soviets can play hardball," one American scientist complained recently. "They have all the new data now, and sometimes we feel that we get only dribs and drabs." Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union trades data simply to be friendly; rather, both do it because one side has a commodity the other side wants. Our ability to supply a commodity will, of course, diminish without new planetary missions. At the moment, our main stock in trade for Venera or Vega data is Viking data, which the Soviets need for their Mars landings.

"They want information from us about the winds and the landing ellipse—the surface target area they have to aim for," Hal Masursky told me. "They want a model of conditions on Mars, and we have ninety-nine per cent of the data. So right now we have something to trade. In a few more years, though, they will have more Mars data than we do." The Viking map of Mars on Valery Barsukov's wall has ten red marks on it; these are potential landing sites selected at the microsymposiums—five were picked by Soviet scientists and five were picked by Americans. Masursky is particularly enthusiastic about a site called Mangala—a spot on the edge of a lowland plain where several deep channels cut down through the highlands. Indeed, he has been so enthusiastic about it that the Russians have taken to calling the site Hal.

ONE evening shortly before I was to leave Moscow, Dmitri Urnov took me to visit an old friend and schoolmate of his named Yaroslav Golovanov, who has been reporting on the Soviet space program for almost thirty years—first as a correspondent for *Komsomolskaya Pravda* and later in a series of books, including a biography of the late Sergei Korolev, the legendary chief designer of Soviet rockets and spacecraft, who died in 1966. (Despite—or perhaps because of—his genius at rocketry, Korolev was considered a security risk during the Stalin era, and was not publicly acclaimed until after his death.) Golovanov had invited Dmitri and me for dinner at his dacha at Peredelkino, a writers' colony managed by the Writers' Union, about fifteen miles southwest of Moscow.

In the car, Dmitri told me about some of the problems the Writers' Union was having in managing Peredelkino. There was a constant struggle to be assigned a dacha, he said. Careers and prestige were involved in such questions as who got what dacha, and for how long. Inevitably, when a writer died his widow requested that his dacha be turned into a museum in memory of her husband. "There are a lot of house museums in Russia," Dmitri said. "Some people

Not a drop of exaggeration.



THE FRENCH HAVE A WORD FOR IT

COURVOISIER

Le Cognac de Napoleon

think the reason is that the widows want to become curators, so that they will get paid by the State to live in their own houses. At Peredelkino, there is a danger that sooner or later every house will be a museum, many times over." An argument was currently raging at the Writers' Union over a request by Boris Pasternak's family, who lived a few dachas away from Golovanov, that the government turn his house into a museum. Dmitri felt that the solution to these problems at Peredelkino was to build a single big museum for everyone.

Peredelkino is in the middle of a forest—a typical Russian forest, composed of slender trees, mostly birches and pines, that rise quite high before branching, so that it is easy to walk among them. Golovanov and his wife, who is also a journalist, greeted us at the door of their dacha. He was in his fifties, with a strong, square jaw and graying hair; she was pretty and dark-haired, and appeared to be some fifteen or twenty years younger. We entered a narrow front hall and were ushered up a steep staircase lined with signed photographs of Soviet cosmonauts and a few American astronauts—Neil Armstrong and Thomas Stafford among them. On the second floor, Golovanov showed us into his study, a spacious corner room lined on two sides with windows looking out on the forest; it was like being in a tree house. We had some vodka there, and Golovanov gave me a copy of his biography of Korolev, which he autographed. I gave him a copy of a book I had written about the Viking missions to Mars, which I autographed. In Golovanov's bookcase, Dmitri found a copy of a biography he had written of Daniel Defoe, which *he* autographed. Then we went down to a dinner of fish, roast beef, and freshly picked mushrooms.

Golovanov was full of stories about Soviet cosmonauts, and he told them in Russian, in a sonorous voice, while Dmitri translated. Originally, he said, the Soviet Union selected twenty cosmonauts for its first missions—a high figure, which it has not officially disclosed until recently. Some cosmonauts left the program for medical reasons, some were cashiered for misbehavior, and one was killed in a training accident. (The American writer and space engineer James Oberg has fully detailed this history, in his recently published book "Uncovering Soviet Disasters.") The cosmonaut who was killed, a young man named Valentin Bondarenko, was training in a pressure chamber in 1961, just before Yuri Gagarin was launched on the historic flight that made him the first human being to orbit the earth. "The chamber where this fellow was doing a long-duration test had a fifty-per-cent-oxygen atmosphere," Golovanov said. "He had medical sensors on his hands and wrists. He removed them and swabbed his skin with some cotton balls, which he then threw aside. Unfortunately, they landed on a hotplate. They caught fire and blazed up in the oxygen-rich atmosphere. He tried to put out the fire himself, and his clothing ignited. The pressure inside the chamber was lower than the pressure outside, and it took them many minutes to open the door. He was alive when they got him out, but he died in the hospital from the burns, which covered nearly his whole body. The story was not made public, and there were many rumors: in America, it was said that we had launched a number of cosmonauts before Gagarin and they had all died in space. Gagarin's flight was just three weeks after the accident. He couldn't go to the funeral, because he was in training. Of course, the

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tragedy added an extra dimension to his flight, but no one was told. I tried to tell the story in 1984, in a memorial brochure for Gagarin, but even then it was not allowed to be printed. Not until after Gorbachev became General Secretary could the story be published."

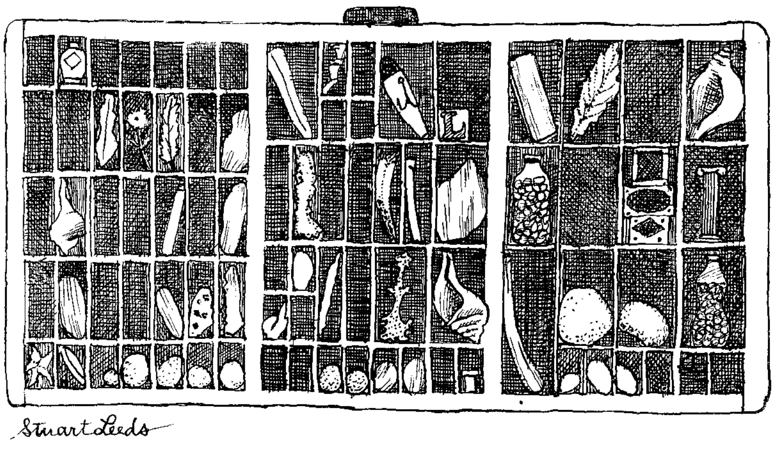
Later in the evening, I told Golovanov that, particularly in the early days of our space program, reporters and others had complained that our astronauts were unable to communicate their experiences—all the sunsets were "beautiful," and that was it—and I asked whether the Soviet press had had the same complaint about cosmonauts. "Sergei Korolev was disappointed in our cosmonauts' descriptions, too," Golovanov said. "He wanted us to send up a poet—someone of Lermontov's calibre. His superiors said they did not wish to make a poet a cosmonaut. Then Korolev said he would send a journalist—me!—and a television newscaster. We both took the physicals, and, to our amazement, we passed. I still have my acceptance, signed by Korolev. But he died in January of 1966, and the following year the cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov was killed while returning from space. And that was the end of my chances."

I MET three cosmonauts in Moscow, and none of them had any difficulty in articulating their experiences in space. They were Alexei Stanislavovich Yeliseev, Nikolai Nikolaevich Rukavishnikov, and Georgi Mikhailovich Grechko. All three were in their mid-fifties, and all three had been engineers before becoming cosmonauts. Rukavishnikov and Grechko had both gone to work in the design bureau of Sergei Korolev, at Kaliningrad, a northern suburb of Moscow. Rukavishnikov is still a designer, and worked on the Mir space station. Grechko began working for Korolev in 1954, and helped to calculate the launch path of the first Sputnik, which orbited the earth in 1957. I asked each of them to tell me what he remembered about his flights. They proved, even in translation, more lyrical and poetic about space than most of our astronauts—in a word, more Russian, more apt to talk about themselves and their feelings.

Yeliseev had made three flights, for a total of two hundred and fourteen hours, aboard Soyuz spacecraft, which are two- or three-man craft a little like our Gemini capsules and Apollo command modules. "My impressions of my first flight are more vivid than the later ones," he told me. He had a strong, impassive face, with deep-cut features, and he was wearing a red pin in his lapel signifying his membership in the Supreme Soviet. "At first, I was more impressed with the parts of the spacecraft I could see out the window than I was with the view of the earth, because in the sunlight the metal was unbelievably bright. The colors were lost. I could hardly recognize what I was looking at—I had to concentrate to see that here was a thruster and there was an antenna. The earth seemed without life, and distant. I could see forests, but it was very hard to imagine that there were people in those forests picking mushrooms. I saw thunderstorms and lightning, too—they looked very different from what you see on earth. From space, you do not see the lightning itself. You see vast tracts of ground being illuminated—sometimes it appears that a swath of clouds is being lit from beneath. The flashes were so bright that I could see their reflections on the spacecraft. But the most picturesque impression was of the return to earth. On reëntry, the atmosphere around the spacecraft starts to ionize—it seems to burn. On one mission, we were landing at night, and this light was brighter than daylight. First, I saw a tender, violet light—like neon light. In a complete silence, I find myself inside a neon shining! Gradually, the light turns white, then red. There is a roar, close to me. I feel as if I am inside an oven. There is also a tail of fire behind me. Then this light disappears slowly, and for some period we are flying in silence. And then, when the spacecraft decelerates closer to the speed of sound, I feel it shaking—as if we were travelling over a rough road in the air. The spacecraft has been coming in at an angle to the earth, but then the spacecraft's parachute opens, and stops the angled descent, and I feel as if I am on a huge swing with very long ropes. After that, the touchdown was almost an anticlimax—a gentle push on the back."

Georgi Grechko had flown three times, for a total of more than thirty-two hundred hours; his longest mission was ninety-six days aboard the Salyut 6 space station in 1977 and 1978—twelve days longer than Skylab 4, our own longest mission. "I think I will never be able to decide whether the earth is more beautiful from here or seen from space," he said, his imperturbable demeanor and his bristling crewcut belying his evident aesthetic sensibility. "I particularly liked Kamchatka, with its volcanoes and snow against the dark sea. It was like looking at diamonds on black velvet. And Cape Horn was very beautiful. At the same time, it was gloomy and forbidding—it gave me a sense of danger. I thought, If Cape Horn looks like this from space, how much more dangerous it must seem on earth, and how very brave a man must be to round it in a ship!"

Things do not always go well in space for Russians, any more than for Americans, and both Grechko and Rukavishnikov had had brushes with disaster. Rukavishnikov, a trim man in a well-tailored business suit, told me of piloting a Bulgarian cosmonaut aboard Soyuz 33 to the Salyut 6 space station on April 10, 1979. He never docked, because the main engine on his spacecraft failed two miles short of the space station. The real problem, though, was getting back to earth, because that same engine was supposed to decelerate the spacecraft for reëntry. I remarked to Rukavishnikov that he must have been frightened—a comment that might have elicited an evasive shrug from an American astronaut. "I was scared as hell!" he said. "I lost my appetite. I thought I was no longer a living be-

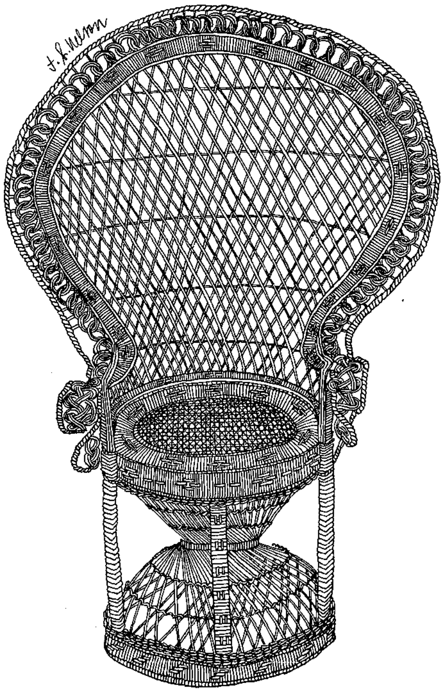


ing. As an engineer, I knew that the problem was very serious, and I was not sure that the ground would come up with a solution. From my point of view, it was next to impossible. But there is a lot of redundancy built into the Soyuz, and the flight controllers knew how to use it. It took them twenty-four hours, but they did it. We came down faster, and at a steeper angle, than usual, undergoing a force nine times that of gravity. But it was a soft landing, and not far from the target."

The episode that Grechko was involved in might have happened on any number of American missions, but an American astronaut would probably have been a little more uptight in talking about it afterward. In 1977, during his ninety-six-day mission aboard Salyut 6, he went out on a space walk to repair the docking system while his partner, Yuri Romanenko, remained, according to instructions, in the air lock, just inside the hatch. "When I had finished my work and was about to go back inside, Yuri said he couldn't believe he'd got all the way up there and wouldn't be going outside," Grechko recalled. "He said he wanted to make a space walk, too. I said, 'Go ahead, but do it fast, because it's time to close the hatch.' Inside the air lock, I flattened myself against the bulkhead to let him out. When he floated by me, I saw he hadn't fastened his tether. The loose end was floating by. I grabbed it just in time. I said, 'Yuri, where are you going?' I think he asked what was wrong, and I said, 'It's a good thing I caught you.' " If he hadn't, Romanenko would have suffered a space traveller's nightmare—floating away helplessly, to die of suffocation when his oxygen supply ran out. Grechko and Romanenko agreed to keep the episode to themselves until after they were back on earth. In the United States, the situation might well have resulted in some sort of reprimand—as was the case with three Skylab astronauts who failed to report from space on an episode of nausea, and who never flew again. However, while I was talking to Grechko, Romanenko was in the Mir space station (he returned to earth last December 29th, after a mission of three hundred and twenty-six days—a new record), and Grechko himself had been up again and was hoping for another flight.

Like their American counterparts, Soviet cosmonauts are apt to experience a sort of consciousness-raising in space which makes them more aware of the need for peace, international coöperation, and preservation of the environment. "I have had several talks with American astronauts, and our feelings are very close," Yeliseev told me. "It's not only that you look down on the planet and see that there are no boundaries. Rather, it is that you see for yourself, with your own eyes, how small the globe is. And you see all the pollution. When a polluted river gets to the ocean, you see a huge smear. And you see smoke—from cities, from forests being burned off. You see all sorts of pollutants—and you see no place other than the earth where we can live."

Almost everyone who goes into space, of whatever nationality, expresses this feeling instinctively, in remarkably similar terms; it is the natural reaction of people who have looked at the earth from outside. The Skylab astronauts had commented to me on the thinness of the atmosphere—they compared it with the skin of an apple. Grechko used many of the same words. "You see with your own eyes that the globe is too small," he said. "You see that it can be destroyed by pollution or demolished by atomic bombs. In space, when the sun sets, the atmosphere shines with a tender blue color. Its arc is very narrow. You see all too well that a nuclear war can strip away this narrow skin of atmosphere—the atmosphere in which we live. I noticed in space a certain shift in perception—you begin to value things that are taken for granted on earth, like fresh air, a mountain stream, sunrise in a forest, a shivering of leaves on the trees—all these things we do not pay much attention to down here. In the space station, one picture we chose to put on our wall was of an ordinary maple leaf. And when we were asked what meal we would like sent up aboard the cargo ship, and were told we could pick the most exotic and fancy meal we wanted, we each asked for an onion and a piece of rye bread."



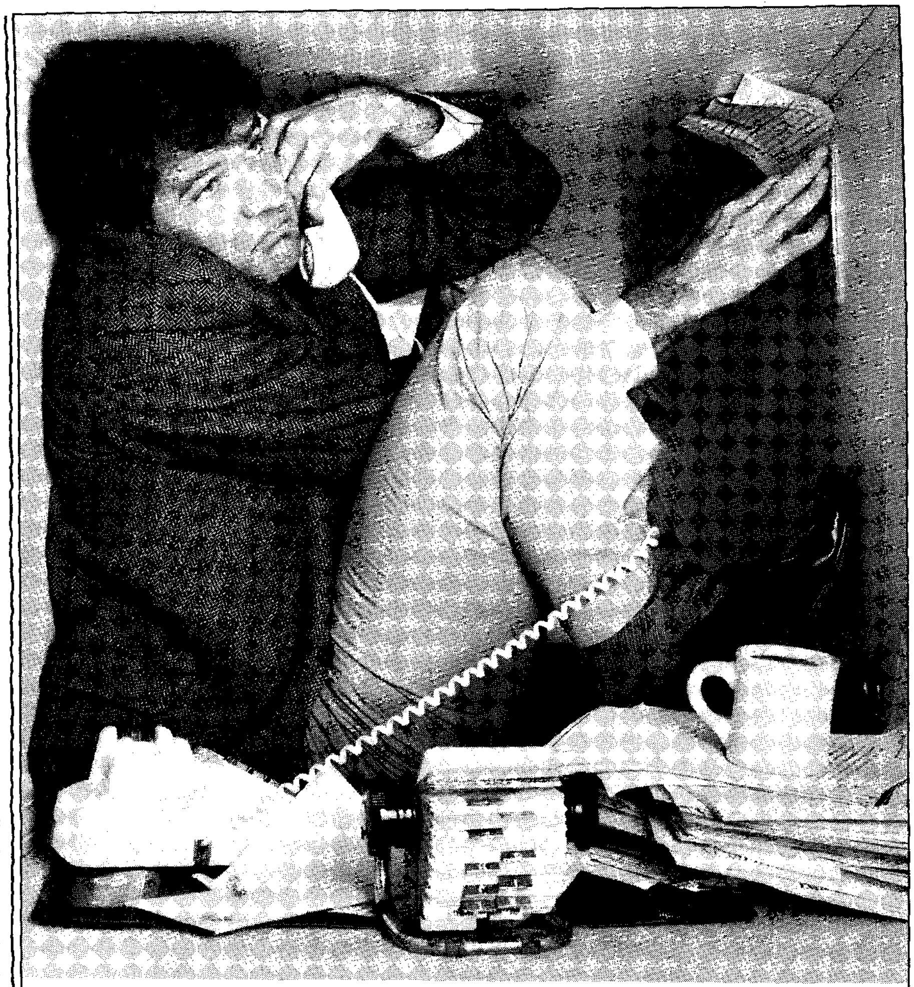
ON the Saturday morning before I left Moscow, Dmitri asked me to meet him outside the Aviation and Cosmonautics museum, a large and rambling stucco building in an outlying section of Moscow, where his grandfather—the one who had been Konstantin Tsiolkovsky's publisher—used to take him when he was a boy. When we got there, the museum was shut for renovations—the case, it would seem, with many museums in Russia. Dmitri was much put out; there was an old biplane inside that he used to love to sit in, and he wondered whether it would survive the renovations. As we walked to a bus stop, he told me that back in the days of the czars, when the building had been outside the city limits, it had been a restaurant, and the Russian merchants used to drive there in troikas to meet Gypsy girls. His grandfather took Dmitri to the museum because he wanted him to become a pilot. The first flying field in Moscow was nearby, but so was the racetrack, and Dmitri took up horse racing instead of flying. He has written some books on the subject. (The Soviet government, of course, owns the tracks, the horses, and the stables, and even the jockeys are government employees; nonetheless, Dmitri said, a Soviet horse race is as competitive as an American one.) In the nineteen-thirties, the future master designer Sergei Korolev had been a frequent visitor at Dmitri's grandfather's house. Usually, he came with a friend. Dmitri had a much clearer recollection of the friend, because he was able to saddle Dmitri's pony. Korolev, Dmitri said, was unable to saddle a horse, and was consequently unmemorable.

On an impulse, we decided to visit Korolev's house, which had been made into a house museum. It turned out to be across from my hotel, almost in the shadow of the Space Obelisk. Unlike the widows of Peredelkino, Korolev's widow no longer lives in the house but in a flat nearby. The house is a square of yellow concrete set in the middle of a large walled garden. As we approached, a busload of tourists were just coming out through a gate, and as the last one left, a guard shut the gate in our faces. The house, he said, was open only to tour groups, by appointment. Dmitri, who was not going to be derailed twice in one morning by arbitrary decisions of the Soviet bureaucracy, turned to me and said, "Let me handle this. I know how to deal with Russians." He disappeared through the gate, and reappeared shortly with an assistant curator, whom he had persuaded to show us around.

The house was exactly the way Korolev had left it when he was taken to the hospital in 1966. All the clocks were set for four-thirty-two, the moment of his death. His coat, fur hat, and shoes were in the front-hall closet, now glassed in. In the living room, books and newspapers were on a coffee table, where he had left them. In the front hall, in an angle made by the staircase, was a bronze statue, whose left arm, raised over his head, terminated in an upthrusting rocket (somewhat in the manner of the Space Obelisk). It had been commissioned, the guide said, by the first eleven Soviet cosmonauts to go into space; their signatures were around its base. The cosmonauts had delivered it themselves to Korolev, who was already ill; Yuri Gagarin and Alexei Leonov, who was the first man to go on a space walk, carried it in—it was so unwieldy, the guide added, that it tore off Leonov's epaulet. Korolev was touched by the gift and had a special stand made for it. Today, cosmonauts often make a point of visiting Korolev's house before and after each mission.

Upstairs, on the second-floor landing, hung large maps of the moon, dating from a time when Korolev was still actively thinking of landing men there. In the upstairs hall, Dmitri called me over to a bookcase: on a center shelf he had found a complete set of the Leatherstocking Tales. They looked well thumbed. In Korolev's sunlit study, Dmitri found something that excited him even more—a framed photograph of Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, and, mounted underneath it, a photostat of the manuscript of Tsiolkovsky's 1911 letter to Dmitri's grandfather in which he had predicted that man would leave the earth to explore the reaches of the solar system.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.



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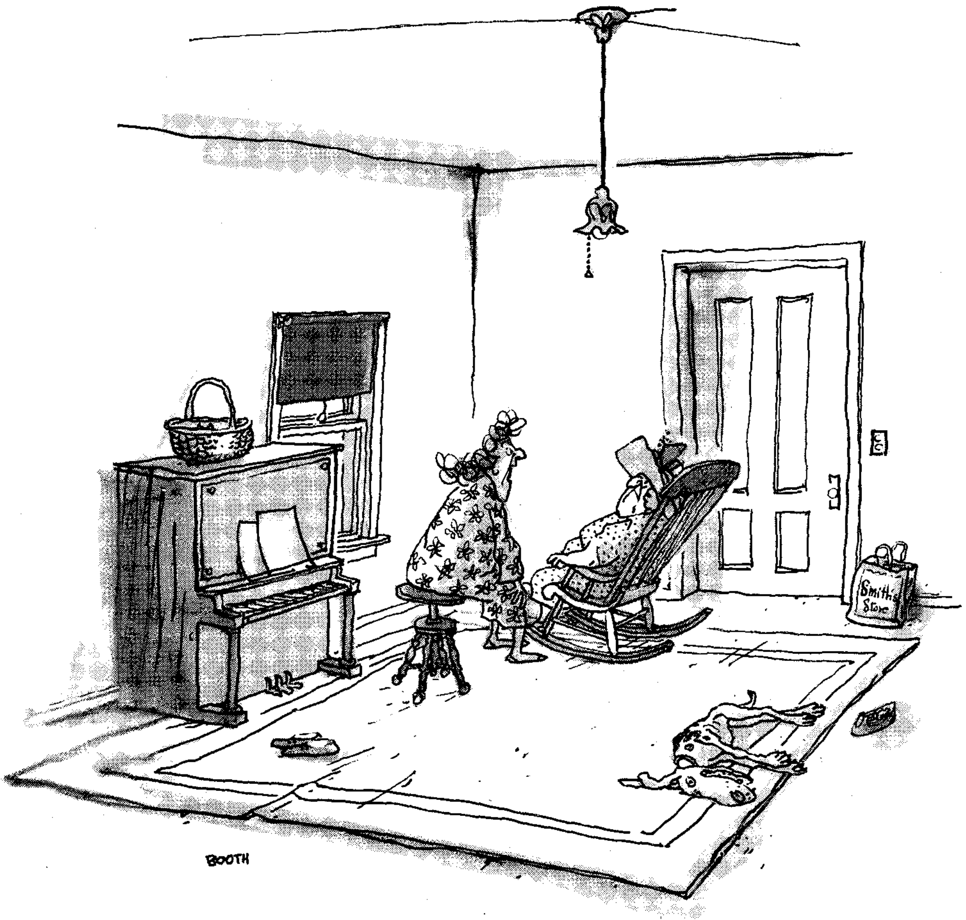
LOOK AT THAT

THE countryside through the train window could be almost anywhere. The villages dotting it, each clustered around a tall, thin steeple, look French, and the trucks and cars on a road running alongside the tracks are definitely French—Peugeots, Renaults, the redoubtable Citroën 2-CV. But they are battered models from ten or twenty years ago, and the earth bared on slumped, rain-beaten hillsides in the distance is too red to be European; it is the brick-red lateritic soil of the tropics. So this must be some former possession of the French. But where? Passing details are pantropical: a burst of tattered banana leaves, a row of eucalyptus, a mat of water hyacinth, with its attractive purple flowers (it is native to the Amazon but now clogs warm waterways around the world), a flock of white egrets shimmering against a slate-gray sky. But here, to the right, is a clue, perhaps: a stand of tall sedges with airy round heads—papyrus—says that this could be the Nile Delta; and over there is a grid of shallow pools, with people wading in them—rice paddies—so we are probably in Asia, or on the edge of Asia. Now we are pulling in to a station of turn-of-the-century French design—the walls edged with staggered quoins, a peaked, dormered roof projecting over the platform. This could be a stop in Provence, except that the sign on the station's wall says "AMBOHIMANAMBOLA," and the people milling on the platform, rushing up to the windows of our car with platters of bananas and litchi nuts and tart little peaches, are not European. They are dark-skinned, tropical people, but they aren't African, and they aren't Indian or Oriental, either. They are Afro-Indonesian. Most of them are probably Merina, the largest and most urban of Madagascar's eighteen ethnic groups, who live on the central plateau. In the nineteenth century, the Merina conquered the island, and were, in turn, conquered by the French.

Madagascar. For as long as I can remember, the word has had a magical ring, has been swathed in visions of the exotic bordering on the unreal. I remember doing a report when I was a schoolboy on the coelacanth, a five-foot-long fish that was known to have lived in the Paleozoic Era, when fish were starting to grow limbs and come out on land. It was thought to have been extinct for three hundred million years but was rediscovered in 1938, forty fathoms down, in the waters between Madagascar and the Comoro Islands, using its paddlelike fins to walk along the ocean floor. I imagined Madagascar, that huge island out in the Indian Ocean, as a lost world, where all kinds of fantastic holdovers from earlier times lived on.

As I grew older, I kept running into references to the island which made it seem even stranger: a certain genus of stringy, epiphytic cactus, *Rhipsalis*, is found in Amazonia, Africa, Ceylon, and on Madagascar; the closest relative of an Amazon river turtle is *Erymnochelys madagascariensis*. How could these two places, on opposite sides of the globe, have such close relatives? The answer, or part of it, I learned, is that long ago South America and Madagascar were both attached to Africa: with Australia, Antarctica, and India, they were all part of the southern supercontinent known as Gondwanaland. Madagascar was up by Tanzania. Then, around a hundred and sixty million years ago, a chunk of the African part of Gondwanaland broke off and, over a span of some seventy million years, was slowly rafted to its present position, two hundred and fifty miles east of Mozambique. The chunk was, and is, a thousand miles from tip to tip and three hundred and fifty miles at its widest point, a minicontinent half again the size of California. ("In shape it resembles the print of a gigantic left foot with an enlarged big toe pointing pigeon-toed slightly to the right of north," Sir Mervyn Brown, Britain's Ambassador to the island during the nineteen-seventies, writes in his dry, affectionate history, "Madagascar Rediscovered.") Meanwhile, South America had separated from western Gondwanaland and was drifting west. Much later, during the Pleistocene Epoch, which ended only ten thousand years ago, Africa suffered widespread desiccation; its tropical forests, which had not been extensive to begin with, shrank, and many of



"How much do you tip a masseuse?"

their plants and animals were wiped out. But some of the Gondwanaland forms survived on Madagascar and in Amazonia, among them the prototypes of the boa; today, there are many species of boa in the Americas, three on Madagascar, and none in tropical Africa.

By about fifty or sixty million years ago, overland migration between Africa and Madagascar was no longer possible. Cut off from the rest of the world, with no competition from higher, more successful forms of life, the flora and fauna on the island, which were still at a primitive stage of evolution, developed in astonishing ways. A thorn forest—known as "the spiny desert"—that looks like a Dali creation sprang up in the dry southern part of the island. There, too, are many trees with bloated, bottle-like trunks, for storing water from the infrequent rains (a bizarre adaptation known as crassulescence); Madagascar boasts seven species of baobab to Africa's one. The chameleons—lizards that can change color and can swivel each eye independently—speciated madly: two-thirds of the world's species, including the world's largest (*Chamaeleo oustaleti*) and smallest (*Chamaeleo nasutus*), hail from Madagascar.

The island is the world headquarters not only of chameleons but also of the lemurs: long-snouted, bug-eyed, usually long-tailed, tree-dwelling prosimians, ranging from squirrel size to cat size, whose ancestors are also those of monkeys, apes, and man. The most intelligent form of life to be stranded on the island, the lemurs filled all sorts of empty niches. Some—the giant lemurs—became grazers, there being no hoofed animals to compete with. (Hoofed animals had not evolved when Madagascar drifted away.) One filled the woodpecker niche, there being no woodpeckers on the island. But many developed the social behavior and the diurnal, fruit-eating habits of monkeys, there being no higher primates, either. Some forty types of lemur are known; all live on Madagascar and—except for a few on the Comoro Islands—only there.

The first European naturalists to explore the island were astonished by the animal and plant life. In 1771, Philibert de Commerson, a Frenchman, called Madagascar "the naturalists' promised land," and wrote, "Nature seems to have retreated there into a private sanctuary, where she could work on different models from any she

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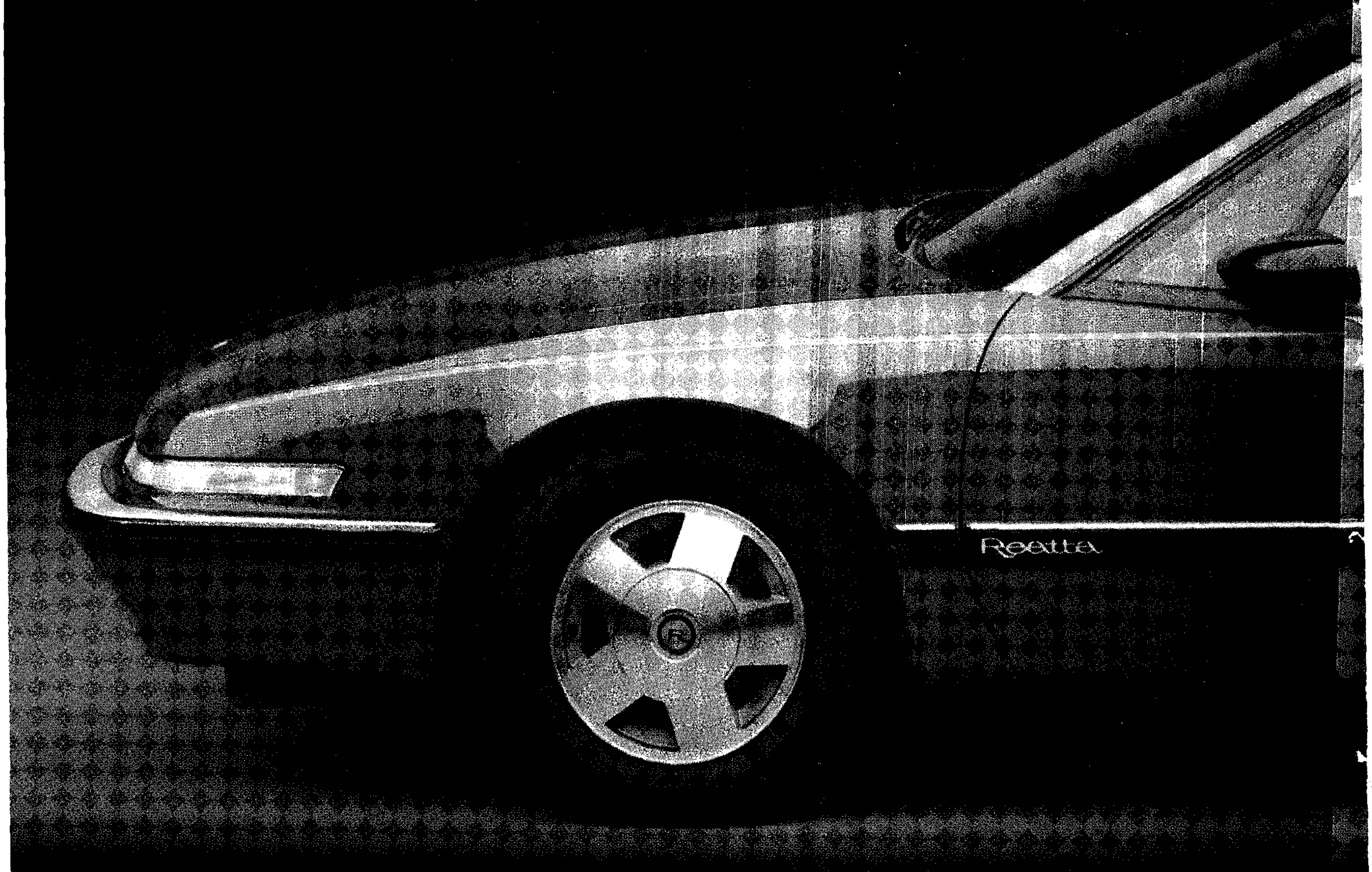

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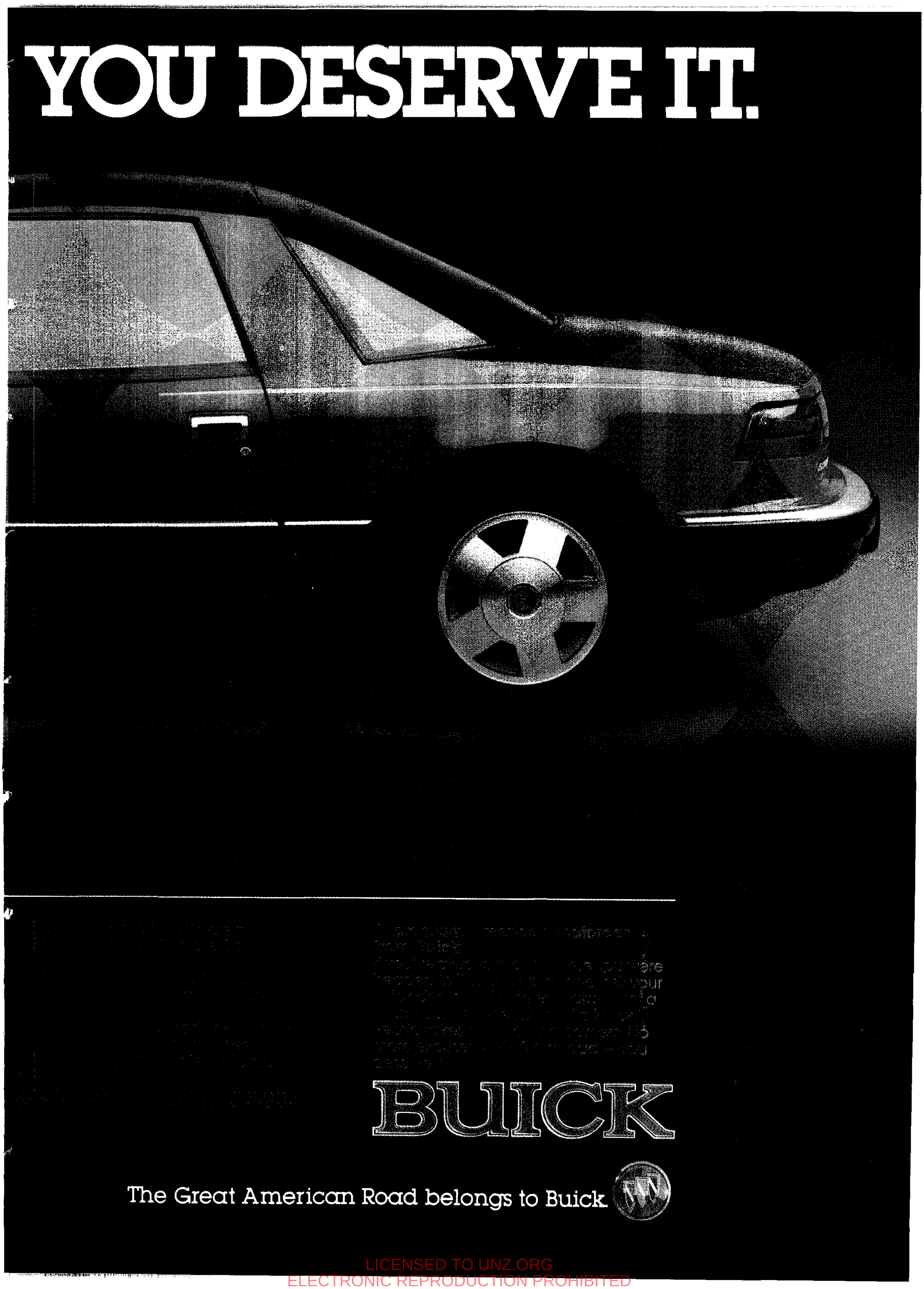
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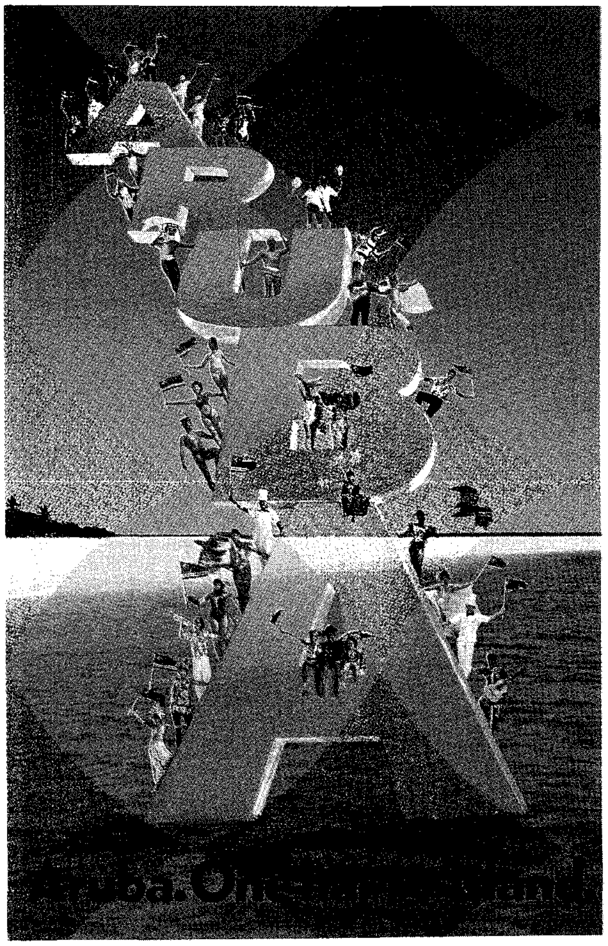
has used elsewhere. There, you meet bizarre and marvellous forms at every step." A century later, the great Victorian evolutionist and biogeographer Alfred Russel Wallace called the island "one of the most remarkable zoological districts on the globe." As naturalists began to catalogue the flora and fauna, they discovered that the levels of endemism—species unique to the island—were unequalled even in the Galápagos. Of some eight thousand flowering plants found on Madagascar, eighty per cent are endemic. So are half the bird species, which number two hundred and thirty-eight. As the naturalists classified the species and sorted out their relationships, they discovered that the tremendous diversity on the island had arisen from relatively few models. Some orders are poorly represented, some not at all. There are no vipers, since poisonous snakes are a recent development in snake evolution. The indigenous carnivores include a peculiar, weaseloid form of civet cat. Because of the near-absence of predators, the naturalists found, the animals there had a virtual lack of fear. One could walk right up to them.

TODAY, Madagascar is on the brink of environmental catastrophe. After centuries of deforestation, the island is self-destructing: it is washing into the sea, going the way of Haiti and the Sahel. Huge gashes of eroded red earth are such a characteristic feature of its landscapes that there is a special word for them in Malagasy, the local language—*lavaka*. Recent research conducted by the World Wildlife Fund has determined that Madagascar is the most heavily eroded place on earth. Much of the island is already barren, burned-over, brick-hard, sunbaked laterite. The destruction has been going on since prehistoric times. The largest of Madagascar's animals were gone before any European got a chance to see them: giant lemurs, a pygmy hippopotamus (which probably swam over from Africa during the Pleistocene), and the elephant bird, one of whose eggs, it is said, could have provided an omelette for fifty people, and which went the way of the dodo on nearby Mauritius and the moa on New Zealand, but without European help. Human beings are thought to have first arrived on Madagascar less than two thousand years ago, and since that time sixteen genera of vertebrates have become extinct. Islands go a lot faster than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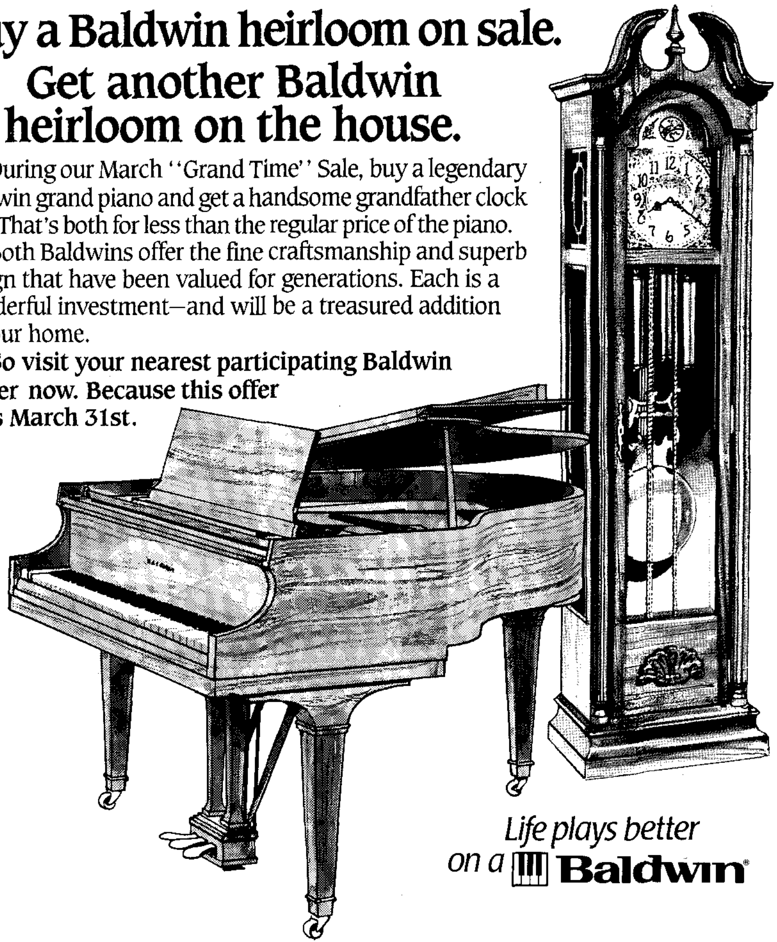
mainlands do, because the minimum critical habitats of their species, being smaller, are disturbed more quickly, and because a lot of the species aren't adapted to predation; flightless birds, for instance, are helpless against introduced terrestrial mammals like pigs, dogs, rats, mongooses, and man.

Because eighty per cent of the Malagasy, as the island's ten million inhabitants are called, live off the land, the need for farmland, pastureland, timber, and charcoal has put tremendous pressure on the last remaining tracts of forest. The people are in a terrible plight: the ecologist Alison Jolly, who has been doing brilliant work on Madagascar for twenty-five years, and her husband, Richard Jolly, who is an economist with UNICEF, have pointed out that the Malagasy are being forced to sacrifice their future so that they can survive in the present; they are caught in a "tragedy without villains." Most of them aren't aware of the consequences of what they are doing to the land, and unless they are stopped there will soon be nothing left. A food crisis like the one that has taken up to a hundred thousand lives right across the channel in Mozambique will erupt.

The last good survey, completed twenty-five years ago, estimated that only twenty-one per cent of the original forest, which is thought by some to have once blanketed almost the entire island, remained. Recent satellite photographs suggest that only half of those patches are standing today, and a 1981 study by the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization determined that thirty per cent of the 1980 forest cover will be gone by the year 2000. Because of the island's unique level of endemism (to continue the list, more than ninety-five per cent of its reptiles and nearly all of its hundred and fifty frogs are not found anywhere else in the world), clearing a patch of forest on Madagascar probably has more devastating repercussions than clearing one anywhere else. And, undoubtedly, many species haven't yet been discovered. "Entire mountain massifs and river basins have never had a botanist in them," the botanist Porter Lowry, who was on a recent expedition that discovered two new genera of palms, told me not long ago. "It's one of the truly underexplored areas in the world."

Late in 1984, the government (Madagascar was granted independence by the French in 1960, and has a nominally Marxist government that



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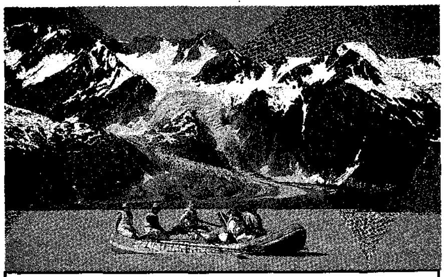
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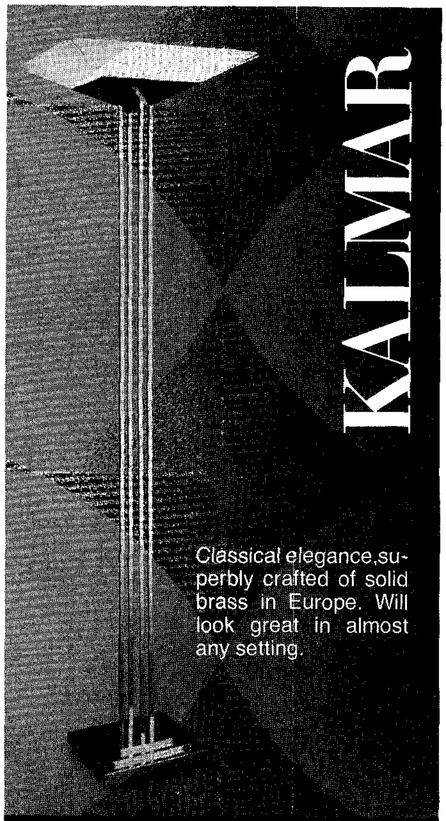
in the last few years has become friendly with the West), prodded by foreign scientists, enacted a new program, a *Stratégie de la Conservation et du Développement Durable*, but the money to carry it out is lacking. For that matter, Madagascar has long had an excellent park system on paper. Established by the French in 1927, it was one of the first in the African region. Ten special reserves were set aside (and more have since been added), but these protect only one per cent of the island, and that only theoretically, since in all of them poaching of timber and wildlife is virtually unchecked; the entire annual budget for maintaining the system is only a thousand dollars. So the government has entrusted nothing less than the salvation of the island to Western organizations like the World Wildlife Fund, which now accords Madagascar the highest conservation priority in the world. Thomas Lovejoy, who was overseeing the Fund's work on the island, told me, "We're identifying critical areas, shoring up local institutions and creating new ones, sending Malagasy graduate students to the States for training, educating the local people and getting them involved in anti-poaching activities. All islands have a peculiar intensity. They are self-contained worlds that lend themselves to study as microcosms. It is easier to trace the fates of the limited number of life forms that are turned loose on them. This great red island Madagascar is particularly fascinating, not only because so many of its forms are unique but because the whole drama of human aspirations in the tropics is being played out on it."

THE train, which followed the old line from Antananarivo, the capital, north to the east coast, was nicknamed Fandrefiala, after a forest snake, because it snaked through the forest. But I had been on it for several hours and I still hadn't seen any forest, only man-made grassland studded with smooth brown granite inselbergs. Theoretically, the journey was to take a couple of hours, but the train limped along, stopping frequently. Twice, it changed engines. It was January—the cyclone season. There had been heavy rains the last few days, and in several places rivers had risen almost over the tracks. The day before, a man in the capital had told me that once during the cyclone season he had been stuck on this train for several days. He had made himself a hammock in the luggage rack, and people from



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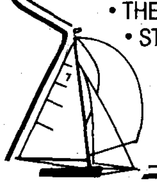
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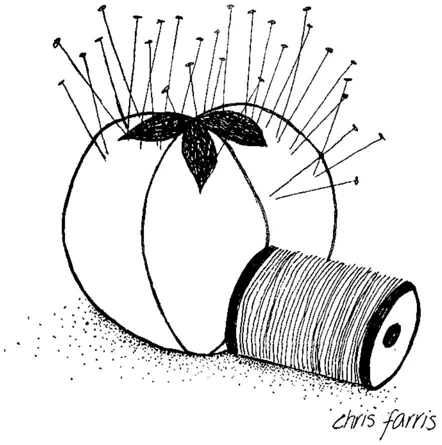
the nearest village, which had been flooded, had come and slept in the cars until the waters subsided.

I wanted to see lemurs in the wild while there were still some to see. Michel Rakotonirina, a Merina, who was in charge of special tourism on the island—Boy Scouts, scientists—had come along with me to make sure that there were no problems. We would be spending a few days at Perinet, a little town on the eastern escarpment, which we were scheduled to reach at noon. "This is where people go to experience the indri," Michel had told me. "The indri is the largest of the lemurs. The people around Perinet believe that it is their ancestor." Perinet was said to be a naturalist's paradise. Twenty-seven years ago, in a charming book called "Bridge to the Past," David Attenborough wrote of a visit he had made to Perinet. Attenborough was then a young filmmaker shooting natural-history movies for the BBC, and his guide was Michel Rakotonirina, then a young forester at Perinet.

At about 10 A.M.—we had left Antananarivo at 5:30 A.M.—we finally reached the limit of the denuded grassland. Michel bought some litchis from a vender through the window. They tasted a hundred times more ambrosial than the canned litchis one gets in a Chinese restaurant. Soon the train began to weave in and out of gorges, where, alternating with charred, smoldering clearings, remnants of one of the southernmost tropical rain forests in the world were still visible: tall trees with purple flowers; magnificent tree ferns. The next stop—by now we were in thick jungle—was Perinet, named after a French engineer who died during the construction of the railroad. There were a few hundred yards of double track here, so that the daily trains from the capital and from the east coast could pass each other. If



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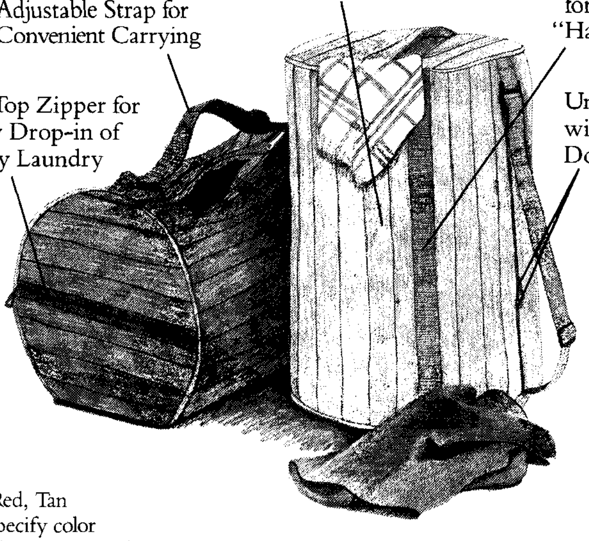
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all went well, this maneuver usually happened around lunchtime, but sometimes one of the trains would be delayed; then the other would have to wait. There were rooms and a restaurant at the Hôtel-Buffet de la Gare, a large, rambling station whose architecture, like that of the other stations on the line, was French. As Michel and I stepped off the train, porters took our bags, and we shook hands with the keeper of the hotel, a Merina named Joseph Andriajaka. He led us through a small crowd of crippled beggars at the entrance thrusting out their hands, and up a grand rosewood staircase to our rooms. We washed and came right down for lunch.

The restaurant was a large room with thick posts and beams of rosewood; Joseph told me that they had been cut in the forest in the forties and would cost a fortune now. He introduced his wife and children. I spent a lot of time with Joseph—Michel and I were the only guests—walking in the village, listening in the evening to records of Big Bill Broonzy and the soundtrack of "Black Orpheus," which he had got in his student days, and talking about what he called "the form of life." He said he had read everything that Tolstoy ever wrote. He was a gentle man in his late thirties, with an almost feline grace of movement. He had been in charge of the hotel for fifteen years.

Lunch was the national dish—manioc leaves with pork on rice. The beer, Three Horses, was great. (I have never been in a tropical country where the beer wasn't.) In the days that followed, Joseph served up one superb meal after another: kabob with saffron rice, followed by banana flambé; braised goose; a delicate, slightly fishy white meat that turned out to be eel from the creek behind the hotel (the eels were enormous—four inches in diameter). The food was prepared on glowing charcoal braziers in a cavernous kitchen with soot-blackened walls, where several women were usually singing as they diced carrots beside the sink, and children and chickens were constantly wandering in and out.

After lunch, a slim young man in rubber boots who had been waiting meekly at the door with his hat in his hands came over and introduced himself. He was Maurice Ratsizakanana, the nineteen-year-old son of the forester of the Analamazaotra-Perinet reserve; they were not from the local tribe. He said that if we were interested he could take us to see the indri.

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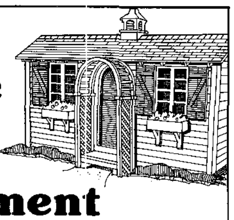

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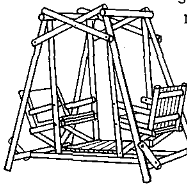

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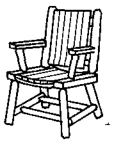

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"By all means," I said. (This, like all conversations I had in Madagascar, was in French.) I looked up at the sky. It was dark, and there was a tension in the air, as if it were going to start pouring any minute. The eastern escarpment gets about a foot of rain in January. Maurice said that it wouldn't rain for a couple of hours, but it wouldn't hurt to take along a poncho, so I got mine and the three of us started walking down the road behind the hotel, which Maurice said was Ancienne Route Nationale Numéro Deux.

The road went through a forest teeming with birdsong and the din of frogs and insects. A large black parrot, one of the endemic species, flew over us, calling on the wing—three descending notes. To our left, a muddy creek ran through the trees, one of which was leaning out over the water. From its branches hung tightly coiled scarlet flowers that looked just like holly berries; the genus of this tree, *Symphonia*, is also represented in the New World. Several large, iridescent moths were hovering over the flowers, their swallowtailed wings a blurred flurry of black, green, red, white, and blue. They were the famous day-flying moths, *Chrysiridia madagascariensis*. I had seen their relative in the Amazon, and it is spectacular, but these moths were larger and even more magnificently colored. The iridescence of their wings, like the iridescence of rainbows, oil slicks, corned beef, and soap bubbles, is structural rather than pigmental; it is caused by a series of overlapping films on each scale. Each film, which is of microscopic thickness, has a different refractive index, so it picks up a different color from the light that strikes it. In some years, the *Chrysiridias* migrate over the island in clouds of tens of thousands.

The forest around Perinet was full of butterflies, especially in the morning, when the sun was out. More than three thousand butterflies and moths from Madagascar have been described so far, and ninety-seven per cent of them are endemic. No studies have been published on the smaller species of the Lycaenidae family or the Satyridae family. The Malagasy call some butterflies *lolopaty*, which means "spirits of the dead." On some parts of the island, the insects are believed to be reincarnations of people. The word for the *Chrysiridia* moth is *lolonandriana*, "noble spirit."

Down the road, we came upon one of Madagascar's botanical wonders, a

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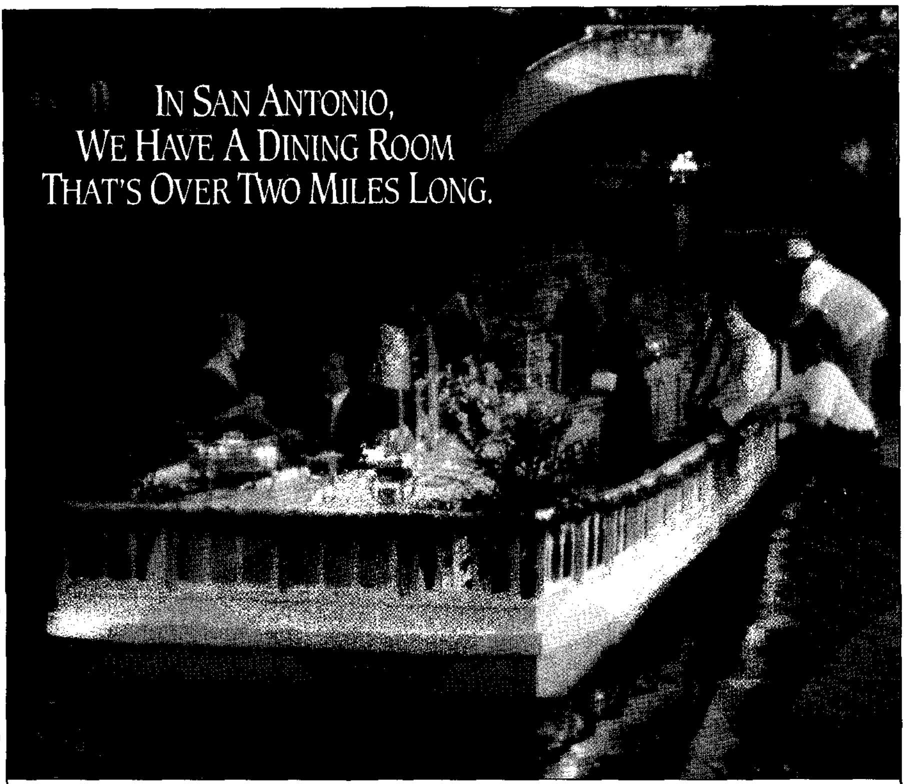

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traveller's palm, *Ravenala madagascariensis:* its slender trunk shot up twenty-five feet, then produced a stately fan of huge leaves like banana leaves. (The tree is actually in the banana family.) The reserve was on the left. It had been created in 1970, and consisted of only eighteen square miles, Maurice said. He led us past a fish farm, where his father was raising Nile perch, and up a steep path to a ridge—one of many ridges, with deep, moist glades between them, that pleat the eastern escarpment. The trees on the ridge were short and twisted, and were encrusted and festooned with ferns, orchids, lichens, mushrooms. Many of the plants beneath them were recognizable in a general way—as club mosses, as maidenhair ferns, as mimosas, as members of the melastome family (the leaves of melastomes have pinnately netted veins, and are unmistakable once you have seen a few of them)—and the over-all physiognomy of the woods was familiar. This was high jungle, a variation on a theme I had seen stated in many different ways in Africa and South America. I had a sense not so much of being somewhere new and strange as of being back in a world that I knew.

After passing through a patch of cicada din (the drone of the insects was deafening when we were right among them, but it faded away within a dozen yards), we came to several tall wire-mesh structures—remnants of an unsuccessful attempt to keep indri in captivity, Maurice explained. It hadn't been clear whether it was the bananas or being in cages that the indri hadn't liked, but they had refused to eat and had had to be released. Indri eat the fruit and leaves of some sixty trees. "There is a family of them up on this ridge," Maurice said. "In the morning, they sing—they tell you exactly where they are. But they stop singing at about two o'clock, so finding them may take a while. You wait here while I go look."

So Michel and I watched some wood nymphs—little brown butterflies with orange-and-black eyespots—dancing in the path. Then Michel found a paradise flycatcher, a small brown bird with long, flaming-blue tail streamers, sitting on a nest about four feet from the ground. The bird was amazingly tame: he let me approach within a few feet and take his picture. After a while, he hopped off the nest, and up popped four tiny, wide-open, noiselessly clamoring mouths. I wondered if it was the

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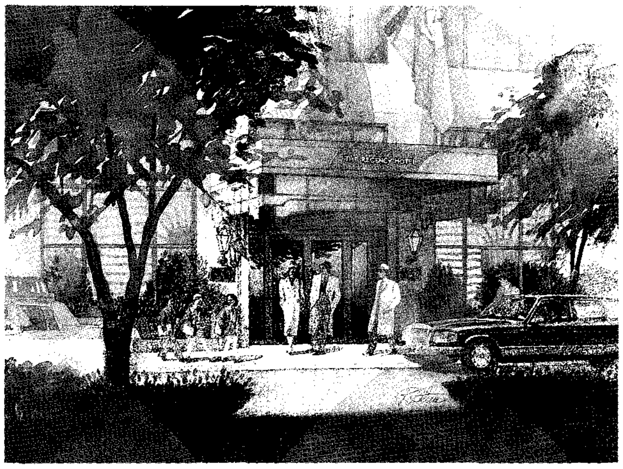

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chicks' father or an older brother who had been keeping them warm. Some male flycatchers help with their mother's next broods instead of having children of their own.

We watched a ten-inch-long green chameleon creep slowly down a branch, with its tail wrapped around the branch to keep it from falling. Several times, it stopped, did a quick, nervous pushup, and rotated its bulging eyes in different directions. "He's very patient," Michel said. Suddenly, it shot out its tongue—a pink laser, as long as its body, that had been retracted into its mouth—and picked off a bug from a leaf.

Twenty-seven years earlier, indri had been very hard to get a look at. Attenborough had heard their "deafening eerie wail" once; then for several days he had heard nothing and had been unable to find a trace of them. Some days (weather and temperature seem to be factors), the indri don't sing at all, but on seventy per cent of the days of the year they do sing, from one to seven times. A single song lasts from forty seconds to four minutes. At last, one morning, Attenborough heard their "stentorian trumpeting" again, and, rushing to where the sound was coming from, he arrived in time to catch "a momentary glimpse of a body sailing through the air." It was only by playing their song, which he had tape-recorded, back to them that he finally got them to hold still—indignant, fascinated.

In 1972 and 1973, a young British scientist, J. I. Pollock, spent over a year observing groups of indri. Two of the groups became so used to his presence that they would approach and feed within fifteen feet of him. Most of what is known about the animal was discovered by Pollock. He learned that each group is a nuclear family—mother, father, and two or three young—but didn't find out whether the parents mate for life or may have other partners. The children come only every three years or so—possibly an indication of low predator pressure. Each family has its own fixed territory. At night, the members sleep in trees, from thirty to a hundred feet up. After waking and stretching, and urinating and defecating in concert, they all set out on their feeding route, moving from tree to tree. Pollock found evidence of "female dominance": the females would lead the group into the next tree, and "only they appeared to succeed in freely and independently moving and feeding," while the males hung back until the females had eaten their fill. At first, Pollock thought that the males were performing some kind of lookout function, but he eventually concluded that he was witnessing "social displacement"—the males withdrawing so that the females could feed without hindrance or competition. He also saw a male make sexual overtures to a female and be repeatedly rejected—"with a cuff or a violent shrugging action causing the male to immediately dismount." This is very strange behavior for primates. In most species, including chimpanzees, gorillas, and spider monkeys, the males are bigger and stronger, and have the pick of the food and the females. Perhaps, Pollock conjectured, the female dominance among the indri is a function of their being committed monogamists—if indeed they are.

AFTER about fifteen minutes, Maurice came running. "Quick!" he said. "I found the indri." We hurried after him. Suddenly, we were stopped in our tracks by an ear-shattering explosion of brays and hoots up in the trees maybe a hundred yards ahead. I fumbled for the tape recorder in my shoulder bag, but by the time I got it out the noise had stopped. Maurice led us to the edge of the ridge, and there they were—four creatures with the bodies of monkeys and the faces of dogs and the black-and-white fur of pandas, with black muzzles, and rust color on their abdomens—making their way, one after another, through some trees. Attenborough suggests that the indri may have been the inspiration for the cynocephalus—the fabled dog-headed man who graced the pages of seventeenth-century natural histories, along with dragons, manticores, hydras, and unicorns. These indri seemed to be in no hurry, to be used to being watched.

The great mystery about the indri is that they have no tails. Primates are supposed to lose their tails only when they come down from the trees, but the indri are arboreal. They rely on extremely powerful and agile legs and arms for balance and support. One of them pushed off from a tree with an explosive straightening of its legs and, keeping its body erect, landed against another tree maybe fifteen feet away, gripped the trunk with its feet, then bounced to another tree, ricocheted off that one, and finally came to rest in a fourth tree. The whole leaping se-

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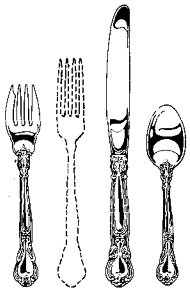

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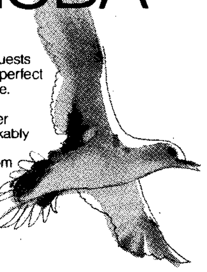

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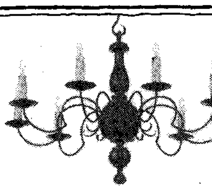

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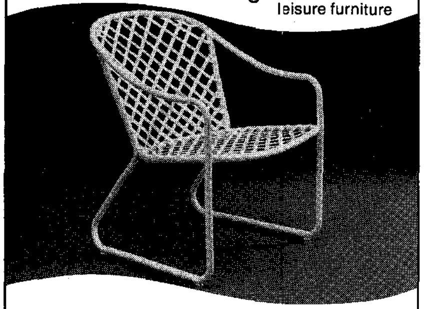
quence took no more than a few seconds.

The song of the indri is one of the loudest sounds made by any animal. It carries for more than a mile. Pollock describes it as "a relaxed event": the indri simply raise their muzzles into the air and cut loose. He speculates that it serves as "a mechanism of self-advertisement essential for territorial defense." Howler monkeys in the New World and gibbons on Borneo have similar songs.

Hoping they would sing again, I got my tape recorder ready, but by accident, trying to get to clean tape, I cut into a recording I had made the day before of three children singing on a street in Antananarivo. The indri snapped to attention. Cocking their heads, pricking up their Teddy-bear ears, they hissed anxiously to each other, then glared down at us with their sparkling yellow eyes and, opening their small, brilliant-red mouths, let out a piercing volley of raw barks, of peacocklike squawks—*leur cri dérangé*, Maurice explained. They were upset, but they were also curious. They lingered for half an hour or so, waiting for something else to happen, for some other communication across the evolutionary distance between us. S. Dillon Ripley, the emeritus secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has described the lemurs as "the first animals you think might have a soul," but it was my impression that there wasn't a great deal going on behind the indri's big, bright eyes. The kinship I felt with them was distant. (With other primates I have encountered in the wild—howler monkeys, spider monkeys, mountain gorillas—I have felt that I could strike up a conversation if I only knew the language.) Pollock observed that much of the time the indri remained immobile —sleeping, or digesting leaves in their voluminous viscera. Some days, they were active for only five hours; and social interactions, like grooming each other, which play such an important part in the lives of the higher primates, took up only two per cent of their activity period.

The indri moved on, and we descended the ridge into a beautiful glade with a stream running through it—a stream we crossed on a huge fallen tree provided with handrails. Maurice pointed out a Madagascar malachite kingfisher perched vigilantly above the stream. A large swallowtail with luminous green wing bars—one of the island's rarest endemics, *Papilio*



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mangoura—came up the streambed and, darting among gigantic tree ferns, disappeared into a bamboo glade. As we waded through wet knee-high grass, I noticed that a brown inchworm, about three-quarters of an inch long, had landed on the back of my hand. I tried to flick it off, but its head was fastened to my skin. Maurice said it was a *sangsue*—a bloodsucker. I had seen water leeches, but nothing like this. The inchworm-like land leech is an Asian form, common in places like Ceylon, Borneo, Vietnam, and Australia. There are certain areas of New Guinea where people swear you can be exsanguinated by these leeches in a couple of hours. This was the only place in Madagascar where I ran into them, but it was thick with them. When we got out of the grass, we inspected each other and found that each of us had half a dozen. They were very aggressive. They had punched holes through our socks, come in through the ventilation holes and shoelace eyelets of our sneakers. It was important to remove them before they embedded themselves deeply. They seemed to be ravenous, perhaps because there were so few warm-blooded mammals for them to feed on. A meal can last them a whole year. The wounds they made were aseptic and bled freely, because the leeches secrete both an antibiotic and an anti-coagulant substance called hirudin. Maurice picked a nearby plant, a composite herb of the genus *Ageratum*, crushed it in his hands, and dripped its juice on our wounds; this stopped the bleeding.

We had one more encounter, with a large bird standing in the path fifty yards ahead; the bird took off and sailed on ghostly white wings into some casuarina trees. Then the rain started—a real deluge. We dashed to the forester's hut. Inside, we found Maurice's father, Jaosolo Besoa—a small man with a mischievous air, in orange rubber boots and green fatigues over a white shirt and a tie. Jaosolo had been a forester in the Direction des Eaux et Forêts for twenty years. The bird we had just seen, he said, was a crested wood ibis: "It is in the process of disappearing, because it is hunted by poachers. It is very rare—only found on the coasts. It eats ants. That is what it was doing in the path. We call it the *akohoanala*, or vampire."

We talked about the indri. Jaosolo said that the name came from the first European account of the animal, in 1782, by a Frenchman named Sonnerat, who reported that "indri" was the name the natives used. Actually, Jaosolo said, in Malagasy *indri* just means "Look at that." Perhaps Sonnerat's guides were pointing at one of the animals and Sonnerat thought they were saying its name. The Malagasy word for the animal is *babakoto*, or "grandfather."

"People here think they are the *babakoto's* sons, so they don't eat him," Jaosolo told us. "He cries between seven and one o'clock, most often twice, at nine and eleven. The song is a rallying cry, a cry of greeting for all the groups." Local legend has it that "the *babakoto* circumcise their newborn," Jaosolo went on. "The mother sets a day for the circumcision and invites the neighboring groups to the ceremony; then she waits with her baby on a branch for them to arrive. Before birds or men are stirring, the father goes to the river and sucks up a mouthful of water to wash the wound. Someone from one of the invited groups performs the operation, cutting the foreskin with his fingernail, and finally tearing it off with his teeth. Afterward, the father takes the baby and tosses it to the mother, and if it falls to the ground it is left to die. They all take off, because if the baby can't cling to the mother's stomach it is thought to be sick."

I asked how the local people had come to believe that the *babakoto* was their ancestor.

"I don't know," he said. "But it's logical."

It rained so hard that night that the water lines to the hotel were washed out, and water had to be heated in the kitchen and brought up to my room for me to bathe in. After dinner, Joseph's daughters retired to their rooms to listen to the radio, and his wife withdrew into a French gothic novel. Joseph, Michel, and I stayed up in the restaurant listening to a nephew of Joseph's sing mellow Malagasy ballads with a guitar, and talking about the form of life.

THE next morning, I set out with Maurice again. Michel, assured that I was in good hands, stayed behind, waiting for the train to Antananarivo. The whole local population seemed to be on the road—the men with axes and brush hooks and bundles on sticks slung over their shoulders, hobo style, and the women with baskets of manioc leaves, sweet-potato leaves, breadfruit, or Chinese lettuce

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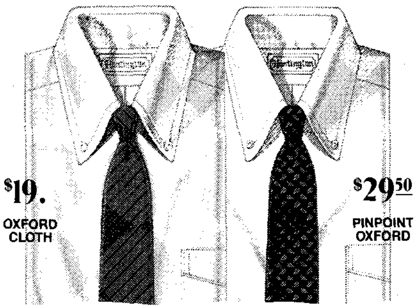

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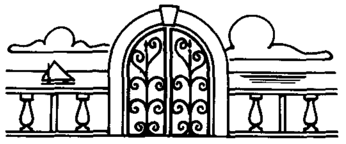

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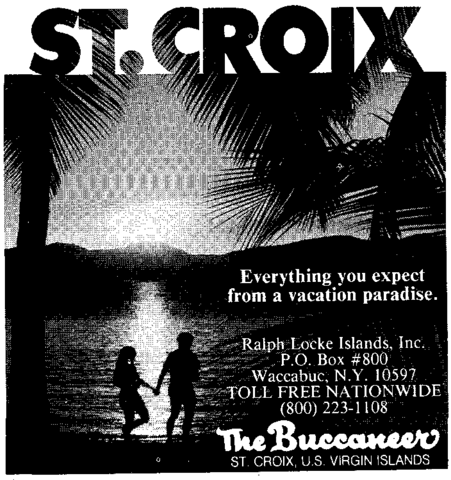

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on their heads, to sell at the market in town. They all greeted us gaily as they passed. The greeting here was "*Salaam*"—"Good health." The creek sliding through the trees was about eight feet higher than it had been the day before. During the morning, we saw more kinds of birds than I had ever before seen in a single outing; they were so obliging that you could walk right up to them. Among the ones we identified were blue couas, opalescent green doves, magpie robins, rollers, vermillion foudias, sunbirds, drongos, warblers, forest kingfishers, rails, honeycreepers, cuckoo shrikes, blue vangas, and bulbuls. Seventy species have been identified in the reserve, but there must be more.

Maurice led us through the knee-deep water of the flooded creek to see a sacred tree. It has a name, *kakazotsi fantata*, which, he told us, means "the tree whose name nobody knows." It was the tallest, oldest tree in the forest, he said as we stood beneath it and looked up at its crown, some sixty feet above. It was crowded by other trees, was cabled with lianas, and was partly wrapped in the embrace of a strangler fig, so it was hard to tell which leaves were its own. I looked with my binoculars and, after some time, made them out—or I think I did. They were small and simple—and that was as far as I could get with identifying them. Nobody—not the old locals who knew every tree in the forest, not the *vazaha* (white) botanists from universities in Europe—had succeeded in figuring out what tree it was, Maurice said. Later, his father told us, "The first branch is like *Dalbergia* [rosewood]. In 1963, a sorcerer named Pétain tried to take part of the tree, and he would have died if he hadn't sacrificed a cow to the tree, as he was told to do in a dream. Then the forester before me tried to take a cutting of the tree, and he died that night." People came and danced under the tree, slaughtered goats there, left offerings of money, rum, and candy, he said—women who weren't getting pregnant, men who weren't having luck in love, people who wanted to get rich, students who wanted an "*Admissible*" on their exams. Throughout Madagascar, venerable trees and prominent rocks are the site of observances having to do with ancestors. They are thought to be inhabited by a special category of spirits known as *togny*, who are associated with the *hasina*, the most sacred and highly revered of the dead. Often the

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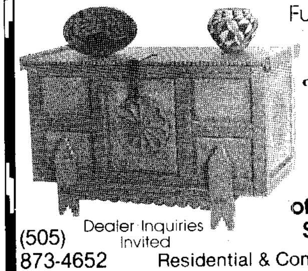

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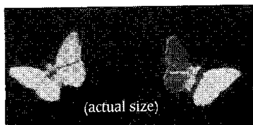

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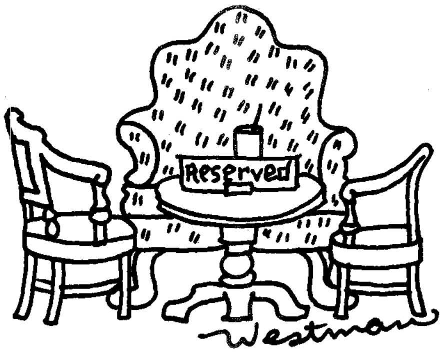
rock will be draped with a white cloth. Someone had tied a red ribbon around the base of the *kakazotsi fantata.*

I asked Maurice if the creek had a name. He said that it was called Sahatandra, after a man who died three years ago, and who had been the oldest man in the village. On the way back to the road, Maurice found a small boa in the grass, and picked it up and draped it around his neck. It was about three feet long, tan with brown lozenges whose edges caught the sun and by some optical illusion were reproduced as dazzling blowtorch-blue rings in the air slightly above them. In some parts of the island, the boa, or *do*, is thought to be an ancestral incarnation and is given a wide berth. Because the *do* often lurks in the cool darkness of family tombs, many Malagasy believe it to be the adult form of the worms that devour the corpses and thus absorb their spirits. This belief is not found on the eastern escarpment. "Here we believe our ancestors are the indri," Maurice explained.

MOST of the people around Perinet belong to a small, politically unimportant ethnic group called the Bezanozano, who are lumbermen and slash-and-burn farmers, clearing the forest and planting dry rice. "The name Bezanozano means 'many small branches,' " Joseph said when Maurice and I joined him for lunch. "The people here make fires with many small branches. Other people use regular firewood."

"What about the name of the creek?" I asked. "Now that the old man it was named for is dead, is the creek going to be renamed? Is it renamed every generation? Or will it always be Sahatandra?"

Joseph called one of the cooks, a native of Perinet and himself a Bezanozano, from the kitchen. The cook said that *saha* meant "water" in the local dialect, and Tandra was the name of a girl who had drowned in the creek. Her father had lived near



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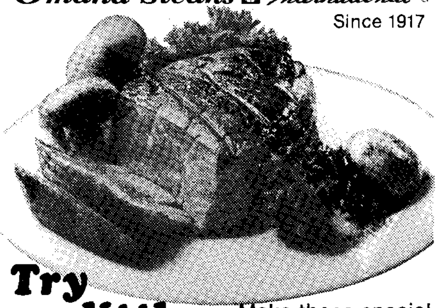

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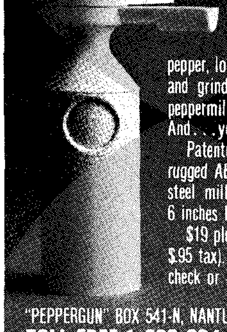

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a waterfall thirty kilometres away.

Maurice, irked at being contradicted, said that *saha* meant "garden plot," not "water."

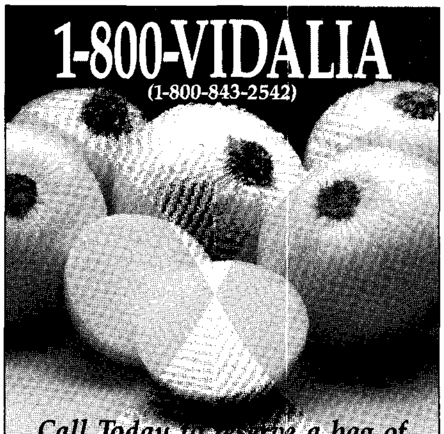
The cook said, "No, it means 'water.' "

"I can't help you with this one," Joseph told me. "I know nothing about the origin of the creek's name. The best thing is to go into the village and ask the elders."

So that afternoon Joseph and I crossed the railroad tracks and a footbridge over the river into which the creek emptied—also called the Sahatandra—and, sidestepping rivulets of scum, climbed a winding muddy path between two-story weathered gray houses with peaked roofs and balconies. The power lines were thatched with spiderwebs to which enormous spiders clung—*Nephila madagascariensis,* one of the world's largest orb weavers. A bad cold was going around the village; we could hear hacking coughs from within every second house. Joseph said there were seven thousand people in the village. It had been renamed Andasibe, which in Malagasy means the Big Station, in the early seventies. "The people in the forest are poor but happy, but here in the village there is more misery," he told me. "There is malaria, and an undescribed mosquito-borne fever called the virus of Andasibe, which can be fatal if the person is unhealthy. The humidity takes its toll. I can't sleep, because of the aches it brings on in my shoulder when I lie down. But the biggest problem is dehydration from diarrhea, which kills many children."

In the central plaza, women sat at stalls behind piles of beans, potatoes, and taro leaves, and a youth was strumming a homemade guitar. On the wall of an alcove in which a man was repairing a radio was a poster of John Travolta. Joseph said that television was due to arrive in Andasibe at the end of the year; a receiving station had been built on a ridge outside of town. I wondered how long it would be before television began to erode the local culture: how soon it would replace gossip and storytelling as the main way of passing the time, as it is doing all over the world; what it would do to these people's hold on their legends and history, which already seemed precarious.

Joseph asked an old man leaning on a balcony above us about the origin of the name Såhatandra, and the old man said, "Once, there were so many croc-



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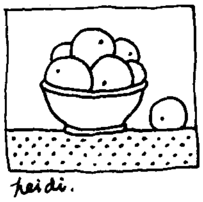
odiles in the river that it was *fady* [taboo] to wash dirty pots or laundry in the river." These were Nile crocodiles—*mamba* in Malagasy—which swam over from Africa during the Pleistocene and, I learned, have been hunted out almost everywhere on the island except in a few lakes in the north, where they are revered as ancestors. "A woman named Mme. Tandra was offered to the crocodiles. After that, they disappeared."

"When was this?" I asked.

"About eighty years ago," the old man said.

Just then, the president of the Commune Rurale de Sambademba, the local representative of the *pouvoir révolutionnaire*, came up the path, and Joseph explained to him that we were trying to find out the meaning of the name of the river. He invited us to his office, and when we got there his clerk and an old woman in a bandanna joined in the discussion. The three of them agreed that, according to ancestral beliefs, a woman named Tandra had been sacrificed "more than a hundred years ago to keep the crocodiles from multiplying." It was clear that the dead continued to exert tremendous influence on the villagers' lives. But their reverence for "the ancestors" (*razana*) seemed more ideological than specific. I traced the genealogies of several villagers. None of them could go back more than four generations—typical shallow tropical-forest pedigrees. And yet another woman in a bandanna said that she had a hundred ancestors in her family tomb, and that once a year she and hundreds of her relatives gathered at the tomb, which was twenty miles from Andasibe, for the Famadihana, or Exhumation Ceremony. "Every year, we change the shrouds," she said.



I asked how many of the ancestors they exhumed.

"That depends on how much money we have," she said. "The shrouds are very expensive."

"If you had only enough money for one, whom would you exhume?"

"Your mother and father are usually wrapped together," she said. "You would do them first. You would do your grandfather before your uncle or brother."

Did she know the names of all the ancestors in the tomb?

No.

(When I got home, I spoke to the anthropologist Robert Dewar, of the University of Connecticut, who has done a lot of work on Madagascar, and he explained that as the disintegration of the older ancestors progresses their bones are placed together and it is impossible to tell them apart. "In this part of the island, every Malagasy theoretically has the right to be buried in any of the tombs of his eight great-grandparents, but in reality he usually has a choice of only three," he said. "To be buried in a tomb, you have to have contributed to its upkeep. It could be on your mother's or your father's side. Or, if you marry a woman who is close to her mother's people, you could end up in their tomb. But if you couldn't stand your in-laws, that, of course, wouldn't happen. Basically, it all depends on what part of the family you want to deal with.")

We met Jaosolo at the post office, and he said we hadn't got the story about the river's name right at all. There had *never* been crocodiles in the river, he assured us. This had simply been a case of a first wife's killing the second while the husband was away, and dumping the body in the river. "*Tandra* means 'beauty spot,' " he said. "The second wife had a beauty spot. *Saha* is definitely not a field—it's a brook." But while there were no crocodiles in the river, Jaosolo couldn't resist adding, there were definitely *zazavavindrano*—mermaids. "In December, they take handsome men and suck their blood, and their cold white bodies float to the surface." I have heard similar stories in Zaire and Amazonia. "Once, an old woman was stolen by the *zazavavindrano*," Jaosolo went on. "They needed a midwife. She was returned a month later unharmed, and the *zazavavindrano* gave her two cows. This is a true story. It happened in 1948 in Mananara, which is to the north. And during the construction of the railroad the *zazavavindrano* who live under the big falls at Ikuna stole an engineer, a surveyor, and eight bearers to live with them. Every December 25th, offerings are left at the falls." I wondered if they were meant as Christmas presents.

When Joseph and I returned to the hotel, we spoke with an old Bezanozano waiter. "Jaosolo doesn't know anything," this man said. "He only came here in '57. There used to be many crocodiles. Every time a *zebu*, a

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cow, crossed the river, it was eaten. One night, the parents of Tandra, a rich family with many *zebu*, dreamed that the genies of the water wanted the girl. These were not the *zazavavindrano* but the *razana*, the spirits of the ancestors in the water—they wanted her."

During the visit to the office of the president of the Commune Rurale, I had asked the old woman in the bandanna what would happen if you did nothing for your ancestors, and she had said, "They come in your sleep and say, 'I'm cold. I need beef.' Or they make you sick. You go to the sorcerer and they speak through him —'You didn't exhume me'—and he directs their appeasement." Sometimes, as in the case of Tandra's parents, the amends you had to make to them were frightening, she said.

THE next morning—my last sortie with Maurice—we went to the far end of the reserve, hoping to see some of the nine other species of lemur at Perinet. Very soon, we did—two eastern bamboo lemurs, gray, cat size, with long, curly tails, sitting on their haunches at the edge of a bamboo grove, eating young shoots. They saw us and bounded into the darkness of the grove.

In the course of the day, we left the reserve briefly, and came upon a bearded man in a brimless straw hat. He was a Betsimisaraka. The Betsimisaraka, who are the Bezanozano's neighbors, are the second-largest ethnic group on the island. They occupy a four-hundred-mile-long strip of the eastern coast which extends inland twenty to fifty miles, and are heavily involved in the production of spices—vanilla, cloves—and coffee. I asked Maurice to ask him if it was *fady* to eat the indri. (The man spoke only Malagasy.) Maurice translated his answer: "Once upon a time, some Bezanozano went into the forest to get some honey. They climbed a vine right into the treetops, but then the vine broke and there was no way back down. The indri came and took them down on their backs. Since then, the Bezanozano tell their children, 'If you eat the indri, all the Bezanozano will die.' "

"What about the aye-aye?" I asked. The aye-aye is the rarest, and weirdest, of the lemurs—indeed, one of the rarest, weirdest animals in the world. It is small, solitary, nocturnal, and ghoulish in appearance, with bat ears, bug eyes, and a long skeletal third finger, with which it taps trees to see if they are hollow, and extracts insects from decaying wood. Until a few years ago, there were thought to be only fifty aye-aye left, but now there were indications that they might be more numerous. Two holes thought to have been gnawed by an aye-aye had recently been found in a tree on the reserve.

"The aye-aye is a kind of man," the bearded man said. "He has different kinds of hair—human, a dog's, a chicken's, a pig's, a cow's. He is like a god. He has much power. Some people here find an aye-aye and kill him with a stick, then they go down the road a few yards, and the aye-aye comes back to life and follows them. If the sorcerer of the attackers is not strong, the aye-aye and his attackers change places: the attackers die, and the aye-aye lives." The word he used for sorcerer was marvellous: *mpanaofanafody*. "When you hunt the aye-aye, or immediately afterward, to avoid its power, crush a tobacco leaf and rub the juice on your face," he advised. "There are still many aye-aye. You find their nests in the cut-over scrub."

"Can you show us one?" I asked.

"Without a sorcerer it is *fady* to look upon them."

"Can you take us to a sorcerer?"

"That can be arranged," he said, with a faint smile.

"Well, then, come on—let's go," I said, getting up excitedly.

Both he and Maurice were smiling now, enjoying a little joke. "He is the sorcerer," Maurice finally explained.

The next communication from the bearded man came as no surprise.

"He needs a hundred and fifty francs for *tafy*—medicine," Maurice translated. "The aye-aye is the enemy of the sorcerer."

I handed the man the money, and we went into his hut—a tiny one, about eight feet by eight, with a ceiling so low I couldn't stand up. The sorcerer's wife left the room, and the sorcerer took down a modern medicine cannister from a shelf. On the cannister was "Polyvinylpyrrolidine, twenty pills."

"What's that for?" I asked.

"He doesn't know. He found it on the road," Maurice relayed.

The sorcerer opened the cannister and poured out a few dozen hard black beans and, picking up a handful, scattered them on a table. Then, as the three of us crowded around, he sorted the beans into two vertical rows, in groups of 2, 2, 1, 1, 2, 1, 2 and 2, 2, 1,

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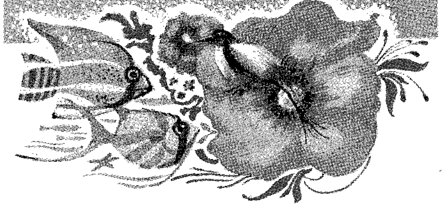

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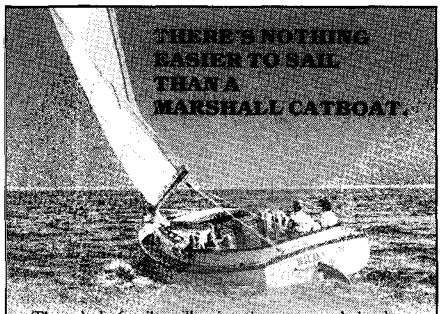

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1, 2, 1, 1. Then he asked my name. I gave it. He added two beans to the last group in each row, and pondered the result. Finally, he announced, "We will see the nest but not the animal."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he left during the night and is now far away."

"What is the nest like?" I asked.

"Like a bird's, but very big, with many branches in the form of a bed."

"How did you find the nest?"

"The beans have told me where it is, and now I will tell you," the sorcerer said. "I have never seen it myself."

"Where is it?"

"Near."

We went into the next hut, a store, and he bought some tobacco. "I need rum, for the prayer," he said, through Maurice.

Another three hundred francs.

Then he led us down a road. I asked Maurice if he thought the sorcerer was tricking us.

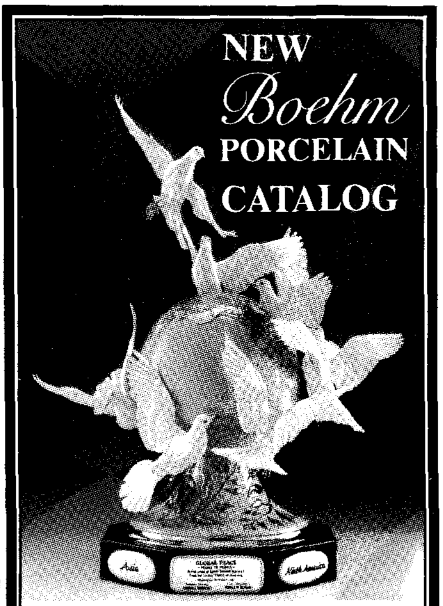
"C'est un sorcier pour faire le mauvais, pas pour faire le vrai," he told me. "There are better sorcerers on the coast."

After half a mile, the sorcerer took a faint path up a steep slope to a tree. Fifteen feet up in the tree was a tangle of vines with a mass of leaves in it. He thrust a pole up at it. "That's it," he said.

"That's it?" I asked. It looked dubious. Leaves could have got caught among the vines of themselves, without help from an animal. The sorcerer uncorked the rum and sprinkled some on the base of the tree. Then he steeled himself with a healthy swig and, trembling with fear, with tears of fright forming in his eyes, he looked up at the nest and prayed for the aye-aye and for our health.

"He was very sincere," I said to Maurice after we left him and were doubling back into the reserve. "He believed."

WE could hear the stutter of axes and the steady tear of a saw. Soon we came upon seven woodmen. Two of them were up on a makeshift scaffold sawing the trunk of a *Ravenala* with an eight-foot crosscut saw for a M. George of Tamatava, a big city on the coast. M. George had a logging permit from Eaux et Forêts, and he could choose from forty commercial species. Each of the woodmen received two boxes of rice and less than two dollars a day. They slept in a little hut of pandanus leaves;



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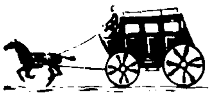

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the pandanus, an agavelike plant, sprouted here and there on the forest floor.

"Seen any lemurs?" I asked.

"Yes, the brown one," one of them said.

"Do you hunt them?"

"No, but only because I don't have a gun."

A mile farther along, we came on a lemur trap, right on the path. It was for the black-and-white ruffed lemur, Maurice said. He showed me how it worked: in comes the lemur, enticed by the fruit of a melastome; he trips the wire, and down comes the door—it's as simple as that. The cage was made of stakes planted in the ground and lashed with bark cord. "The penalty for poaching is five years in the prison at Moramanga, but there are only two guards for the reserve. *C'est ça le problème malgache*," Maurice said sadly. "Almost everybody in the forest poaches, because people have no money to buy meat in the market. They either eat the lemurs or sell them to the Chinese who are working on the Nouvelle Route Nationale Numéro Deux or to the rich. That's why it's hard to see the other species." One of the officials of the Commune Rurale, he said, was a known lemur eater. Maurice tore the trap from the ground and flung it into the bush.

Half a mile on, we reached the camp of some other woodmen. Maurice suspected that they had made the trap. Half a dozen men were sitting under a thatch roof raised on poles, and one was pounding a red-hot hammer into shape on an anvil. "It might be interesting for you to talk to them," Maurice said.

I asked if they had seen any lemurs.

"None right here, but far away there are some still," one of them answered. "*C'est ça le problème, Monsieur*," Maurice said in an aside while he was translating.

"Which kind?"

"*Babakoto*, *simpona* [the diademed sifaka], *kotrika* [the sportive lemur], *bokombolo* [the bamboo lemur], *varika* [the brown lemur], *tsidy* [the mouse lemur], *ampongy* [the eastern woolly lemur]."

"Do you eat them all?"

"Yes."

"Even the indri?"

"Yes."

"They know indri is an ancestor, but they eat him anyway," Maurice explained.

"Why? Isn't it *fady*?" I asked.

"In the old days, it was very *fady*,"

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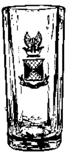

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the spokesman for the woodmen went on. "As *fady* as marrying your sister."

"So why do you eat indri?" I repeated.

"Because they are fat and because today there is a shortage of protein. We have to eat. A kilo of beef costs a thousand francs in the market at Andasibe. A lemur may weigh eight kilos, and we can sell it for fifteen hundred francs a kilo."

"Don't you get punished with sickness for violating the *fady*?"

"Others get sick, even die, because of their belief," the spokesman said.

"These men don't have the belief deeply," Maurice explained.

"How do you kill them?" I asked.

Maurice's translation of the answer was "*Avec une flèche*."

I thought this meant an arrow shot from a bow or a dart from a blowpipe, but when I asked to see a *flèche* one of them showed me a slingshot with a thong cut from an inner tube, picked up a pebble from the ground, and fired it through a nearby banana leaf.

Five hundred yards later, we came out on the Nouvelle Route Nationale Numéro Deux. "This is the end of the reserve," Maurice said. Across the road, a charred wasteland, acres and acres of smoldering devastation, spread as far as the eye could see. "That is the country of the Betsimisaraka," Maurice said.

We bought coffee and roasted sweet potatoes that a Betsimisaraka woman was selling in a hut along the road, and sat on the curb eating and drinking. A baby was crying in another hut, and in the distance some indri were wailing. Their cries seemed even sadder now that I realized how seriously threatened the animals are. These were the cries of the last indri.

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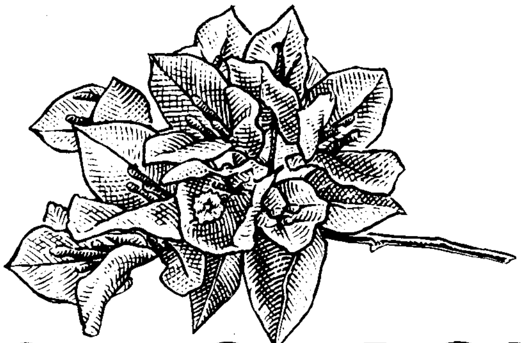

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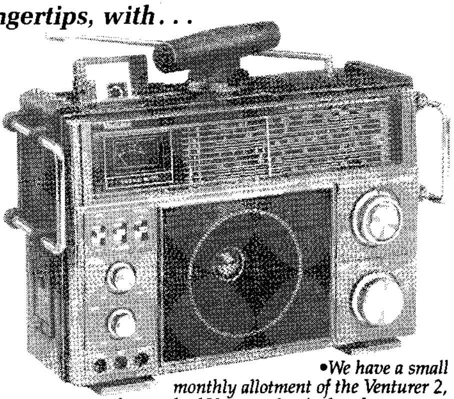

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

God's Pickpockets

THE first half of the two-part documentary "Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will Be Done" is about the union of Christian fundamentalism and the political right, which was engineered in the past decade by the use of computers, direct mail, and organized phone campaigns. In the introductory moments, the English producer-writer-director Antony Thomas comes on too strong: the clips that he throws at us are almost as overwrought as the scare tactics of the religious right, and so we may pull back. But once Thomas has got hold of the subject he shows great empathy with the people drawn into the movement, and a fine, analytic grasp of how the men with the computer banks manipulate their targets. The "born-again" Christians—many of them probably the country-town and backwoods hippies of the sixties—describe their abuse by parents, their addictions to drugs and alcohol, their misery and feelings of "emptiness." They talk of having wanted God, and we see how the evangelists brought radiance and hope into their lives, and then got them focussed on the dangers of "secular humanism"—abortion, child abuse, prostitution, pornography, homosexuality, the teaching of evolution, the absence of school prayer, and, above all, Communism.

We see Pat Robertson speaking at rallies and on TV, telling frightened people that they're "being hunted down by those who essentially are atheists . . . they hate the Bible." He tells them that the state is attempting to take children away from their parents and is training them in collectivist, humanist philosophy. Other televangelists—Jerry Falwell, Jimmy Swaggart, Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker—are shown ranting at the faithful, pressuring them, while the volunteer telephone troops reach them individually. There's a steady demand for money to support the ministries, to build Christian schools, and, in the case of the Bakkers, to build Heritage USA, the theme park near Charlotte, North Carolina, that suggests an alternative universe—a model pure-minded town with houses and the five-hundred-room Heritage Grand Hotel, and a Main Street that's built under an artificial blue sky.

"She's the strong, silent type."

Working with the cinematographer Curtis Clark and an American crew, Thomas shot the film just before the Bakkers' scandal broke, and so we see the pair in their prime: Jim smiling as he says, "I'm one of the first people that was actually called by God to do television," Tammy Faye pleading for more money, saying they can't meet their payroll, and weeping copiously, and Jim bawling like a kid as he talks about his own dedication to Kevin Whittum—a victim of a bone disease who at eighteen weighs only twenty pounds. Organ music backs up Jim's spiel—"And I said, 'Kevin, I'm gonna build a house for you!' "—and thousand-dollar donations are solicited for Kevin's House. Whittum, who tells Thomas he's under contract to do spots—"usually for advertisements of Kevin's House to make, uh, raise more money"—is seen in one of his TV pitches: "Send in what you can to help them as a ministry. They wouldn't ask if they didn't need it."

Much of the material in this first half is familiar, but you get a full, clear picture of how the exaltation, the healing, and the "miracles" fit together with all the techniques for squeezing money out of the faithful and turning them into right-wing zealots. Religion is only a means for the big-time televangelists. They're engaged in politicking and schlock-empire building. After you've watched people telling you about the terrible pain they were in before they came to Christ, you may breathe in sharply when Tim LaHaye, who runs the Washington-based pressure group the American Coalition for Traditional Values (which then included thirty-three evangelists), talks about using direct mail and religious broadcasting to make "an end run" to reach the American people. Morton Blackwell, who now heads the Leadership Institute, proudly asserts that he started it all about ten years ago when he announced that the conservative Christians were "virgin timber" waiting to be organized politically. He claims that contributions to conservative religious leaders were over a billion dollars in 1986. We see Gary Jarmin, who helped organize Christian Voice, which fights to defeat liberal candidates and officeholders. And, of course, there's Richard Viguerie, the founder of *Conservative Digest*, who has the largest political mailing organization in the country; he's photographed in front of his computer bank on the outskirts of Washington, and he talks about using religious letter campaigns to balance the control of the media by the left. There's a pitilessness about the manipulation this film records. You feel it even in the pipsqueak show-biz sentimentality of the Bakkers, who make themselves adorable. (Their running costs at the time exceeded two million dollars a week.)

Thomas's seriousness—the way he provides a context—deprives you of the satirical wisecracks that come to mind when you catch glimpses of these evangelists on TV. His point of view is that of a Christian who's disturbed by the antics of the clowns—and perhaps crooks—who call themselves Christians. And in the second half, in which he moves on to Dallas and the church that is the "richest and most powerful stronghold" of the religious right, he gets into the subject of how rich Christians keep themselves comfortable in their faith while abandoning the core of Christ's teachings.

Less familiar and less wide-ranging, the second half is much more penetrating than the first. Thomas leads into it with a brief visit to the weekly Bible class held at Mrs. Ruth Hunt's Dallas home, Mt. Vernon. The widow of H. L. Hunt and the stepmother of the silver-monopolizing brothers, Mrs. Hunt is surrounded by expensively accoutred women—a few of them young but most middle-aged and elderly. They have thick, colorful, salon-stiff hair and heavy makeup; there isn't a hint of spontaneity in any of their faces—if you were ever on trial for your life, these are not the faces you'd want to see on the jury. Mrs. Hunt, who's bright-eyed and has an amusingly dippy girlish manner (Lillian Gish could play her), explains to Thomas why every word in the Bible is literally true: it has to be, because if it weren't, everyone would have a different view of what's true in it and what isn't. There's something inspired about the convenience of her way of thinking—she's a token of all the lazyheads we meet.

Mrs. Hunt belongs to the First Baptist Church of Dallas, one of the biggest Protestant congregations in the world. It has twenty-six thousand members, and a vast, palatial church, with its own schools and university in the complex. The dignified, white-haired pastor, Dr. W. A. Criswell—he has been running the church for forty-four years—becomes the film's central character: Thomas tries to understand Criswell's teachings. When Thomas asks him how it is that the American city with the highest percentage of churchgoing Christians should also have the highest crime rate, Criswell blames the crime on the poor blacks and Mexicans who don't go to church. But, according to Thomas, the First Baptist Church devotes less than one-third of one per cent of its income to the needy. Dr. Criswell fought integration, and then, in effect, perpetuated segregation by taking over twenty-six of the city's ethnic churches, which are now run under the aegis of First Baptist. We see a young black minister in one of these churches trying to get his poor parishioners properly riled up about the perils of secular humanism. How does a young man get so far from sense? He was probably trained at the Criswell Center for Biblical Studies—it's right there in the First Baptist complex.

Dr. Criswell explains to Thomas, who expresses concern about his own attachment to worldly goods, that he has the wrong idea of the Gospel. The wealthy, it seems, *can* enter the Kingdom of Heaven. "I tell young men," Criswell says in his orotund voice, " 'Make money. Succeed.' " (Does Thomas really look poleaxed, or is that the viewer's imagination?) Dr. Paige Patterson, the president of the Center, explains to Thomas that without the born-again experience you're doomed to Hell. Even Mother Teresa? asks Thomas. Yes, even Mother Teresa, says the suave, eminent theologian. Thomas talks to a young minister who was booted out of his teaching post at the Center for writing a paper suggesting that the rich had some responsibility to help the poor. What the rich are expected to do is support the Church and right-wing causes and candidates. The poor are kept out of sight.

Do the television evangelists believe what they preach? The question was put to Thomas by an interviewer for the *Chronicle*, when the film opened in San Francisco earlier this year. Thomas answered, "I don't know. . . . All of the evangelists maintained the same persona throughout, except for one . . . Criswell, the person you would probably least expect. . . . In private, he was aware of the discrepancy between his lifestyle and the Scripture—he said he was a prisoner of the culture. He used the illustration that if he wore rags and

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stood on a street corner no one would listen." Thomas reflects: "The Christian tradition says you do good works on earth, you'll be rewarded in heaven. The born-again fundamentalists say if you give money to the Church, you will get your reward here on earth." The film shows the embattled, paranoid anxieties about the dangers of liberalism which the working-class fundamentalists take on as part of this Gospel of Success, and the complacency it brings to the prosperous. (It's as if God asked, "How can I get these crude, materialistic Americans to believe in me?" and Satan replied, "Why don't you promise them money?")

"Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will Be Done" was co-financed by Britain's Central Television and by WGBH (the PBS station in Boston) for the "Frontline" series. It was shown in Britain and elsewhere in Europe, but for reasons that remain cloudy the American showings, which were scheduled for last May, were cancelled. This may or may not have something to do with fear of President Reagan's appointees to the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. Reagan himself appears in the footage—we hear Swaggart and Morton Blackwell celebrating him, and see him with Dr. Criswell—and Thomas states his belief that Reagan's highly public endorsement of the work of the evangelists in 1980, when he was running for President, marked the entry of the movement into the mainstream of American politics. "Thy Kingdom Come" has just opened in New York, and it has been rescheduled for PBS, on April 6th. It's not a great documentary, but it's a very powerful and thoughtful one. And it has a great subject. A lesser director could have killed it, but, the way Thomas handles it, you almost can't help getting involved. He knows how to ask deep-felt, piercing questions without being hostile, and how to keep the footage tense and dramatic.

When you go into the classrooms of the First Baptist's schools and hear a teacher telling the kids that man's time on earth can be measured by genealogy—by adding together the lifespans from Adam through Noah to Abraham—you may bat your eyes in dismay. But when you see the schoolroom rituals the kids are put through—the salutes and recitations—you can't distance yourself so easily. And when you look at the scenes in the charismatics' church—it has eleven thousand members—and see the children kneeling on

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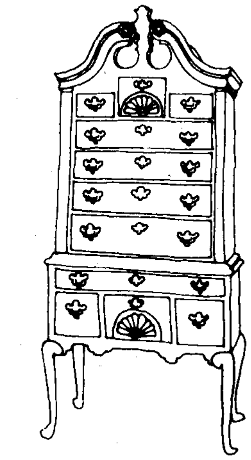

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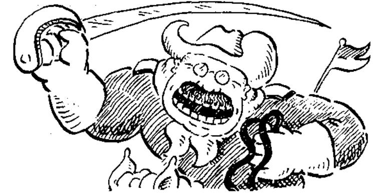

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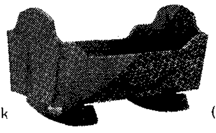

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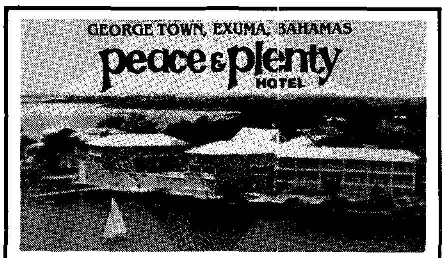

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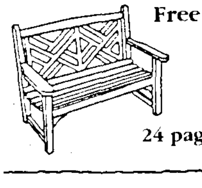

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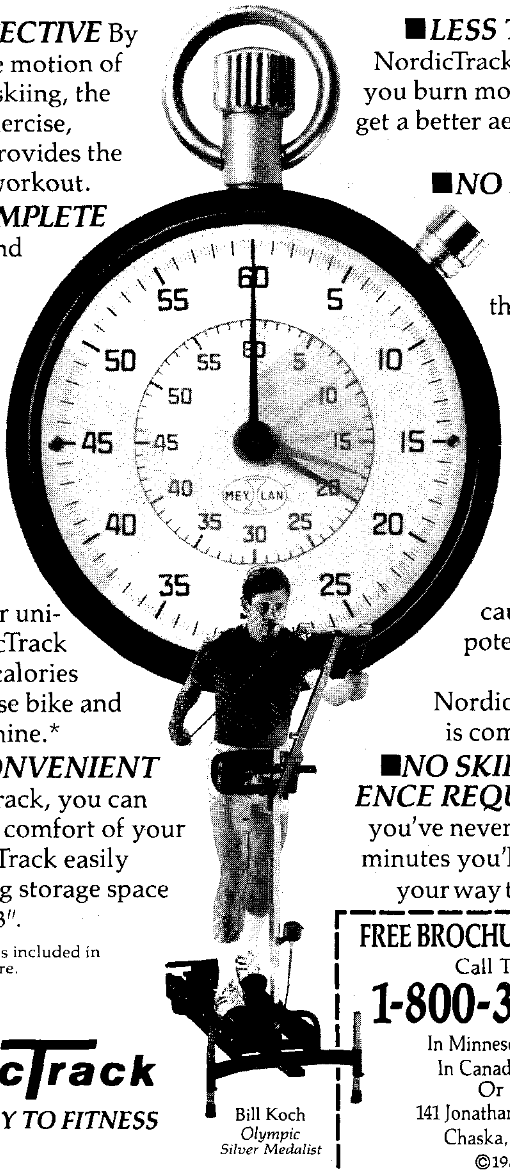
the floor and raising their arms in feeble supplication, straining to get in the spirit of things, you don't know how to respond. In moments like this, or when we're taken inside Dr. Criswell's Inner City Chapel and see the destitute men sitting on the benches and listening to a minister for hours before they can get the reward of a thin sandwich, and then see and hear the distress of the minister after he locks the men out of the chapel at night, "Thy Kingdom Come" takes us beyond our ability to know how we should feel. It's in the best documentary-film tradition. It's also—particularly in the second half—in an appalled Christian spirit. What comes across is that Antony Thomas is asking himself, "How could Christianity have become so debased, so *mean*?"

IN "Hairspray," the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake), come out of the Hefty Hideaway wearing mother-and-daughter dresses and walk down the street with their bosoms proudly preceding them. It's Baltimore, but they're like floats in the Mardi Gras. Their snazzy new outfits didn't cost them anything: the proprietor of the shop has just asked Tracy to model for him. She's the newest celebrity in town: each day, right after high school, she goes to appear on "The Corny Collins Show," where she and the other hotshot teen-age dancers do novelties like the Pony and the Roach. It's 1962: Chubby Checker time, "Mashed Potatoes" time; the kids at the hop do the Madison. Tracy's celebrity status doesn't help her at school, though: the boy seated behind her can't see past her wide, newly "feathered" coiffure, and she's charged with "hairdo violations" and put in a class for slow learners and problem kids. That's where she gets to learn some new dance steps from Seaweed (Clayton Prince), whose mother, Motormouth Maybell (Ruth Brown), is a rhythm-and-blues disk jockey. When Tracy discovers that black kids aren't allowed on "The Corny Collins Show," she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with an entertainingly imbecilic musical comedy—a piece of pop dadaism.

Waters doesn't try to transform the sappy fun of pop into art; he loves it



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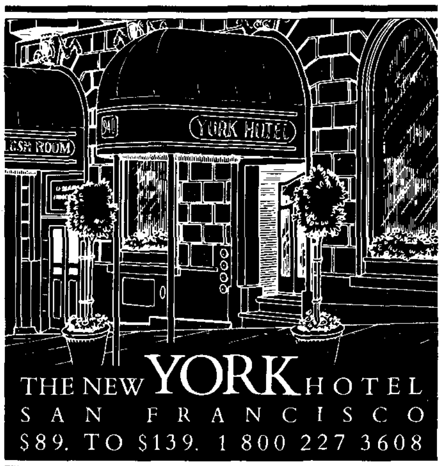

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for itself. He's a twenty-year veteran of the midnight-movie circuit; his affection for bad taste is no sham. And he loves narrative: he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. Poor-girl Tracy has a rich-girl rival—slender, blond Amber (Colleen Fitzpatrick), who has been raised to be popular and a star. The two girls are pitted against each other as the top contenders in the Miss Auto Show 1963 contest. To complicate matters, Amber's boyfriend, Link (Michael St. Gerard), a ringer for Elvis, is fed up with her and is drawn to Tracy, white lipstick and all. A blond sweetie with two pert braids and bows, shy-girl Penny (Leslie Ann Powers), whose mother (Jo Ann Havrilla) is a pathological racist, falls for handsome black Seaweed. Corny Collins (Shawn Thompson) wants to integrate his show but can't, because the head of the TV station—WZZT—won't permit it; this rancid boss is also played by Divine. At times, "Hairspray" suggests a home movie made by a gang of celebrities. The many plots involve Debbie Harry and Sonny Bono as Amber's parents, who are monomaniacal about her becoming Miss Auto Show; Jerry Stiller as Tracy's father; Waters himself as a sick psychiatrist; and Ric Ocasek and Pia Zadora as the first of the lank-haired beatniks who are about to displace the ducktail and beehive brigades.

Gaga as all this is, there's some historical basis for it: Baltimore's "Buddy Deane Show" actually fell apart over the integration issue. But the movie makes no claim to realism—or to absurdism, either. Waters just weaves in and out of his plots, and the girls and boys fuss over their hair. The girls look tiny and doll-like and rather plaintive under their huge, elaborate hairdos. Bitchy Amber, avid for the world's good opinion, is presented as a parent-pecked case, and she's so innocently horrid she's a delight; Penny is a cartoon dream; and Tracy, who has the cherubic face that's often seen on fatties, is a cuddlesome matchup with her lewd mama. It's really Divine's movie: he watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to his acting and his funhouse-mirror figure which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag.

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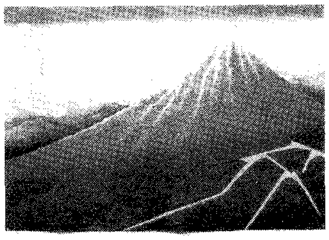

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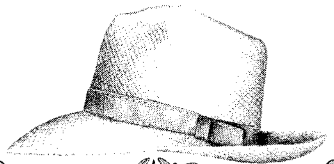

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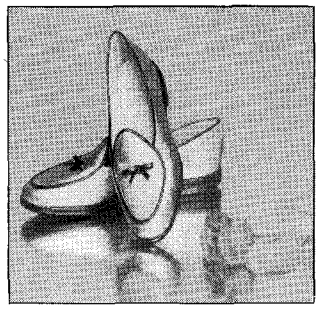

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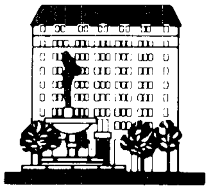

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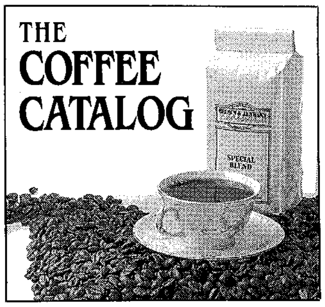

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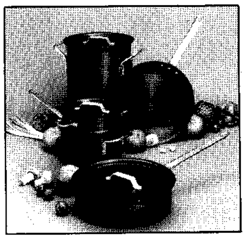

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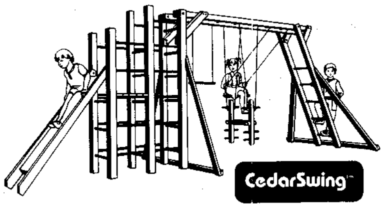

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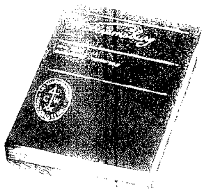

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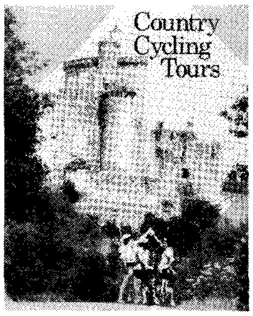

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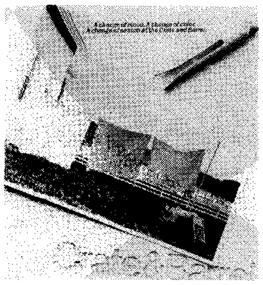

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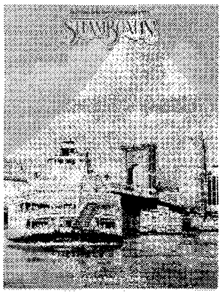

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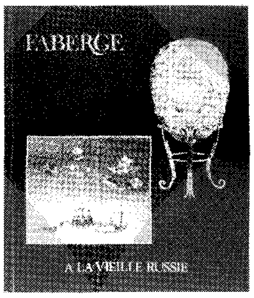

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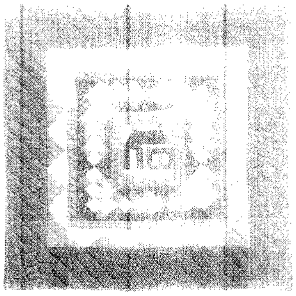

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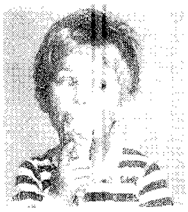

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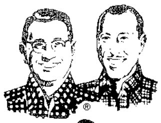

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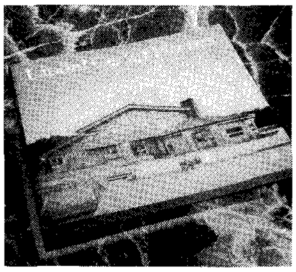

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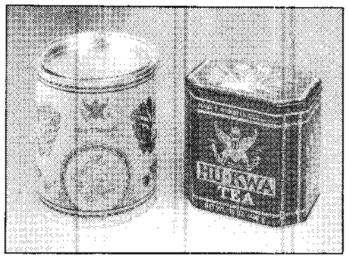

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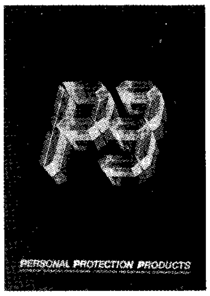

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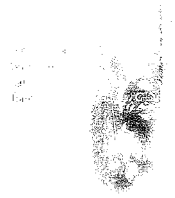

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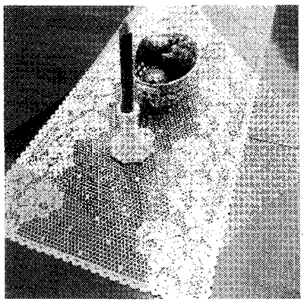

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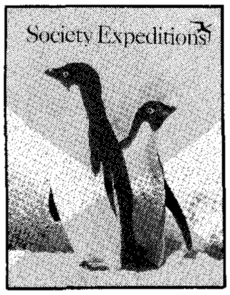

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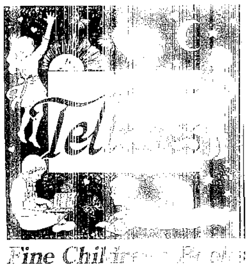

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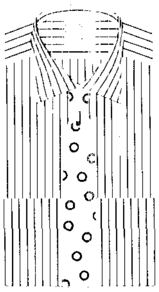

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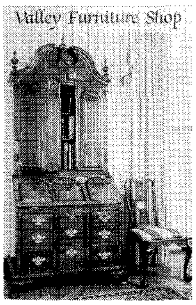

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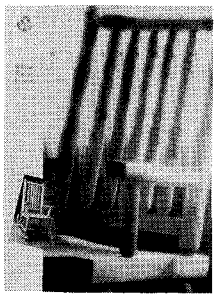

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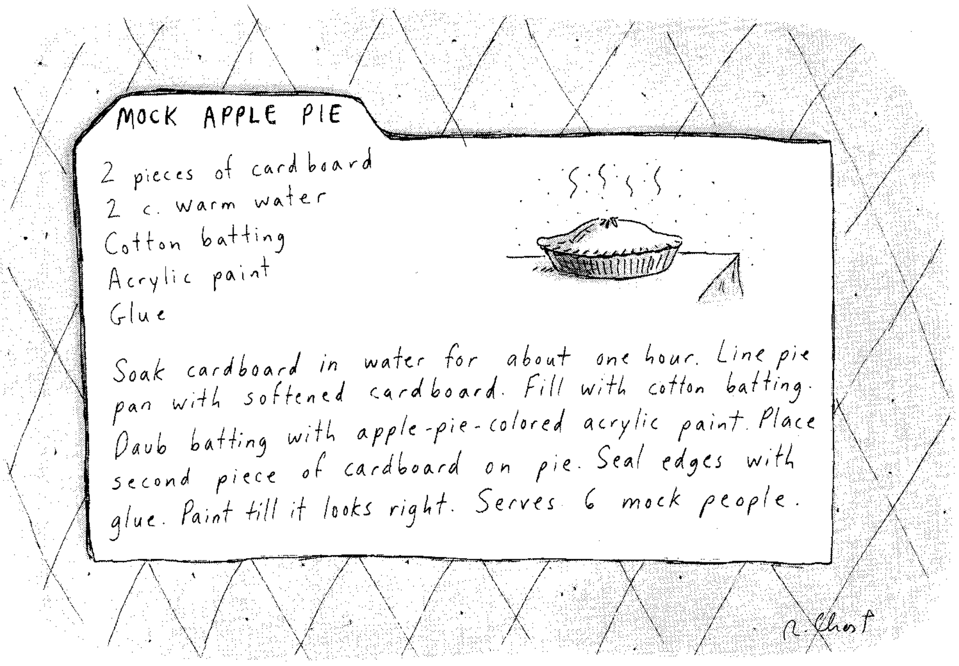
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 25

THE process by which we choose our Presidential candidates more resembles a demolition derby than a rational procedure. It's an elimination contest, offering us the last man—or men—standing at the end of a long, gruelling, and expensive series of matches, in some strange arenas. Now that it is under way, we watch the candidates carom from state to state, trying to avoid too much damage—or destruction. Observers take a great and ghoulish interest in the question of who will be forced to drop out. Meanwhile, what this is supposed to be about is who is best fit to lead our country. It should be no surprise that people seem to be increasingly unhappy about how we choose our President.

As the survivors struggle in the South, where a large number of contests are to be held shortly, we can try to make sense of what has happened thus far—to the extent that there is any sense in it. The victors in Iowa and New Hampshire still have a lot to prove. The Democrats Richard Gephardt and Michael Dukakis each won only about a third of the votes in those two states respectively; Bob Dole, the victor in Iowa, and George Bush, the victor in New Hampshire, both have serious liabilities as candidates—at this point the liabilities seem more prominent than the strengths. (The contests held this week, in Minnesota and South Dakota, were more important for whatever psychological effect they had than for their impact on the race for delegates to the National Conventions.) There are as yet no big issues in this election. Everyone has declared himself in favor of economic growth and a strong America; everyone is for improving our education system. Gephardt and Pat Robertson are playing on anger and discontent, each of them mining a stream that has long been part of American politics—the politics of resentment. Talk of someone else's entering the Democratic race is diminishing but not gone. Mario Cuomo continues to say that he will not enter, but a conversation with him still reveals a divided soul; he says that the candidate will emerge from the current field, and that he might endorse one after March 8th, when a large number of states vote—and then again he might not—but he is also at least implicitly critical of the current contestants. He said to me recently, "Where are the ideas in this campaign? It needs someone with an idea that rings true, that sounds right. I don't think there have been ideas that are important yet, except trade—but I'm not sure that's enough." And some people are beginning to speculate that both parties might have brokered Conventions, or, at least, fights that go to the end, with some dealmaking before the Conventions. Predictions of how it will all turn out tend to run in fashions, and now it is becoming somewhat more fashionable to say that the Democrats might win. By the time the election is over, everything will have been predicted.

Bush's and Dole's problems as candidates are nothing new. Dole has always had difficulty as a national candidate—in managing himself as well as his own campaign. And ever since Bush entered Presidential politics, in 1980, he has been plagued by the fact that he isn't a very good candidate. But Bush is pluckier and more competitive than he seems. He is presumed—by, among others, his own campaign—to be very strong in the South; as of now, the Dole camp is trying to find where Dole might get votes there. As for the Democrats, luck plays a big role in politics (consider, for example, Ronald Reagan), and Dukakis has thus far been lucky. His coming in third in Iowa—a great disappointment to his staff—was treated by the press (after some sophisticated manipulation by the Dukakis people) largely as a victory of sorts. There is no such unitary thing as "the press" or "the media"—too many people, with disparate views, are covered by these terms—but there are fashions in political reporting. The fate of a candidate can be affected less by how he actually did than by how the press says he did; the press's interpretation can keep a candidacy alive or kill it off. The Dukakis camp had hoped to come in first in Iowa, win nicely in New Hampshire, take on the aura of inevitability, and, with its advantage in money, put the race away early. (There was a period when Dukakis had a shot at coming in first in Iowa, but he couldn't make the sale, and even his own campaign was aware that the Dukakis candidacy was flat—stirring little enthusiasm.) Dukakis's luck held in New Hampshire, where the greater press attention to the Republican race—and the press's misgivings about the kind of race Gephardt was running—kept Gephardt from profiting greatly from his Iowa victory; also, Dukakis had two opponents—Gephardt and Paul Simon—who divided the opposition to him and beat up on each other. Now his principal opponents in the South—Gephardt and Albert Gore—are fighting over many of the same voters. As the Dukakis camp had hoped, Simon, who would have competed for the liberal vote, is effectively out of the March 8th contests. Sometimes a candidate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Soak cardboard in water for about one hour. Line pie pan with softened cardboard. Fill with cotton batting. Daub batting with apple-pie-colored acrylic paint. Place second piece of cardboard on pie. Seal edges with glue. Paint till it looks right. Serves 6 mock people.
R. Chast

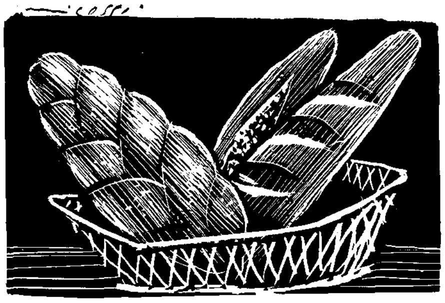
wins a state because of who his opponents happen to be—how many of them there are, and whether they take votes from each other.

As the process goes along, candidates without the stamina, the money, or a built-in following (in the early states, at least) drop by the wayside. Money plays a far larger part in determining the nominees than most people realize: other things being equal, the candidate with the largest resources has a great advantage in the long and expensive process; candidates without the money to withstand early defeats—and without a built-in following—usually don't survive for long. Therefore, observations about the viability of a candidate take as a given that an important measurement—perhaps the most important measurement—is how much money his campaign has on hand. Exceptions this time are Jesse Jackson, who has a built-in constituency—but also needs money—and Gary Hart, who is no longer a serious candidate. (There is a federal limit—about twenty-eight million dollars—on how much can be spent over all by each candidate who accepts federal matching funds, and part of the game is figuring how much to spend or withhold for later fights.)

Candidates have to spend a great deal of their time, and undergo various indignities, in order to have enough cash on hand. Dukakis's bankroll—the largest among the Democrats—was collected early and was self-perpetuating: a candidate who has raised a lot of money is seen as having a greater potential to win and thus has an easier time raising more money. The relationship between the ability to raise money and the Presidency still isn't clear. And the ability to raise money, and stay alive as a candidate, is heavily affected by the ground rules set by the press: it is ruled that a certain candidate "has to" come in second or third in order to stay in the race—even though the difference between second and third, or third and fourth, can be slight.

Because of the elimination contest, voters in some parts of the country are offered less to choose from than those in other parts—which hold their contests earlier. By the time the race gets to the industrial states, many—perhaps most—of the contestants are gone. The nomination process does not honor reflection, or intellectual or substantive achievement. Rewards go to those who are willing to sacrifice most everything else for two years or more, who are quick off the mark, and who (or whose aides) come up with good one-liners, and who offer the most appealing self-portrait, no matter how inventive, or fraudulent, that portrait might be. The candidates are self-selected and self-designed—or redesigned. This election has had more than the usual amount of fraudulence perpetrated on the voters: Dukakis, who didn't talk about these things before, offers himself as the son of Greek immigrants ("I'm part of the American dream") and, through his television advertising, a man of passion on the issues (making up for what even he knows is a "passion gap"); Gephardt, a consummate insider, retooled himself as the angry populist and outsider; Gore is newly portraying himself as having been more of a hawk on foreign policy than he has been; Dole, who never talked about these things before—and who had done his considerable share of wheeling and dealing, has tight relationships with powerful lobbyists, and hangs out with the wealthy and important—presented himself as the plain man from the Kansas prairies, defined by the poverty he grew up in. Bush underwent an overhaul in New Hampshire. Robertson offers himself as a businessman, and throws a little fit, intended to intimidate, when he is referred to as a television evangelist, which he was until recently, and which made him famous.

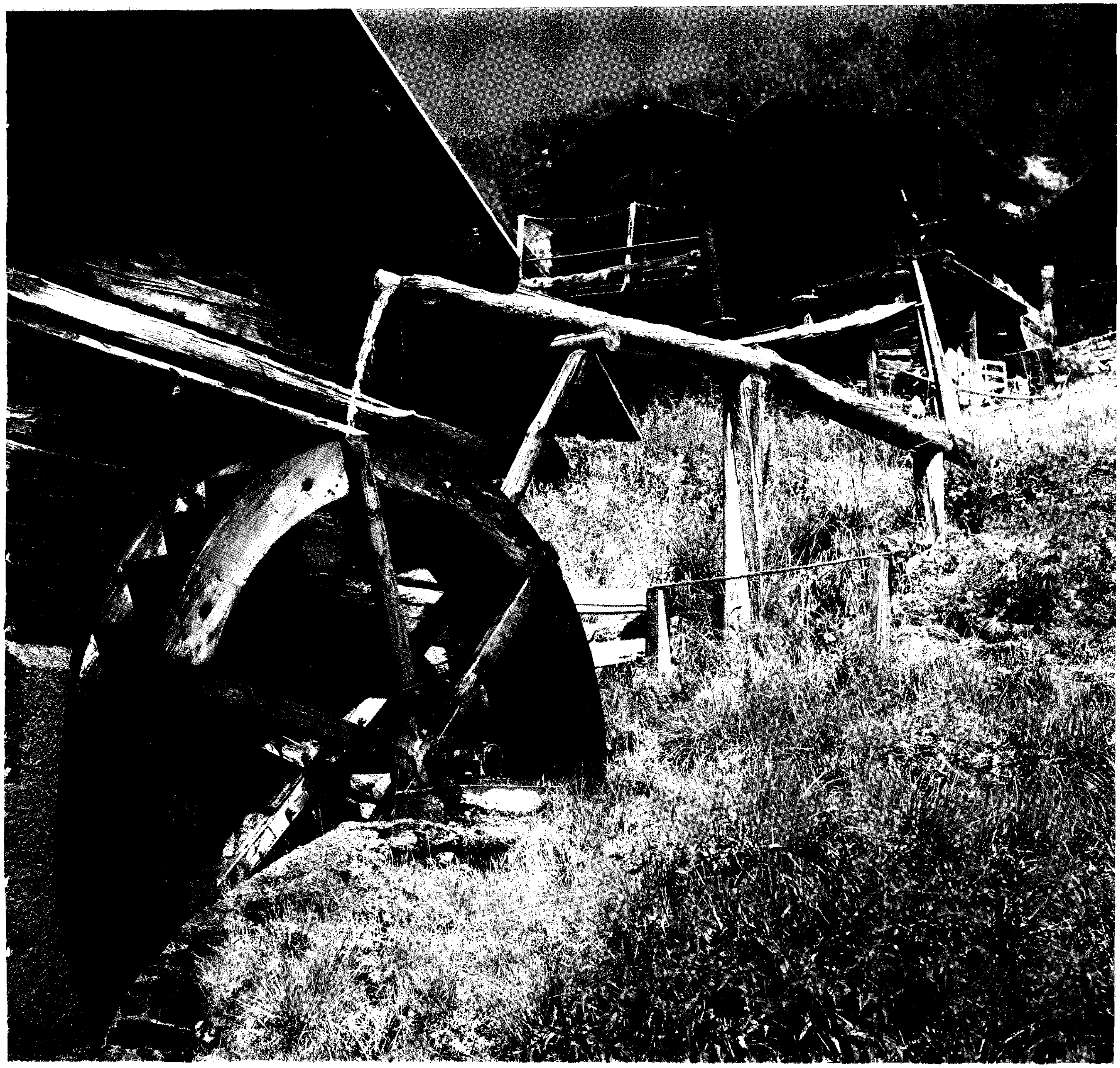
Among the irrationalities of the nomination contest is the effect of a victory in one state on what happens next—thus the focus on who has "momentum," which can in turn help a candidate's "momentum." The process can be further distorted by the publicity value of winning early. According to recent polls by the Dallas *Morning News*, Gephardt's support in Texas jumped up after the Iowa caucuses, and then Dukakis's rose sharply (overtaking Gephardt) after New Hampshire. (There is a large factor of "name recognition" in these polls.) In every election, the amount of press coverage of the early contests takes a quantum leap, compounding the distortion. In all, about a hundred thousand people voted in each party's precinct caucuses in Iowa. In New Hampshire, 123,360 Democrats and 157,625 Republicans—both all-time highs—ruled on who should be the nominees. If Gore's gambit of largely staying out of the early Democratic contests—where his prospects were poor—and first offering himself later, in more friendly territory, works, the assumptions about the nominating process and the need to get in early will have been shattered.



An increasing number of people are giving thought to how to change the nominating process. The best way of nominating a candidate was probably the way John F. Kennedy was chosen: he participated in seven primaries, to establish his political potential, and then he was put across at the Convention by strong political figures (some governors, and Mayor Richard Daley, of Chicago), who saw him as the Party's best bet to win the election. This system had produced some fine nominees (F.D.R., and even Adlai Stevenson, though he didn't win), but it's gone and irretrievable. The political pros collided with the anti-war movement, which they didn't understand, in Chicago in 1968, and the old system gave way. The bosses are passé, and the process has been opened, and the people are not going to give up their power. (Since the reforms in the Democratic process involved changing state laws, the Republican process was heavily affected.) The new proposals for changing the process leave in place the premise that the people should decide, but seek to change the sequence in which they do so. (In this election and the last, the Democratic Party has sought to give its professionals—members of Congress, governors, and members of the Democratic National Committee—more of a hand on the tiller by making an increasing number of them automatic delegates to the National Convention.)

The main target of efforts to change the calendar is, of course, Iowa, which is widely viewed as having an inordinate impact on the process, through an unrepresentative sample of Democratic voters: they are almost all white, better educated, older, less blue-collar, and also more liberal than the Democratic constituents of many other states. (The same holds true for Iowa's Republican voters.) Because Iowa comes first (by its own

For many people, holidays in Switzerland are the most restful, refreshing and relaxing, because they can spend them in places where time seems to stand still.



Switzerland may well be known for its precision watches, but anyone who spends a vacation there will often lose track of time, watching the sun rise from atop an Alpine peak, or gliding over an Alpine lake with your surfboard, or listening to the organist practise in a village church, or patiently waiting for trout to bite in a mountain stream, or "taking five" on the terrace of a country inn after a hike up and down hill and dale.

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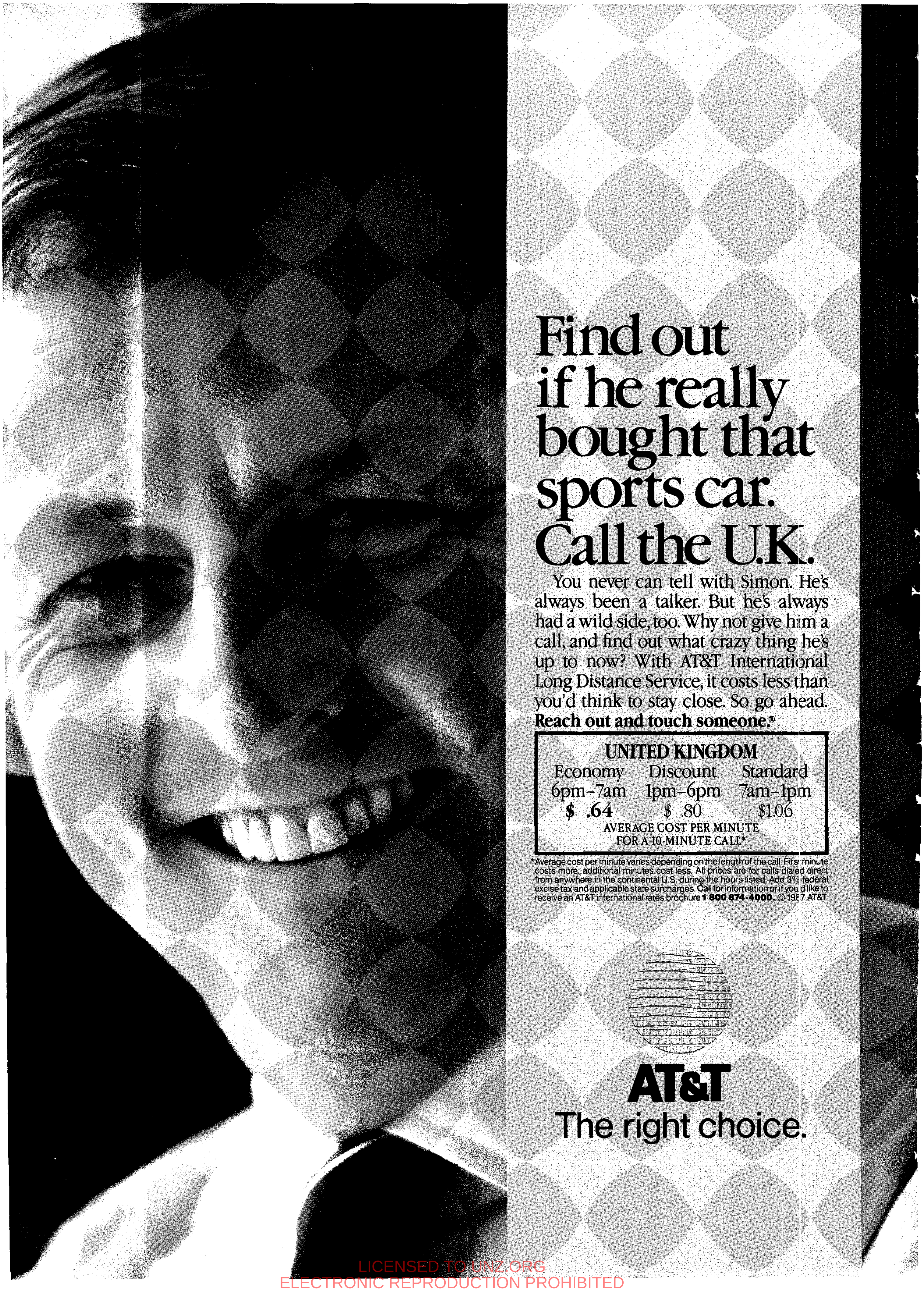
Swiss National Tourist Office

swissair



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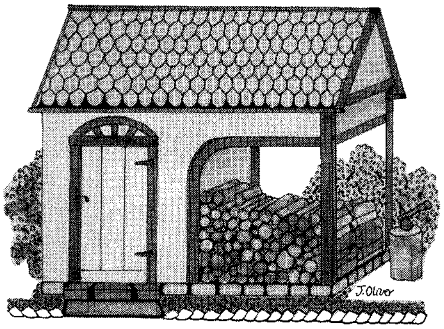
law), it receives the candidates' most attention. (Not only did the Gephardt family start camping out there—literally—in 1985 but Gephardt's very determined mother took up residence in an apartment in Des Moines in July, 1987.) Beginning in small states (Iowa and New Hampshire) is supposed to offer lesser-known candidates more of a chance than if the contest started in a larger, industrial state—but the value of giving lesser-known, and often therefore less experienced, candidates an equal shot is not overwhelmingly clear. Dignity suffers as the candidates go "schlepping" (as Cuomo puts it) around Iowa and flipping pancakes, and a large troupe of candidates goes from debate to debate. Obviously, the candidates must be tested, but not to the point of lunacy; we need to have a chance to learn about them and to see if they are resilient, and how well they wear with us, but not to the point of turning them into hollow-eyed robots, which the surviving candidates usually are at the end. We end up testing the wrong things. The current system can give an advantage to whoever has the most time to campaign, which is not necessarily the same thing as having the experience to govern. Yet anything that moved too close to a national primary—including the idea of regional primaries—is not a good idea, because that moves too far in the direction of handing the process over to those with the most money and publicity, and might not give us enough time to take a second look.

Among the ideas floating around for changing the system is the drawing of lots for which state, or group of states, goes first, so that the first contests are rotated among the regions. One important Democrat (who for diplomatic reasons can't speak publicly yet), would like to leave unknown which states will go first until shortly before the contests begin, eliminating the advantage of having the time to camp out in an early state, and perhaps cutting the length of the process. (We'll never know how much Gephardt's camping out in Iowa contributed to his victory there, since there were other factors, but we do know that, per voter, Iowa gets the highest proportion of the candidates' time.) Some Democrats are considering trying to change the Party's rules so that any state can hold its contest at any point in the election year, thus diminishing, or even eliminating, the importance of Iowa and New Hampshire—and they argue that if this causes a bunching of states early, so be it. The greatest barriers to getting any sensible changes made in the system stem from political human nature: a politician who has prospered in the system as it is—particularly if he has been elected President—isn't likely to spend some of his political capital on changing the system. No would-be candidate wants to make Iowa or New Hampshire angry.

Some party officials say that the only real way to impose an orderly system would be through legislation passed by Congress—the parties are reluctant to create unpleasantness by enforcing their own rules—but most politicians are loath to let Congress get into the act. Another inhibiting factor is the knowledge born of experience that any changes in the system will have unexpected and unintended consequences. That's what happened in the case of the current system.

MICHAEL DUKAKIS has improved as a candidate—he comes across as less parochial, and his advisers have tried, with some success, to give his candidacy more focus, and make it more thematic. But he is still seen as having a "message" problem—though he is not alone in this. He talks more now about his intention to expand Americans' economic opportunity, and he paints himself as more oriented to the future than his most recent rivals—Gephardt and Simon. Still, toward the end of his Iowa campaign he toned down his opposition to a farm bill championed by Gephardt (and popular in Iowa), and muted his objections to Gephardt's protectionist trade policy. Dukakis's tone is usually upbeat and optimistic—can-do. (Though he is more careful now, he still suggests that there are more collectible taxes out there than anyone seriously thinks can be collected.) But Dukakis continues to have characteristics that raise questions about how well he would wear over time—as either a nominee or a President. He also has substantive weaknesses that have yet to be thoroughly explored. His campaign still has to contend with the problem that Dukakis gives off an air of arrogance, which is apparent in, among other things, the cocksure, and unreflective—and sometimes also self-righteous—way in which he speaks. As he answers questions, he nods his head, and has an any-fool-knows-this, faintly disgusted, expression. In New Hampshire, after some strong advice that he had to give his candidacy more definition, he deliberately borrowed from Gary Hart's 1984 Presidential campaign, to try to define his candidacy as a cause, and to draw a future-past contrast with other candidacies, but he does this fitfully. An adviser says, "He has trouble staying on a new thing."



Thus far, Dukakis has seemed to be able to get to a certain point—to appeal to the more cerebral, well-off, good-government-oriented voters—but not, at least as yet, to move large numbers of people, or to greatly expand his constituency. His New Hampshire support ended up about the same size as it was before Hart left the race last May. His victory margin of sixteen per cent has to be viewed in the light of the special factors there: the combat between his main opponents, and his long relationship with the New Hampshire voters. Furthermore, the Dukakis campaign, using Massachusetts state employees "on vacation," had the state wired to get out the vote for him. As Governor of a neighboring state, he is often in the news in New Hampshire (whose main television outlets are in Boston), and the lower tier of New Hampshire contains many people who commute to Boston, or who work in the growing number of high-tech companies in New Hampshire and are part of Dukakis's natural constituency. Moreover, Dukakis is a hero among many New Hampshire people for having held up the opening of a nuclear power plant in Seabrook, New Hampshire (by refusing to approve an evacuation plan)—a big issue in New Hampshire. (The columnist Mary McGrory has reported that Dukakis didn't much care about the Seabrook issue at first, and had to be talked into opposing it by Massachusetts Senators Edward Kennedy and John Kerry and Representative Edward Markey.)

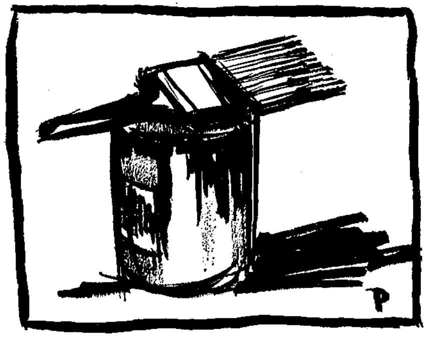
Dukakis's Presidential campaign has begun to apply some of the same techniques that have been used in his Massachusetts political career to try to make him appear more interesting and exciting than he is. John Sasso, Dukakis's former top adviser and the man responsible for his political resurrection after a humiliating defeat for reëlection as governor, acted as an impresario, creating excitement around Dukakis, to overcome the fact that Dukakis, although he is smart, well intentioned, and competent, strikes a great many people as a boring man. Sasso also understood that Dukakis is at his political best when he is seen as a fighter against someone (Edward King, the controversial governor who had defeated him and whom he, in turn, defeated) or something (Seabrook). Dukakis's standing for reform in Massachusetts politics provided him with a following. Now, in his Presidential campaign, Dukakis—occasionally but not consistently—says that his first priority as President will be to try to "drastically curtail" the role of political-action committees. (PACs are a problem, but simply curbing them could leave in place the coördination of supposedly individual contributions, which has the same effect as a PAC donation.)

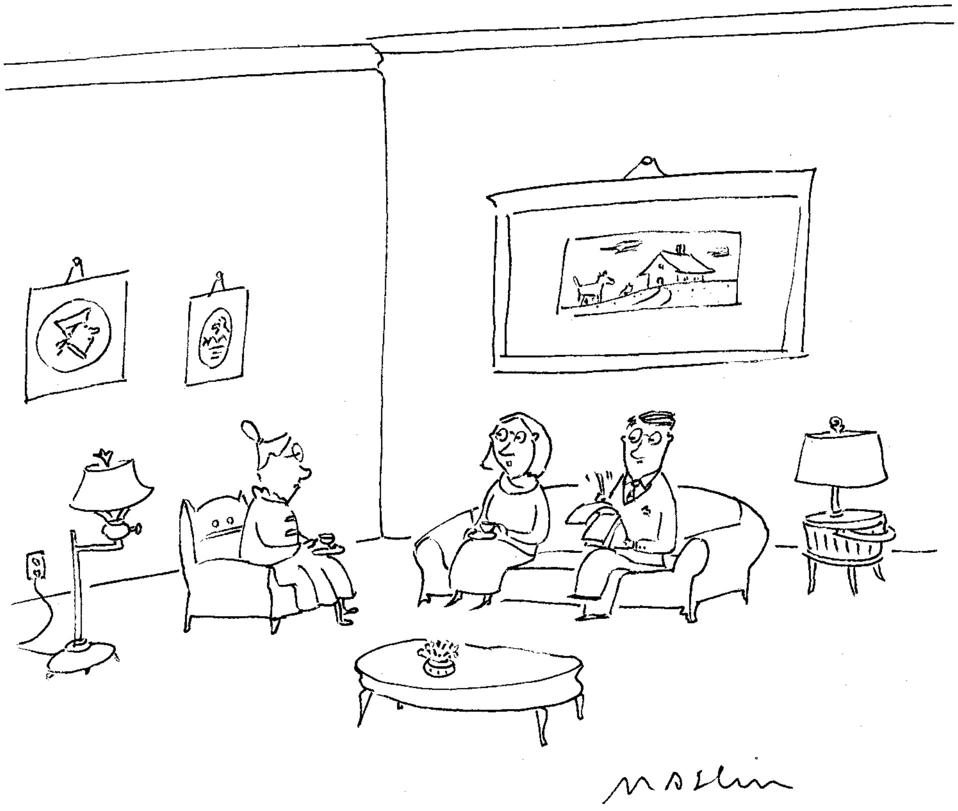
Some of Dukakis's ads still argue that his experience in turning around the economy in his state (the "Massachusetts miracle") makes him the most qualified candidate to deal with the nation's economy, and this theme, though vague, is central to his campaign. (Gore pointed out in one debate that unemployment is lower in New Hampshire than in Massachusetts, and said that he assumed Dukakis didn't mean that New Hampshire's Republican governor should be President.) Dukakis's actual success as a governor —his real role in the "Massachusetts miracle"—continues to be a subject of dispute; some students of governorships have rated Bruce Babbitt, former Governor of Arizona, higher, and say that other states have better records of encouraging growth. Dukakis's governorship is marked by a large number of programs, several of them overlapping, whose national relevance—particularly in encouraging growth—is questionable.

In order to deal with the fact that Dukakis comes across as a technocrat (people usually come across as what they are), before the Iowa caucuses his campaign brought in a new ad agency, known for making emotional ads, to warm up his image and try to convince the voters that Dukakis has "passion." It began to run highly emotive and visually striking television ads about Central America and about the homeless. (Pollsters are finding that homelessness is one of the most salient national issues this year.) Contra aid is unpopular, and all the Democratic candidates oppose assistance to the Contras, though Gore supports "humanitarian" but *not* military assistance; and the House of Representatives recently rejected the President's proposal for more military and nonmilitary assistance (which could include helicopters). A vote on "humanitarian" aid is scheduled soon. Dukakis's anti-Contra and homeless ads also pitched an appeal to Iowa's liberal Democrats. But though Dukakis had been making an issue of his opposition to aiding the Contras and had occasionally mentioned the homeless, the ads seemed grafted onto his campaign, and (unlike Gephardt's) not an integral part of it. (Dukakis's ad that is ostensibly about Nicaragua has pictures of jackbooted soldiers in mirrored sunglasses who are actually El Salvadoran—our allies—and have nothing to do with Nicaragua. The man who made the ad, Ken Swope, has for years urged Democrats to run ads about Central America, and made a similar one for George McGovern's brief Presidential campaign in 1984. Some of the identical shots in the Dukakis ad appeared in an ad that Swope had made for a Massachusetts candidate for the Senate in 1984, and that was clearly about El Salvador.) And, prior to the voting in Iowa, Dukakis acquired some stardust through the endorsement by Sally Field (who said that she had been torn between him and Simon) and an appearance on his behalf there by Richard Gere. (To loosen up his image, Dukakis is still occasionally shown playing a trumpet, as he did with Gere in Iowa.) His Iowa campaign was also given some oomph by appearances on his behalf by Edward Kennedy (who was fulfilling his obligation as a Massachusetts politician) and former Iowa Senator John Culver—both men impassioned orators.

Dukakis is still on shaky ground on foreign policy, but he has been lucky in this respect, too: if he is asked, as he often is, in a debate or an interview, whether he has sufficient qualifications to deal with foreign policy, he now offers the pat response that George Bush has the best résumé on foreign policy and "he sat next to the President" during the Iran-Contra affair and "did nothing." He adds, "I don't think extended residence in Washington, D.C., necessarily qualifies you to be an international leader." But this is begging the question. Part of Dukakis's problem stems not from just a lack of experience in the field but from a resistance to devoting much time to learning about it, and also from his apparent certainty that whatever he says—about this or any other subject—must be so. His political advisers have always found him difficult to get through to. His tendency to talk about more than he knows is even more troubling than the large gaps in his knowledge. In a debate in New Hampshire, when he was asked what he meant when he said that he wants to make the C.I.A. an intelligence agency, and not "an assassination agency," he replied by talking about the recent, sensational hearings about corruption and drug-dealing on the part of General Manuel Antonio Noriega, the de-facto ruler of Panama —which have nothing to do with assassinations on the part of the C.I.A. (With the exception of one example exposed in a recent book, "Veil," by Bob Woodward—having to do with a failed, and indirect, assassination attempt against a leader of a terrorist group in Beirut—the C.I.A. has not in recent years been seriously charged with assassination attempts, and there is a Presidential order barring such activity.)

Dukakis got himself in a bit of a jam by saying in Iowa that the Monroe Doctrine (which asserts that the United States will not tolerate the establishing of a colony or intervention in this hemisphere by foreign powers) had been "superseded," and, when he was asked about this on "Meet the Press," left the clear impression, in answers to a series of questions about a Soviet "client state," that he would not object to having one in Central America as long as the Soviet Union did not introduce offensive weapons or use that country as a platform for undermining its neighbors. When Gore, predictably, asked him about this in a recent debate in Texas, Dukakis denied that he had said or implied that he would





"I can't pinpoint it exactly, but sometime during our twenty-third year of marriage Wesley began taking notes."

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accept a client state—technically, he didn't say those words, but he certainly implied it—just as in a debate last fall he had denied another statement Gore threw back at him, and, as he did then, he snapped at Gore, "Get your facts straight." Shortly before the New Hampshire voting, Dukakis—with a look toward the South—gave a foreign-policy speech in which he referred to "strength" thirty-three times and repeated his formula for when intervention in the hemisphere is warranted, leaving out any reference to a "client state." Afterward, talking to reporters, he added that the United States could use force to oppose the creation of a "satellite of any foreign nation" in the hemisphere but is not justified in "using force to impose our will on others." (He also said that he should have said that the Monroe Doctrine had been "expanded on.") Dukakis did not explain the apparent contradiction in this new formula, but an adviser explained to me later that Dukakis draws a distinction between a "client state" and a "satellite," which he defines as a country under the control of the Soviet Union, but, the adviser explained to me, in either case Dukakis would seek multilateral action through the Rio Treaty or the Organization of American States. Dukakis is in general an advocate of multilateral action. (He has said that he wouldn't have had us go into the Persian Gulf without first getting the coöperation of our European allies—which would have taken quite a while, if it would have been successful at all.)

In giving his foreign-policy speech in New Hampshire, Dukakis began to implement the strategy of taking his campaign national. By stating that he is willing to use force—"to defend our territory, our citizens, and our vital interests, to meet our treaty commitments, and to respond to, or to deter, terrorist attacks"—he is trying to show that, despite a number of past statements, he is no leftie on foreign policy. (This is an impression his advisers have long worried about, and have taken several steps to overcome.) By saying that there are circumstances where he would intervene in this hemisphere, he offers himself as someone not simply against Contra aid, and by saying that he is for building up conventional forces—almost everybody is—he protects himself, it is hoped, from being seen as another anti-defense liberal. When, following the New Hampshire primary, Dukakis arrived in Atlanta, he stood in front of a large American flag and said, "It is absolutely essential to use force against terrorist bases and installations"—which has proved tricky in the past, because of the strong possibility that civilians would also be killed. (That's why the Reagan Administration hasn't conducted more such raids.) In answers to questions from the press, Dukakis got into a tangle over whether he would have approved the raid on Libya, in April, 1986. In response to another question, he said, "I don't yield to Al Gore in toughness in any way, shape, or manner." In the Texas debate, he said, "I'm very tough." He also said he would be tough on terrorists, by "never, ever, making concessions to terrorists. No exceptions." (All Administrations start out saying this, and all of them find certain circumstances that warrant a deal—short of selling arms.) In the Atlanta speech, Dukakis, borrowing from Reagan, talked about the importance of "standing tall."

The Dukakis campaign is proceeding on the correct assumption that the defense issue is far from all that Southerners are interested in, and he continues to stress economic opportunity, saying that Southerners have the same "values, hopes, and dreams" as other Americans. Jackson is generally ceded the black vote, but there are white areas in the South where the Dukakis camp hopes to pick up delegates—and it hopes that Dukakis's facility at speaking Spanish will help him among Hispanics in Texas, but Jackson will be competing with him for those votes. The Dukakis campaign says that it is not trying to win any Southern states (this is an attempt to "lower expectations"), and says that it is focussing for now on winning as many delegates as possible on March 8th—or "Super Tuesday," when twenty states vote, fourteen of them Southern or border states. A total of 1,307 Democratic delegates will be chosen that day—sixty-three per cent of the delegates needed to be nominated. (The Republicans hold seventeen contests that day.) Thus, March 8th approaches the look of a national primary. The Dukakis campaign, says one official, is "trying to exploit the front-loading of this process and let it do a lot of our work for us." Susan Estrich, the Dukakis campaign chairman, recently said to me, "The importance of the early contests is demonstrated by the polls today" (showing Dukakis ahead in the South or nationwide). She added, "You can get a real head of steam, and the reality of running in twenty states is it's very difficult to do it without a head of steam." The Dukakis campaign got less steam out of this week's contests than it had hoped. Dukakis easily won the Minnesota caucuses, which his campaign had tightly organized for (and Minnesota is a very liberal state), but lost to Gephardt in South Dakota. At one point, shortly after New Hampshire, Dukakis had South Dakota in the bag, but his campaign let it get away, in part because it was unprepared to counter a negative ad Gephardt ran at the end. The ad pointed out that Dukakis had once suggested to Iowa farmers that they grow Belgian endive and blueberries, as Massachusetts farmers did.

In the South, the Dukakis campaign is focussing mainly on large urban and suburban areas where he is most likely to find his constituency, and which have a lot of delegates. (These areas are mainly in North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Texas. The Dukakis camp is also going after the constituency that has elected Bill Clinton, the Democratic Governor of Arkansas. It tried, but failed, to get Clinton's endorsement.) It is counting on its superior organization and money to do well on March 8th. There is also a school of thought both within and outside the Dukakis camp that Dukakis must win at least one major Southern state on March 8th (when Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Washington State, among other non-Southern states, also vote), to show that he might carry some in November, and the Dukakis campaign is devoting large resources to winning Florida, and would also be very happy to carry Texas. (Dukakis has put in time in the condominiums in South Florida, and the fact that his wife, Kitty, is Jewish is being counted on to give him a good break there. Gephardt has the support of Florida Representative Claude Pepper, the patron saint of Social Security, and, at eighty-seven, still an active campaigner, and the Gephardt campaign says it will contest Texas and Florida.) The Dukakis people hope to come out of March 8th with the most delegates, and sew up the nomination shortly after that—and they have been trying to establish the inexorability of Dukakis's nomination, and to persuade Party leaders to close ranks after March 8th. (Dukakis has been cultivating Cuomo in the hopes he could get his endorsement at that point.) But if Dukakis doesn't carry any important Southern states on March 8th, others will argue that this shows that he wouldn't be able to carry them in November. And there is a long stretch of time (as campaigns go) between now and March 8th.

Gephardt's fraudulent Iowa campaign came under a lot of criticism, but he was able to come in second in New Hampshire and win South Dakota, and other Democrats, though disturbed by some elements of Gephardt's campaign, are beginning to concede that he has a strong message—the clearest message of any of the Democrats. Moreover, some Democrats, hungry for a victory in November, don't feel they can afford to be too fastidious about how that victory comes about. They find highly enticing the fact that Gephardt's message could at last bring back to the Democratic Party the lower-income, blue-collar constituency that voted for both Robert Kennedy and George Wallace. And they see in his message a possible conduit for bringing back to the Democratic column the electoral-college votes in the industrial states—and perhaps even in California—that have eluded them for some time. They see him as the hungriest candidate, and are developing a newfound respect for his political skill. Therefore, though Gephardt is very low in funds (he just got out of debt), William Carrick, Gephardt's campaign manager, says that the campaign will have enough money to buy sufficient advertising for March 8th. Carrick told me recently that Gephardt's current fund-raising "is mostly momentum-driven"—as people decide that Gephardt has a serious chance to be the nominee. (This is why winning South Dakota was so important to Gephardt.) Carrick said, "A fund-raiser in Dallas that three months ago would have got us thirty thousand dollars now gets us a hundred thousand."

Though politicians are by definition opportunistic, exploitative, and manipulative, these are not, in themselves, negative traits. (Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr., were manipulative.) What matters is the uses to which these traits are put, and the degree to which they are used. There are many situations in politics in which one cannot draw a line ahead of time but can sense when a line has been crossed. This is what happened in Gephardt's case. His redesign of himself at the end of last year (when his campaign in Iowa seemed stalled, and he was at six per cent in the polls there) as an angry, anti-establishment populist, and his manipulation of anger and prejudices (anti-Oriental), as well as of facts, crossed the line. Moreover, he led people to believe that he was offering more of a solution to their problems than he was—especially when he talked about his trade proposal. His rhetoric and his ads—which were well executed and, unlike Dukakis's emotive ads, totally integrated with his campaign—aroused anti-Japanese and anti-Korean feelings, and sometimes when he talked to Iowa voters he went further. (The Los Angeles *Times* quoted him telling one group that the Japanese political system is inferior to ours, and another group that "we're going to spend ourselves blind if there's another arms race. . . . The only people who are going to benefit are the Japanese.") His famous "Hyundai" ad, denouncing tariffs and quotas placed on American cars by Korea, was misleading. (He is still using it.) A poll taken for another camp last December about what would be most popular with the voters in Iowa, New Hampshire, and the South indicated that the most appealing approaches would be to attack corporations and (by a wide margin) blame foreign nations' unfair trade practices for our economic decline. Gephardt's campaign seems tailored to just such findings, and he has tapped the nativist streak that has long been a component of populism.

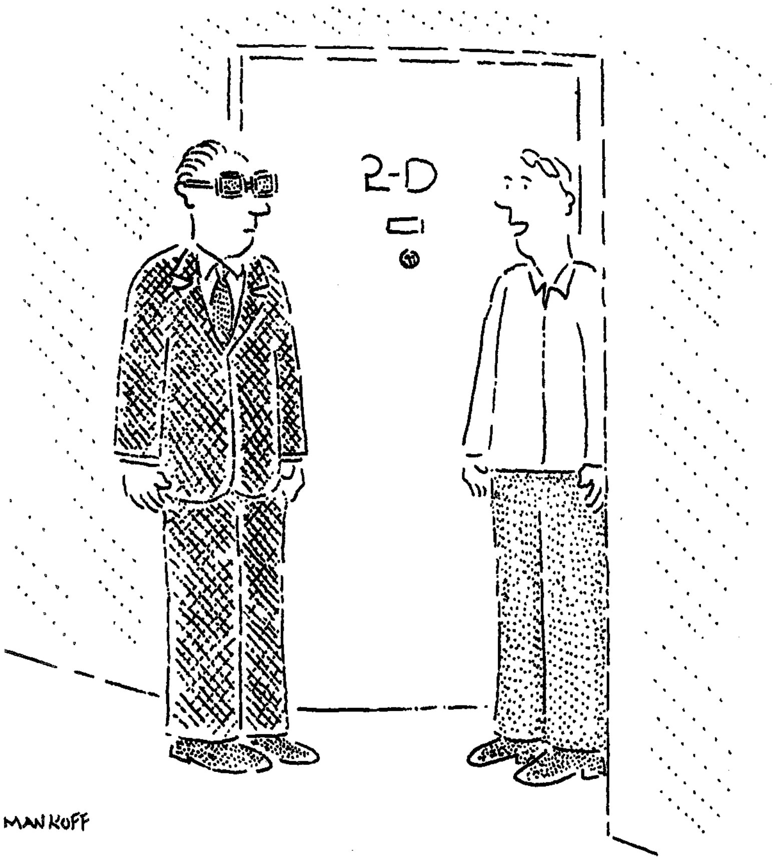
Playing also on another old streak of populism, and even radicalism, in Iowa (Henry Wallace), Gephardt assailed grain merchants, "the establishment," and "editorial boards," and called for unspecified "fundamental change in this country." His ads ended with a slogan that appeared on his campaign buttons and with which he often ended his speeches, "It's your fight, too." This line, Gephardt told me recently, is what makes his campaign a "cause." He added, "People want to know it's something they can participate in." So he is onto something larger: his theme is about, as he says, "whether we can regain control of our economic future." He points to the trade imbalance and the drop in real net income, and plays on economic anxieties. The problems, of course, are that his trade proposal can't solve the larger problems, and that, as he sometimes concedes, trade barriers are commonly viewed as representing only a small proportion (about twenty per cent) of our exporting problem. (Gephardt's proposal calls for retaliation against countries—Japan, South Korea, and Taiwan would be among them—whose exports to the United States exceed their imports from us by a large amount, and who have "unfair" trade practices.) Gephardt leaves the impression that more new manufacturing jobs can be created than is probably the case. He knows that other things also have to be done to improve the economy, and, in part to stem the criticism of his campaign, he is beginning to talk about them—about the need to dramatically improve our education system ("I see that as the moon program of the nineties," he told me), for more research, and for pressing corporate America to make better, more competitive, products. He used to talk about these things more, until he decided they weren't getting him very far. His broader message seems to be on call for when Gephardt thinks it's what someone wants to hear. There's no reason to think he doesn't believe these things—it's just that in his campaign, as he is wont to do on issues in Congress, he walks away from them when he doesn't think they are selling.

The objections to what Gephardt was doing went beyond his numerous—more than the average member of Congress's—"flip-flops" on various issues, and had to do with his reinvention of his persona. Aided no doubt by his having majored in speech in college, Gephardt began to turn in a strong—and effective—performance of himself as an angry populist. His presentations had become highly polished and had energy and drive; Gephardt is an exceedingly disciplined politician. But before his transformation he had been a cool politician—one who had in fact placed great value on cool (passion was passé). Gephardt, as a member of the House leadership, had also until then been far from an anti-establishment figure, and is cozy with both corporate and labor lobbies, whose money he continues to take during his Presidential campaign while he denounces corporations and insiders. He even had lobbyists go to Iowa to help him, and also to help finance a trip there by members of the House who support him. Gephardt the fresh-scrubbed Zelig has always had a facility for fitting in: after he came to Congress, in 1977, he simultaneously ingratiated himself with House Speaker Tip O'Neill and also was part of a group of younger House members who complained, publicly (if anonymously) as well as privately, about O'Neill's being "old hat" and insufficiently telegenic. A House member (who doesn't support Gephardt) says that Gephardt became Caucus chairman "because he works well with everyone. The conservatives thought he was conservative, and the liberals thought he was liberal. If he's fooling the American people, it isn't because he hasn't had experience—he's fooled the pros." The worry about Gephardt is that since he seems to lack an inner compass opportunism has replaced any governing philosophy, and he won't know when to stop reinventing himself.

The Gephardt people expect his message of economic nationalism, with an overlay of patriotism—his ads show his face superimposed on the American flag—to do well in the South. (In Iowa, he drew the support of lower-income, blue-collar, less educated voters and also of older ones. According to an exit poll, he got the support of more blue-collar voters in New Hampshire than Dukakis did.) Carrick says that the message "is also about 'Stand Up for America.'" Gephardt says his espousal of getting tougher on trade, letting the farmers set crop allotments, and enacting an oil-import fee (good for Texas, Oklahoma, and Louisiana) will do well in the South.

As for the rest of the Democrats, Paul Simon, who came in second in Iowa, third in New Hampshire, and third in Minnesota, which he strongly contested and had once said would decide the fate of his candidacy, is hanging on. (He came in fourth in South Dakota.) Simon had his moment of being the beau ideal of Iowa Democrats, but after Gary Hart reëntered the race the scenery was scrambled, and Simon, who had been first in the polls in Iowa, began to lose altitude—a process that was accelerated by the voters' impression that he was losing altitude. (Hart became first shortly after he reëntered.) Simon was beginning to move out front again by caucus day (probably with the help of an endorsement by the Des Moines *Register*), but didn't quite make it. Whatever strength he had was in his persona: running an old ad about his bow tie (saying that the political professionals told him he should get rid of it), he invited Iowans to trust in his old-fashioned, plain-speaking (as he defined it) personality, to trust him to do the right thing—and that wasn't quite enough, nor, as his advisers understood, would it be enough for a national campaign.

Two of Simon's problems converged in the debates: his campaign style and his inability to explain how he could pay for all the things he was proposing and still balance the budget in



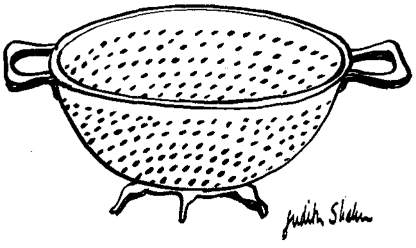
"I think you're looking for 3-D."

three years, as he was promising. One minute—which was all that was usually meted out in the debates (that's a separate problem)—was not conducive to a lucid explanation of anything complicated, even if there was an answer. So Simon would retreat to his slogans—"We can do it;" "We've got to have a government that cares." Further, to the distress of his aides, his shoulders would slump, and so would his voice, dropping at the end of his phrases like a trombone headed for the lower registers. After a long debate within his campaign, Simon began to run negative ads against Gephardt in Iowa (and continued to do so in New Hampshire), showing contradictory positions Gephardt had taken before and during his campaign—with the obvious risk to Simon that this would blur what another camp called his "Uncle Paul" image. Despite the importuning of some of his advisers, he is keeping his candidacy alive until the Illinois primary, on March 15th (but skipping the March 8th contests), in large part because he was under pressure by major Illinois politicians who are on his slate to do so. Some advisers told him that this might hurt him—might even bring him the embarrassment of losing in Illinois. But Simon, who was having trouble letting go anyway, and clung to the idea he could still be a factor, yielded to his impulses and to the powers that be in Illinois.

Jesse Jackson, having muted his rhetoric and spent more time in Iowa than he did four years ago, received nine per cent of votes there, showing that he can attract the votes of whites. Jackson particularly pitched his appeal there to farmers and displaced workers. He got eight per cent of the vote in New Hampshire and came in second in Minnesota; he was sixth in South Dakota. He is still the wittiest man in the Democratic race, and he makes his points with vivid and well-worked images and arguments. After a while, these begin to take on an automaticness. Many of his lines are from four years ago, but he now focusses also on the failure to interdict drugs coming into the country, and on corporations that move jobs overseas. In the Texas debate, he focussed on and spoke eloquently about the condition of poor people in the South—where he is expected, of course, to do very well (estimates vary as to how well in terms of delegates). Jackson also engages in moral blackmail: he says that if you're not for him it's because he's black. But there are a number of reasons many people can't vote for Jackson: among other things, he's far to the left on the political spectrum and he has no real managerial experience. (His management of Operation PUSH, a program to help inner-city black youths, is controversial on grounds of, among other things, financial mismanagement.) Jackson may well be paving the way for a black who might have more of a chance in a Presidential race—if at some point he steps aside.

Bruce Babbitt enjoyed a moment of media chic in Iowa, in part because of his charm, and in part because he was seen as taking unpopular and courageous positions—raising taxes, applying means tests to entitlement programs. Babbitt thus followed in the footsteps of previous candidates who enjoy press affection because of their positions, their sense of humor, and their cerebral style (Morris Udall, John Anderson), and who lose. Toward the end in Iowa, Babbitt in fact began savaging his Democratic opponents, but not much attention was paid to this. Also, when for a brief period in Iowa Babbitt was the focus of attention, his program didn't seem all that attractive to the voters—particularly his proposal for a consumption tax, which Dukakis called regressive and "a Republican tax plan." Babbitt, too, was clearly reluctant to leave the race; candidates—who are often having the most interesting experience of their lives, and like the attention and applause—are often reluctant to give up and go home. After coming in fifth in Iowa and sixth in New Hampshire, Babbitt, out of funds and out of hope—but with a lot of good will toward him—dropped out.

Gary Hart has become a sad case—his face sometimes looks ravaged, and his anger shows. He could not shake the albatross of his extramarital behavior—and he himself, consciously or not, used the words "moral" or "morality" frequently. In some appearances, particularly before college audiences, he talked intelligently and interestingly about his issues—"strategic investment" (in the economy, in education, in energy independence), military reform, and "enlightened engagement" (his concept of foreign policy). But this didn't matter, and he knew it—though he appeared to get pleasure out of connecting with his student audiences, as an affirmation of his substantive worth. On other occasions, he looked forlorn, or even silly—waving his little white pamphlet containing his ideas. Sometimes he and his wife, Lee, wandered through shopping malls in search of an audience, or he spoke before tiny groups—and Hart is smart enough to see what this means, and his pain and embarrassment showed. In the Texas debate, on the other hand, he hit his stride and demonstrated that he is well informed and thoughtful. When, on the night of the New Hampshire primary, it was pointed out to him that he had reëntered the race saying, "Let the people decide"—and that he had got less than one per cent of the vote in Iowa and had come in last in New Hampshire (where he had triumphed four years ago), with four per cent of the vote—Hart replied, "I didn't mean the people of two states, I meant the people of all fifty states."



THE period of the Iowa and New Hampshire contests was a tense one for Albert Gore, who has staked everything on doing well on March 8th. After that date, his strategy will be seen as having been either brilliant or wrong—he felt he had little choice but to sit out Iowa, since he had so little chance there. His New Hampshire strategy was on-again, off-again—he didn't want to risk much by fighting a probably hopeless campaign there, but he also yielded to the temptation (to the distress of some of his allies) to try to make a small showing in New Hampshire by some campaigning and running some ads there. He came in fifth, with seven per cent of the vote. (He was a virtual no-show in this week's contests.) While Gore essentially sat out the early contests, his rivals not only received more publicity but also had more opportunity to hone their skills. Fred Martin, Gore's campaign manager, says that the first phase of the campaign, up to the end of New Hampshire, was focussed on raising money and getting endorsements in the South (the Gore strategists believe that endorsements count for more in the South than they do elsewhere), and that the second stage is focussed on winning votes. (The Gore campaign has squirrelled away a fair amount of money, to use on television ads, among other things.) The

Gore people had hoped that Gephardt would be all but eliminated before March 8th, leaving Gore the moderates in the South while Dukakis and Simon competed for the white liberals, and that Gore could then pick up enough steam on March 8th to be competitive in the industrial states. But Martin argues that the most important thing is that the early contests were indecisive, and did not give any candidate a big head of steam.

Gore, who has greatly improved his campaign style, is now looser than earlier this year, but still stiff at times—as if he were struggling to be taken seriously despite his youth. He has been going hard at Dukakis on defense and foreign policies, and at Gephardt on the changes in his record—but there is a danger in this strategy. If the first time people focus on Gore they see someone concentrating his energies on attacking others, they might not like what they see. (And Gore got in some trouble of his own last weekend by denying, incorrectly, on "Meet the Press," that he had cast a vote as a House member for the proposition that a fetus is a person from the moment of conception. Though Gore also said he had "never supported restrictions on the ability of a woman to make a choice in having an abortion," his position is that the government should not be involved either way, and he opposes federal funding of any institution that performs abortions.)

Gore has been saying that the other candidates came to the South with the "baggage" (perhaps an allusion to carpetbaggers) of promises made elsewhere, and sets himself apart as the only Democratic candidate who had supported Reagan's policy in the Persian Gulf "to keep the sea-lanes open," or Carter's and Reagan's policy of introducing intermediate-range weapons into Europe in order to get the Soviets to negotiate the removal of their own such weapons targeted on Europe. But he has also cast several "liberal" votes on foreign policy. Gore says that he stands for economic growth, social justice, and an intelligent and internationalist approach to foreign policy. He says that he wants to return the Democratic Party to the "internationalist" outlook of Truman and Kennedy (without overlooking the lessons of the Vietnam War). In the Texas debate, he said Democrats have had a hard time winning in the South in Presidential elections not only because of their perceived weakness on defense but because they have not been consistent in their appeal to working-class families. Gore advocates spending more on certain domestic problems (illiteracy, the homeless, AIDS), and says arms control should be aimed more at reducing or eliminating first-strike weapons. But he supported the giant, multi-warhead MX missile—as a trade for development of a mobile single-warhead missile (the Midgetman), which would be easier to protect and less threatening. (Dukakis opposes the Midgetman, on budgetary grounds.) Of some of the things Dukakis has said, Gore says, "If you don't have a single day's experience in foreign policy and you're naïve about America's role in the world, you're going to make dumb mistakes like that." Gore said to me recently that his rivals "are scared to death that they're going to upset the neo-isolationists in our party." But when Gore was asked, on "Meet the Press," what he would do about a "client state" in Nicaragua, his answer was not very different from Dukakis's. Both Gore and Martin are sensitive to the charge that Gore doesn't have "a message." But if Gore doesn't accentuate the positive more in future debates—if he continues to focus his energies on attacking the others—he risks coming off as someone without positive things to say; being young and large, he risks coming across as an immature bully.

NEITHER man having managed to knock the props from out of the other early in the race, Bush and Dole—both of them tough, well financed, and determined—will continue to slug it out. Their contest, perhaps inevitably, has taken on a bitter edge: neither man likes the other (a well-placed Republican says, "They hate each other"), and their campaign organizations—particularly Bush's—are playing hard, and rough. There is a difference: Bush affects to stay above it all while some people in his organization, somewhat schoolboyishly, prod and goad Dole in an attempt to get him to lash out—whereupon they say, "See? He's mean." Dole, to the distress of his advisers, sometimes falls into the trap—showing that side of him that lashes out in anger. The activities that Bush condones in his subordinates say something about him—and also raise a question about his Presidency. The whole thing is not an edifying spectacle. Neither man has had very much of substance to say.

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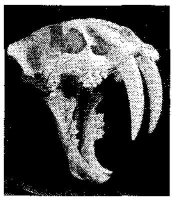

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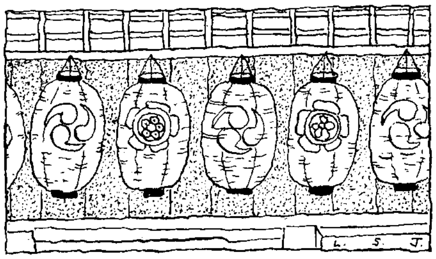
side—a struggle for the superintendency of the Reagan flame. Try as they might, neither Bush nor Dole has captured the moral force that helped propel Reagan to the Presidency, and which Reagan nurtured—though he didn't fulfill—as President. Reagan was not the first politician to understand—and exploit—the growing discontent with changing cultural mores in this country; Jimmy Carter also profited by offering himself as a cultural conservative (and a pious man). Reagan may be the last politician able to stay atop a rickety coalition of old-fashioned conservatives, economic radicals, religious zealots, and libertarians. But since he didn't deliver much on the agenda of the culturally discontent, their demands have spilled into this election. The culturally discontent also have a nonpolitical agenda that, ultimately, no President can deliver on—and herein may lie seeds of trouble. A President can cajole and persuade and work at the margins, but is limited in what he can do about many of the things that bother this group: drugs, terrible schools, homosexuality, tasteless mass entertainment, changing family structures and mores. Theirs is an agenda that mixes understandable and widely shared concerns with intolerance, and even bigotry—everyone can draw the line where he wishes—and this country is at the mercy of whoever grabs hold of that movement. And so are the people who make it up—and who are ripe for exploitation. In the fight for the Reagan flame, Jack Kemp has essentially stuck to working the economic side of Reaganism, but, as expected, Bush and Dole—and the legacy of "Reaganomics"—don't leave him much room. Kemp has been plucky and good-humored—and was the target of smears by the Robertson camp, who spread the word that Kemp was "pro-pornography" and that one of his daughters had had an abortion. A Kemp spokesman says that the pornography charge is a gross distortion, and that the suggestion that one of Kemp's daughters had an abortion is "the scummiest lie we have ever heard in politics." (Kemp came in fourth in Iowa, but by coming in third in New Hampshire he kept his candidacy alive, though he had spent a great deal of time there and had hoped to do better. And he didn't do well this week.) Bush and Dole as well as Kemp espouse the political agenda on abortion and prayer in the schools. Pat Robertson has captured the force of cultural discontent—at once giving it voice (he's far and away the most articulate man on the Republican side) and, like most effective demagogues, exploiting it and encouraging its intolerant side.

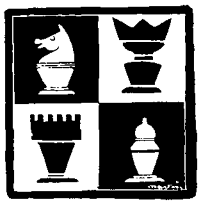
IN reaching in there for a victory in New Hampshire, George Bush showed his own determination (in 1980, he stayed in the fight for the nomination after even some of his own people thought Reagan had beat him), and his large and well-financed campaign organization showed the possibilities of its resources. (Almost none of Dole's campaign aides have been through a national campaign before.) Within days of Bush's being humiliated in Iowa (coming in third and losing to Dole two-to-one), he was outfitted with a new speech, a new campaign style (dispensing with the Vice-Presidential limousine and driving trucks and mixing it up with the people), and even a new costume. (Like Gephardt when he was in trouble in Iowa, Bush donned a down jacket. When he hit Texas, Bush sported Western gear.) The new speech was a reflective one that is uncharacteristic of Bush: "Let me tell you, don't take that private side of me for lack of passion and lack of conviction. . . . I don't always articulate but I always do feel." It was also discomfiting. We usually prefer that our leaders do their soul-searching in private. And an ability to articulate things is a pretty basic requirement of leadership. In giving the speech very deliberately, Bush got away from his more frenetic campaign style—where he speaks faster and his voice is higher and his thoughts are jumbled and sentences are nonexistent—which had been on display earlier in the week. (In a perhaps unintentional parody of a line Dole used in Iowa, Bush, who was born in Massachusetts and raised in Connecticut and has a house in Maine, told New Hampshirites shortly after he arrived back in their state, "I'm one of you." Bush uses a hotel suite in Houston to give him a Texas voting address.) Sometimes Bush was downright embarrassing: At another point, he said, "I'd like to see us open up that Alaska refuge, and that's important, because it was said once, remember, when they built the pipeline, 'Don't build the pipeline, you get rid of the caribou.' The caribou love it. They rub up against it and they have babies. There are more caribou in Alaska than you can shake a stick at."



A longtime associate says that Bush is excitable under pressure, prone to braggadocio and saying the wrong thing; at times, when he should most show command, he comes across as weak (and thus perpetuates the "wimp" image that bedevils him). He often seems tone-deaf. Now we have two Bushes: the awkward, frenetic, nasal Bush, and the Bush who squares his shoulders and speaks with painstaking slowness. This will require a lot of management if he's President. But, through making the adjustments, by appealing to his natural constituency in New Hampshire (he had been about twenty points ahead of Dole there before the Iowa caucuses), and by continuing to ally himself with Reagan (who is far more popular in New Hampshire than in Iowa), Bush arrested the downward slide he had taken in the first few days after Iowa and defeated Dole by nine points. He was also helped by the strong organization of New Hampshire's governor, John Sununu, and probably by last-minute negative advertising against Dole—some of which was misleading. And Dole coöperated.

The Bush camp's efforts in Iowa to poke a stick at Dole were less rewarding but nonetheless disturbing—particularly because of Bush's unwillingness to take responsibility for them. We've just been through something along those lines. For weeks, the Bush people had encouraged the press to point out Dole's current wealth—in light of Dole's poor-boy-from-Kansas routine ("I'm one of you"); it encouraged stories about questionable dealings by a Dole associate in Elizabeth Dole's blind trust. The associate was dismissed, but there was no evidence that the Doles were involved in these transactions. And shortly before the caucuses Bush's Iowa campaign chairman issued a press release charging Dole with a "record of cronyism" and a "history of mean-spiritedness" that "nearly single-handedly brought the Republican national ticket down to defeat" in 1976 (this is a very sensitive point with Dole). Nobody believed Bush's national campaign officials' denials that they had anything to do with this—while Bush was saying, "Frankly, I haven't read the whole statement on it. . . . I didn't know he was making this attack. I don't want to engage in negative campaigning." Dole reacted angrily—he even stagily confronted Bush on the Senate floor—but not so angrily as to do himself in; and the Bush people were seen by many Iowans as having gone too far. (Bush publicly apologized to Elizabeth Dole.) Then Bush's campaign released eight pages of what it said were "mean" things Dole had said about Bush; most of it was pretty tame stuff. And all of this was supposedly about who should hold the highest office in the land.

Bush attributed his New Hampshire victory in part to "my spelling out the issues more clearly than I have before," but this wasn't much of a claim. (In Iowa, he had said little more than that he wanted to be "an education President.") His campaign having caught on to some political weaknesses in a budget proposal Dole had made, Bush, who had until then been noncommittal about what he would do about the deficit, announced that he favored a "flexible freeze"—which sounds self-contradictory, but, as Bush explained it (somewhat murkily), the proposal was to freeze total spending but change allocations for programs (for example, increase spending for education and AIDS). In essence, that's what the budget compromise reached by Congress and the President last year did. Bush explained his proposal further in a debate last week in Texas with Kemp. (Dole and Robertson—probably not coincidentally—stayed away. Dole charged that the debate, being held in Dallas, would amount to "a George Bush pep rally.") Bush said that his proposed freeze (with allowances for inflation) would, given a certain growth rate, lead to a balanced budget in four years. But the budget submitted by Reagan recently was, like Bush's, a freeze-plus-inflation proposal, and, after assuming an even higher rate of growth than Bush does (and thus higher revenues), still showed a considerable deficit (at least fifty billion dollars) at the end of four years. Dole, acting on his own as usual (he still tries to run his own campaign), had already proposed at first a simple, across-the-board freeze for three years (with exceptions for programs for low-income people)—and then, when his advisers came to the horrible realization that this had him proposing to freeze Social Security benefits for three years, he regrouped and talked about a freeze that would allow a two-per-cent increase in certain spending, including Social Security. (His proposal contemplated no increase in taxes.) This still would amount to a reduction in Social Security increases contemplated by law—and Bush pounced, saying that Dole would cut Social Security benefits. Bush also called Dole's proposal "a cop-out" and a product of a congressional way of thinking—which it was, but it would make substantial budget cuts (more than Bush's plan would), and may be the only way to do it, and Bush's proposal was less definitive and brave. Bush, in his speeches and his ads, also said that Dole would probably raise taxes, but his plan does not contemplate that; Bush himself had pledged not to raise taxes, "period;" but he has wavered, too.



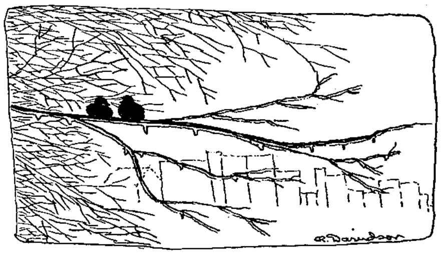
The tax issue may matter more in New Hampshire—which has no state income or sales tax—than anywhere. Dole, who had started out his campaign saying that the American people must take their "bitter medicine" (but was moved off that by his advisers), has carefully said that he would not increase "tax rates"—meaning individual and corporate tax rates, but leaving other possibilities open. Both Bush himself and one of his ads also said that Dole would impose an oil-import fee—which Dole angrily denied; Dole had said he would consider such a fee under certain limited circumstances. (New Hampshire depends on imported oil for heating homes.) These charges are what lay behind Dole's snapping to Bush on primary night on NBC, "Stop lying about my record." Kemp, for his part, attacked both Bush and Dole as tax-increasers. Beyond that, Bush and Dole spat over who was more of a leader. A true leader, of course, doesn't have to assert he is one.

Dole's campaign style had improved by the time of the Iowa caucuses—he had become more articulate and effective. His talking about the war wound that left his right hand crippled and about his background as a poor boy seemed to reach his audiences. (At times the bitterness showed: "Nobody gave me anything.") Then, he seemed to have gained confidence from the victory in Iowa—and to have needed an affirmation of his candidacy. (His previous Presidential effort, in 1980, had gone anything but well.) But he isn't consistent—and he is dogged by the fact that his quick and often lacerating wit is sometimes taken for flipness, or even meanness. His problem is that his dark and angry side—which senators who have disagreed with him in floor debate, and his own employees, have experienced—can be neither contained nor compartmentalized. It was clear that his loss in New Hampshire devastated him. Dole's lashing out, on national television, at that moment—however justified—has, with the encouragement of the Bush camp, gone down as a defining event. It may have been understandable, given the Bush campaign's tactics, but he should have known it wouldn't go over well—and Presidents have to exercise self-control. His frustration at losing was also understandable: had he defeated Bush in New Hampshire, Bush would have been in very poor shape. Thus, Dole watched a potential nomination slide away from his grasp. Characteristically, he blamed his staff—a number of mistakes had been made, including some by Dole. (And the quality of staff a candidate picks is one fair measurement of his quality as a leader. The current chaos in Dole's campaign—there was another shakeup today—gives one pause.) Following his New Hampshire defeat, Dole was in a foul mood and off his feed, and he cancelled some of his campaigning as well as his appearance in the Texas debate. His victories this week in Minnesota and South Dakota (Bush didn't contest either state) gave him something of a lift, but he is in for heavy weather in the South.

THE effects of the Iran-Contra affair on Bush's prospects for the nomination are difficult to determine, and aren't separable from other questions about him. In fact, the Iran-Contra affair raises those same questions: about judgment, about strength. The Bush people say that in terms of the nomination contest Bush will not be hurt by the Iran-Contra affair in states where Reagan is popular—that in those states, and especially in the Southern states, his loyalty to Reagan will be seen as a plus. But while that may be true, it is clear they would prefer not to have the Iran-Contra albatross around their candidate's neck. The way Bush has handled the matter may be even more of a problem than his role—or lack of one—in it. He offers explanations that are obviously open to challenge or are contradictory. For example, in his famous interview with Dan Rather, on January 25th, he said that he "went along with" the arms-for-hostages trade because he wanted to rescue William Buckley, the C.I.A. Beirut station chief who had been taken captive and was being tortured by his captors. (In fact, four out of the six arms sales were made after the Administration learned that Buckley had died.) But in the same interview he also said that he did not know that arms were being exchanged for hostages until December, 1986, when David Durenberger, Republican of Minnesota and then chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, briefed him. Aside from being contradictory, this last point is bizarre: the world knew about the arms-for-hostages dealings by mid-November, when the Administration couldn't contain it any longer. (The story had broken earlier that month.) And we know that quite a large number of members of the Administration had known about the dealings. To be frank about it, Bush's handling of the matter raises a question about the level of his intelligence. A number of people wonder why he didn't just say that he had supported the President, and maybe some mistakes were made, but the President wanted to take a risk in order to rescue American hostages. A Bush adviser has told me that Bush did not consult any of his political advisers before putting in his campaign autobiography the statement that he might have raised more objections if he had known that George Shultz and Caspar Weinberger had been strongly opposed—another statement that left him open to challenge. Though the Bush people insisted that the encounter with Rather had helped Bush, it was clear that even they weren't so sure. Bush came across as whiny and not Vice-Presidential, and even though Rather crossed the line and hectored him, and though CBS had been less than forthcoming about the nature and circumstances of the interview, Bush still had to live with the lasting impression he had made. He didn't help himself the next day by engaging in his silly talk that is supposed to make him appear macho but does the reverse. ("It's Tension City when you're in there," and "I need combat pay for last night, I'll tell you.") Poll after poll shows that the majority of the public doesn't believe that Bush has come clean on the Iran-Contra affair, and though Dole has to be careful about raising the issue, for fear of alienating Reagan supporters, the Democrats are not likely to show such compunctions next fall.

ROBERTSON'S success in the early caucus states—Iowa, where he was second, and before that Hawaii, where he came in first (though hardly anyone noticed)—should not have been a surprise. Robertson also came in second in Minnesota and South Dakota. (Amid extended brawling, Michigan, where the Republicans held a state convention in late January, ended up with one delegation that will be for Bush—thus sparing Bush another humiliation—and one for Robertson, who challenged the legitimacy of the official convention, and the long-running fight over Michigan may well continue into the National Convention.) Anyone who watched the Iowa Republican Party's fund-raiser last September and saw the fervor and organizing power of Robertson's followers—who gave him a victory in the straw poll there—could have seen that this was a force to be taken seriously. A number of people began to predict as of then that Robertson might come in second in Iowa. But since his doing so came as a surprise to many, he suddenly received a great deal of attention. Though Robertson found the ground cold in New Hampshire, where there are few evangelicals, and where he tried for right-wing Republican support and wound up fifth, and last, he is expected to do well in the South, where he has more of a natural constituency.

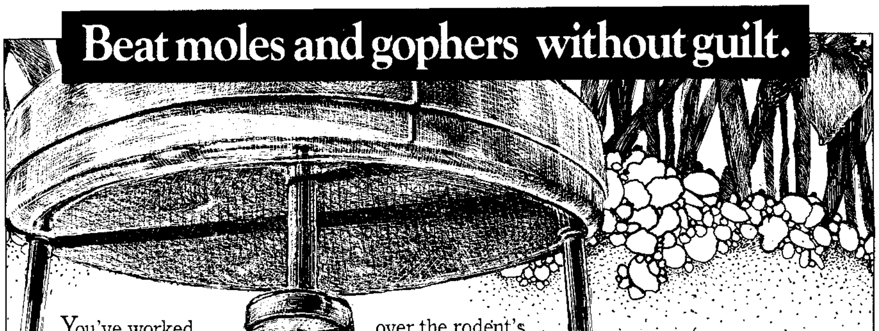
Robertson's effort to present himself as a businessman and a "religious broadcaster" is an attempt to have it both ways (he objected when Tom Brokaw introduced him as a "former television evangelist," and accused Brokaw of "religious bigotry"), and he likens his situation to that of John F. Kennedy, who had to overcome the misgivings of some about putting a Catholic in the White House—but, of course, there is little similarity between the two situations. Kennedy ran as a secular candidate, while Robertson's religious beliefs and experience as a television minister are at the core of his candidacy. While he has given up his ministry for the Presidential campaign, he has a built-in constituency among the nearly nine million households reached by his "The 700 Club" on his own Christian Broadcasting Network—and his CBN network helped him raise over sixteen million dollars for his campaign. He would prefer that people forget about some of his more perfervid or controversial past pronouncements: he has said that only devout Christians and Jews should be allowed to serve in government, and news programs have dredged up an old tape of Robertson working an audience into a frenzy while he told them that someone was at that moment being cured of a hernia and another one of hemorrhoids. And he recently affirmed his belief that he had prayed Hurricane Gloria out to sea. Moreover, what with the burgeoning sex and financial scandals, this hasn't been a good period for television evangelists. Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker, who not long ago had to relinquish their P.T.L. ministry and many of their splendiferous earthly goods because of scandals over finances and Jim Bakker's sexual wandering, used to work with Robertson. And now Jimmy Swaggart (who had turned Jim Bakker in) is in trouble over sex. Robertson has suggested that the Bush campaign was behind the exposing of Swaggart, in order to embarrass him, but he offered no proof.



Robertson's success thus far has led many analysts to treat him with a certain solemnity, and while many of the issues he is raising are to be taken seriously there is also a part of Robertson that is, to be plain about it, a kook. He drew fire even from the other candidates (who usually treat him solicitously, because of his following) for suggesting, in a debate in New Hampshire, that the Soviet Union had stored SS-4 and SS-5 missiles in Cuba (in caves), in violation of the agreement reached by Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev following the Cuban missile crisis, in 1962. Pressed on this later, Robertson retreated to saying that he had been told this by a member of the Foreign Relations Committee's staff who works for Jesse Helms—and then that no one had proved that the Russians *hadn't* stored missiles in Cuba. Though he attributed his last-place showing in New Hampshire to the fact that the voters there "might not like what I said about the Cuban missiles," he repeated the charge to a receptive audience of Cuban-Americans in Miami Beach. And now he has said that his CBN had located the whereabouts of hostages taken in Lebanon in 1985—which a CBN employee denied. The charges about Cuban missiles and the hostages were examples of what reporters travelling with Robertson call his "funny facts"—statements for which he offers no proof. Another example was Robertson's saying he knew of a man who gave his wife AIDS by kissing her. Robertson's candidacy threatens the pluralism that is critical to holding our society together, but that doesn't seem to worry him. He is shrewd and clever, and is clearly going to be a factor in this election. He draws on less affluent and blue-collar voters who either used to be or would have been Democrats—he attracts a lot of young voters with children—and while Republican leaders pronounce themselves delighted that Robertson is bringing new people into the political process (and the other Republican candidates treat him gently for fear of alienating his followers), they know that his presence in the race is not without risk to the Party in November.

It was no surprise that Pierre du Pont pulled out of the race two days after the New Hampshire primary; his candidacy had never found traction, and he had come in fifth in Iowa and fourth in New Hampshire. Alexander Haig's pulling out shortly before the New Hampshire primary and throwing his possibly nonexistent support to Dole didn't seem to help Dole much, but it allowed Haig to get in one last shot at Bush, whom he clearly doesn't like. (The Dole people had hoped that at least the coverage of Haig's farewell press conference—on a day when little else was happening in New Hampshire, because of a snowstorm—would be helpful.) Haig had some real knowledge in certain fields, particularly some foreign-policy questions, and brought some real humor to the campaign—showing an admirable gift for self-mockery.

We're still a long way from choosing our next President, and in the midst of a mysterious process. If it seems that we are in the grip of events that are beyond our control, and of a process that's not rational, it's because we are. —Elizabeth Drew



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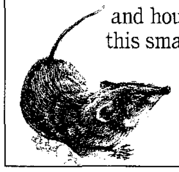

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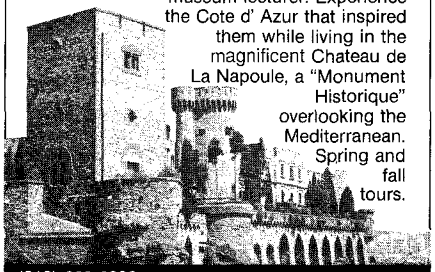

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Dream Enactments

HENRY PURCELL's largest dramatic pieces, often called semi-operas—"Dioclesian," "King Arthur," and "The Fairy-Queen"—were composed for the combined resources of an acting company, an opera company, and a dance troupe. As a result, they are seldom performed—and never, so far as I know, except in arrangements of various kinds. Today, perhaps only a large arts school whose opera, instrument, drama, and dance divisions are prepared to work in harmonious consort—a school, moreover, with a well-equipped theatre and a generous scenic budget—could begin to do justice to dramas so encyclopedic. Perhaps one day the Juilliard, or Bloomington, Indiana, or Oberlin will assemble its best actors, singers, players, and dancers on a single stage to present a memorable Purcell performance. The works do not fit the routine of regular opera companies: actors can be engaged, but most modern opera houses are too big for spoken drama. They are long: the duration of an uncut "Fairy-Queen" has been variously estimated as four, six, even seven hours. Besides the practical difficulties, there is a not unfounded aesthetic objection to the genre itself: a form of drama in which music, singing, and spectacle are important—the most important—elements but in which the principal personages do not sing. Dryden, the librettist of "King Arthur," defined the hybrid genre:

> A Tragedy mix'd with *Opera;* or a *Drama* Written in blank Verse, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, Songs and Dances: So that the Fable of it is all spoken and acted by the best of the Comedians; the other part of the entertainment to be perform'd by . . . Singers and Dancers. . . . It cannot properly be call'd a Play, because the action of it, is suppos'd to be conducted sometimes by supernatural means, or Magick; nor an *Opera* because the Story of it is not sung.

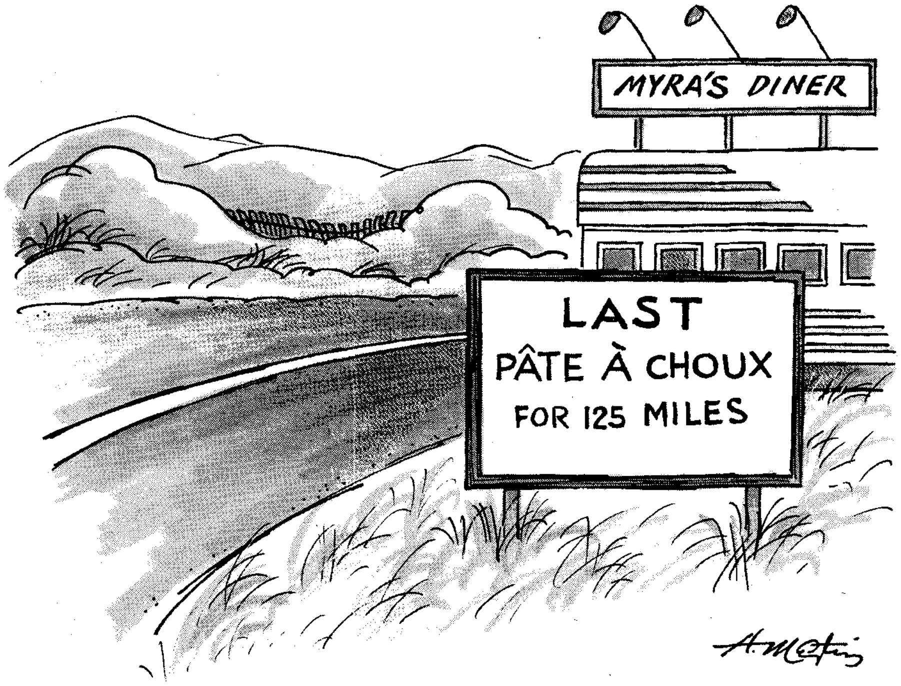
Gustav Holst, in 1927, denounced Purcell's failure to follow "Dido and Aeneas" with more real operas as a crime for which the composer had been insufficiently blamed. In fact, there has been plenty of blame, mingled with regret that Purcell died young, aged only thirty-six. Recent writers have come to Purcell's defense. His biographer Jack Westrup, in a preface to Robert Etheridge Moore's "Henry Purcell and the Restoration Theatre" (1961), wrote: "Regret is sometimes expressed that Purcell did not live to play a part in establishing English opera on the Italian model. Such regret is understandable but hardly profitable. It is more useful to study what he has actually left us." Mr. Moore did that. Curtis Price, in his "Henry Purcell and the London Stage" (Cambridge, 1984), went further:

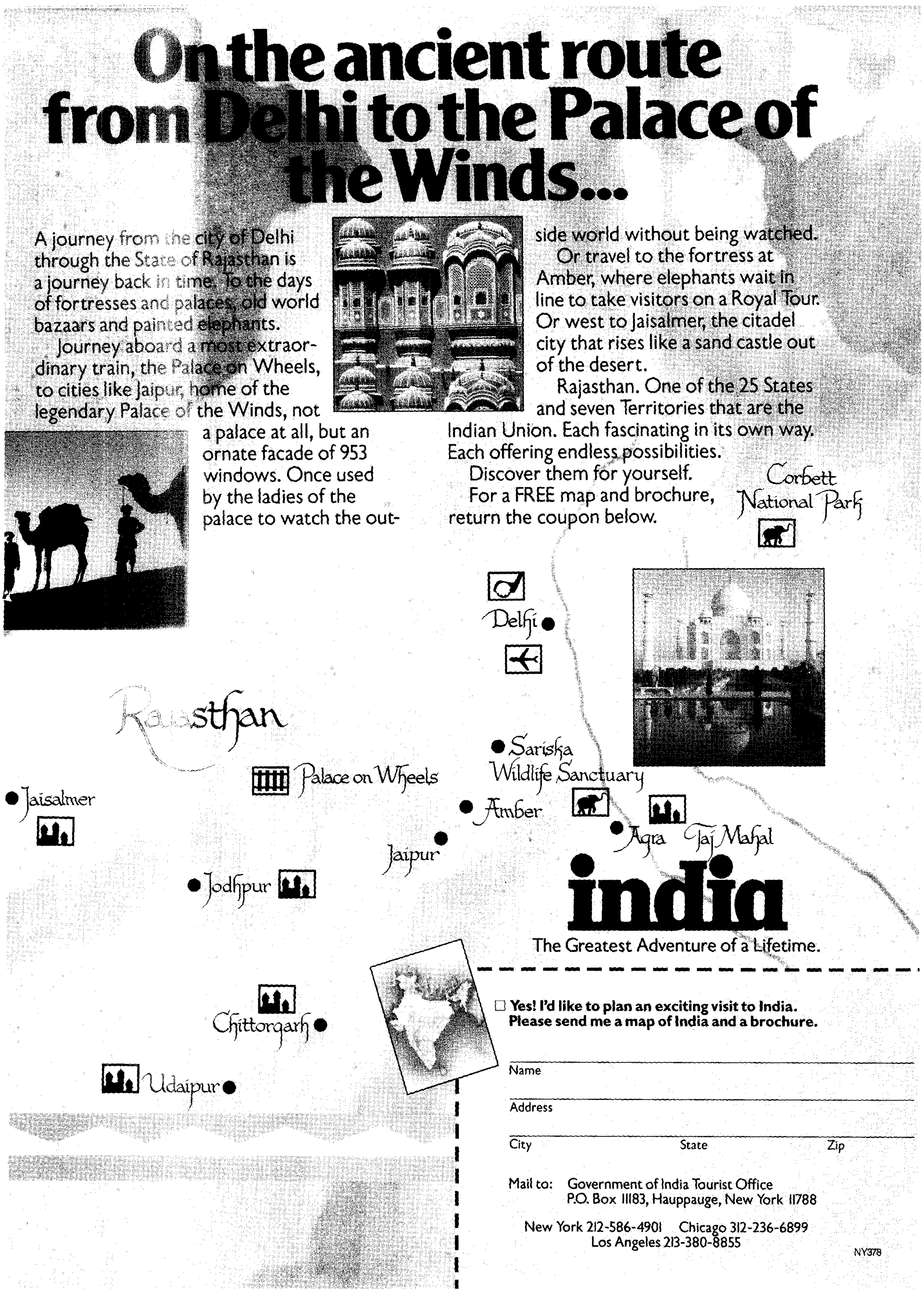
> This traditional view of Purcell's "unlucky" role in the non-development of English opera does him a great disservice. To understand his theatre music one must begin by questioning the assumption that opera in the Italian style is the apex of music drama and that those hybrids which mix song and speech are necessarily inferior.

Purcell and his contemporaries "did not deem the native semi-opera an imperfect form to be improved by adopting continental practices."

"King Arthur" was planned from the start for the mixed medium. "Dioclesian" is Massinger and Fletcher's play "The Prophetess" with episodes for music tipped in by the theatre manager Thomas Betterton; and "The Fairy-Queen" is Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" shortened—perhaps by Betterton—to about fourteen hundred lines and then lengthened by the addition of four masques. Three of them are summoned by Titania: a Masque of Night when she retires; a Masque of Love to celebrate her romance with Bottom; and a Masque of the Seasons when she is reunited with Oberon, the mazed world returns to order, and spring, summer, childing autumn, and angry winter resume their wonted liveries. The final masque is summoned by Oberon: a Masque of Hymen to entertain the mortals and display to Theseus, who has doubted the lovers' account of their night's enchantments, that this earth holds stranger things—the scene shifts to China—than are dreamed of in his philosophy. "The Fairy-Queen" was first performed in 1692. At a revival the following year, another musical episode—the teasing of a scurvy, drunken poet—was added, and two more songs were dropped into the masques.

The immortal part of "The Fairy-Queen" is Purcell's music. That the score represents a great dramatic composer at his most captivating, alluring, and inventive is correctly received opinion. The work as a whole is hardly an improvement on Shakespeare. Verdi's "Otello" is hardly an "improvement" on Shakespeare's "Othello;" rather, it is a different, closely related drama, in a different medium—and one deserving of performance. Since modern circumstances all but preclude a full performance of "The Fairy-Queen," attempts to present at least its immortal part are wel-

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come. They take the form of concert versions, recordings (John Eliot Gardiner's, on Archiv, is good), and various inscenations in which the speeches are abridged. The present Covent Garden company's inaugural production, in 1946, was a "Fairy-Queen" in which the fledgling opera company, Sadler's Wells Ballet dancers, and a cast of actors joined forces; Constant Lambert arranged the piece, excising the mortal lovers. Elizabeth II's silver jubilee, in 1977, was celebrated at Sadler's Wells by a "Fairy-Queen" arranged by Colin Graham for his English Music Theatre troupe—singers also able to speak, act, and move. At least one critic complained of "too much speech." A balance between enough Shakespeare to provide a context for the masques and so much as to suggest a maimed and mutilated "Midsummer Night's Dream" is hard to find. (I thought that Mr. Graham's 1970 "King Arthur"—in which singing roles, augmented by other Purcell music, were created for the principals—weakened Purcell's and Dryden's structures. Mr. Price thought so, too; his misgivings were the starting point for his challenging book.) In the absence of balanced, full-scale presentations, I have preferred bold reworkings that left the musical sequences intact. The latest production of "The Fairy-Queen," put on last month by the Pennsylvania Opera Theatre, in Philadelphia, contained almost no speech. There was just one actor, as Oberon, and he had only a few lines. Theseus, Puck, one pair of lovers, and the hempen homespuns were eliminated. (The Drunken Poet acquired the ass's head and Titania's embrace.) Purcell's music was given virtually uncut, sung by Titania and her fairies, by Hermia (who had the famous plaint "O let me weep") and Lysander, or by the Poet when it is not assigned to specific characters in the masques (Mopsa and Coridon, Phoebus, Juno, Hymen).

The original stage directions describe a crescendo of spectacle. In the second masque, which is set beside a woodland river, swans swim forward from a great distance, pass beneath a bridge formed by two great dragons, and, when they land, are transformed into dancing fairies. For the Masque of the Seasons:

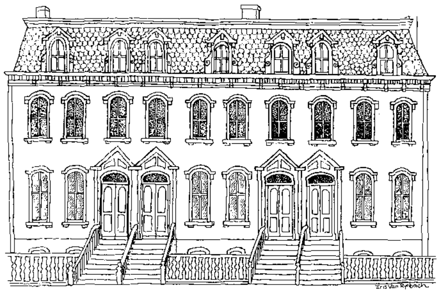
> The Scene changes to a Garden of Fountains. A Sonata plays while the Sun rises, it appears red through the Mist, as it ascends it dissipates the Vapours, and is seen in its full Lustre; then the Scene is perfectly discovered, the Fountains enrich'd with gilding, and adorn'd with Statues: The view is terminated by a Walk of Cypress Trees which lead to a delightful Bower. Before the Trees stand rows of Marble Columns, which support many Walks which rise by Stairs to the top of the House; the Stairs are adorn'd with Figures on Pedestals, and Rails; and Balasters on each side of 'em. Near the top, vast Quantities of Water break out of the Hills, and fall in mighty Cascade's to the bottom of the Scene, to feed the Fountains which are on each side. In the middle of the Stage is a very large Fountain, where the Water rises about twelve Foot. . . . A Machine appears, the Clouds break from before it, and *Phoebus* appears in a Chariot drawn by four Horses.

The final transformation, to a Chinese Garden of Eden, is even more elaborate.

Barbara Silverstein and Ron Peluso, the music director and the stage director of the Philadelphia show, wrote in a program note of having "taken the shapes and forms of 'Fairy Queen' and the Baroque era and filtered them through our own modern vision." The lissome young performers were dressed, by Grey Sachs, and coiffed and glitter-painted, by Denise O'Brien, to resemble members of a cool, elegant pop group—or younger brothers and sisters of the Kronos Quartet. The setting, by Allen Moyer, depended on a portable, well-devised climbing frame, variously decked with grouped bodies and, for Titania's forest snuggery, colored stuffs. The production—like most "Dream"s after Peter Brook's—had acrobatic touches; the choreography was by Terry Beck. Phoebus' horse-drawn chariot and Juno's peacock-drawn car duly sailed in on high. The transformations were effected not after the book but with large, simple strokes that mirrored the new emotions introduced by each masque. At the morning lark, the dusky viridescence of the forest background and wings yielded to white day. There was admirable lighting, by Clifton Taylor. Everyone had a costume change, into smart whites, for the final celebration.

This was a "modern" production always fresh and attractive to look at and also, more important, sensitive to the music: to lilting dance numbers one can hardly hear without wanting to move; to vocal gestures or harmonic shifts in which physical gestures are implicit; to the exuberant joyousness of some pieces (as when all the songsters of the sky are summoned, echoes resound, and warbling voices join) and the grandeur, the mystery, and the awe in others. Nor were the darker, dissonant notes neglected. The Masque of Night ends with a disquieting Dance for the Followers of Night, a double canon, which Mr. Price called "arguably the most bizarre piece Purcell ever wrote," on the verge of musical unintelligibility. The composer seems to warn the sleepers, both Titania and the mortals, that they will pass through nightmares—bestial lust, betrayals, Hermia and Helena's terrifying release of stored-up best-friend resentments—before finding a new equilibrium. Oberon watches the results of his tangled experiments; the player of Oberon, Keith Alexander, fell into poses of menace and malice which made one at least consider, though perhaps not endorse, Mr. Price's belief "that Purcell viewed the impending weddings and especially the fairy monarchs' rocky marriage with virulent cynicism."

I must not overpraise the show. Little of the singing was truly accomplished. Some of it was tight and shrill—not light and natural—and some was incompetent. There was too little feeling for our language. (Mystery's song "I am come to lock all fast" began not with three beautifully distinct vowels but as "Ah ahm cahm.") The playing of the little orchestra—trumpets and drums, recorders, oboes, bassoon, strings, and harpsichord—was deft. A zestful response to the music and its varied marvels was ever apparent, and so this "Fairy-Queen"—which was played in the attractive, well-designed, five-hundred-seat modern theatre of the Port of History Museum, beside the Delaware—stirred both the senses and the spirit.



BERLIOZ'S "Béatrice et Bénédict" is another semi-opera whose performers must be adepts at both speaking and singing. In effect, it is Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" shortened (and maimed) by the omission of the dark Hero-Claudio subplot and expanded by the tipping in of fourteen musical numbers; the Fable of it is, for the most part, spoken. Alternatively, "Béatrice" can be regarded as a scenic cantata, spun on a thread of Shakespeare, which hymns young love in music now tender, now merry, and always beautiful. The emotional climax is the duo-nocturne "Nuit paisible et sereine," sung by Hero and the waiting-gentlewoman Ursula—secondary characters in this drama—which inhabits the world of Susanna's "Deh vieni," the "Così" serenade, and the trio in "Le Comte Ory." Berlioz called his piece "a caprice written with the point of a needle" and "one of the liveliest and most original things I have done," and said it was difficult to perform well. Apart from a bewitching presentation by the Opera Theatre of St. Louis, in 1983, I have seen it only at universities or music schools: in London, Princeton, Stony Brook, and, last month, at the Juilliard.

The Juilliard performance, done in English, was not happy. The singers—I heard the first of two casts—did not speak well or move well; they should have been assigned to the school's drama division for a spell and been allowed to add the music only after they had proved themselves passable performers of "Much Ado." They did not sing particularly well, either. Jack Eddleman's staging was coarse. Franco Colavecchia's setting suggested Miami more than Messina. Jorge Mester's conducting lacked refinement. However, the artists must have wondered whether there would have been any point in trying to perform stylishly to an audience that wiped out the close of the duo-nocturne by premature applause.

THE model for Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" was the "Venus and Adonis" of John Blow, Purcell's master. His piece is subtitled "A Masque for the Entertainment of the King;" Charles II's mistress Moll Davies played Venus, and their daughter, Lady Mary Tudor, played Cupid. It is a miniature opera, in a prologue and three acts, that lasts less than an hour: a love scene followed by a sprightly hunt; a playful, charming interlude in which Cupid teaches a class of little cupids to spell; the death of Adonis, with Venus in poignant, chromatic lament. The piece seems performer-proof, yet it was dulled in a Mannes Camerata presentation, at the Mannes College of Music, in January. Joy Blackett, a mature, somewhat murky mezzo, with unclear words, was miscast as Venus (a role once memorably recorded by Margaret Ritchie, a clear, pure soprano). The musical direction, by Dongsok Shin, was not lively. From Paul Echols, the director of the Camerata, who has brought to life musical dramas from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries with unfailing theatrical flair, this was an unaccountably drab event.

MORE than any other composer, perhaps, Meyerbeer is dependent on what performers make of him. It is not just a matter of décor, of "effects without causes" (Wagner's phrase for the electric sunrise in "Le Prophète"). My first "Prophète" was done by a band of near-amateur enthusiasts in a small hall, with a small orchestra, a chorus of twenty, and little scenery; but there was no difficulty in discovering why the opera used to be valued so highly. Since then, I have attended several of the big attempts to restore Meyerbeer to the international repertory: Florence's "Robert le Diable," with Renata Scotto and Boris Christoff; the Scala's "Les Huguenots," with Joan Sutherland, Giulietta Simionato, and Franco Corelli; San Francisco's "L'Africaine," with Shirley Verrett and Placido Domingo; the Met's "Le Prophète," with James McCracken, Miss Scotto, and Marilyn Horne. My assessment of the composer veered between admiration of his ambition and thoroughness, and scorn for his meagre powers of musical invention. In New York last month, two concert performances of "Robert," five days apart, with different casts, produced different responses to the opera. Both performances were given by Eve Queler and her Opera Orchestra of New York, one at Hunter College and the other in Carnegie Hall.

The Hunter performance was sung by young artists with dramatic commitment to their roles. They met the composer's high challenges with zest and accomplishment and did not—except for moments at the start—push beyond their technical means into stridency, unsteadiness, and impurity. Blythe Walker, an attractive performer, was an Isabelle warm-toned, lyrical, and shining. Ruth Golden was an agile, precise Alice. Gregory Hopkins, the Robert, lacks romantic presence but has a fine tenor that rose smoothly to high D-flat. George Hogan was a commanding Bertram. Robert Guarino, the Raimbaut (Mario's role at Covent Garden), sang with grace. The opera proved headily exciting. As number followed number, one surrendered with enthusiasm to so skillfully deployed and various an array of effective devices.

Three of the Carnegie principals—Marilyn Mims (Isabelle), Frances Ginsberg (Alice), and Chris Merritt (Robert)—seemed concerned mainly with loud high notes, written or added. All three aimed at strenuous special effects—and sometimes achieved them—before having mastered such matters as even, agreeable tone, sure, smooth moves from note to note, and sensitive, stylish phrasing. Miss Mims made something of the score's best number, "Robert, toi que j'aime," but not as much as Miss Walker, with her more flowing, easily glowing approach, had done. Anthony Laciura was an incisive Raimbaut with the timbre of Trabuco. Only the Bertram, Samuel Ramey—he played the part in a 1985 Opéra production—excited admiration almost unqualified, as his majestic bass ranged the octaves of the role.

Miss Queler, it seemed to me, took fire from the dramatic excitement generated by the Hunter cast, to conduct a thrilling account of the opera. In Carnegie, she was apt to go along with singers intent more on their own prowess than on Meyerbeer's drama. "Robert" was heavily cut. In Carnegie it lasted only about four hours, including two intermissions, and at Hunter rather less: the Carnegie performance included the extra aria that Meyerbeer composed for Mario's Paris début, as Robert—not just the Prière found as an appendix in published scores but also, retrieved from the Opéra library, its (undistinguished) cabaletta. Only campuses—and the Met—it seems, can afford to do long operas unsnipped. The Florence "Robert" lost forty minutes between its dress rehearsal and its first performance, and twenty more during the run. But seven years ago the Opera Group of Nottingham University performed "Robert" nearly complete.

At the Hunter performance, Miss Queler, her singers, her *primo violino concertatore*, Christopher Lee, and the other players showed why Meyerbeer was sometimes proclaimed music's Michelangelo. In Carnegie, what Wagner called "the insipidness and affectation of the commonplace melodies" in "a shallow and exceedingly uninteresting composition" became apparent, too. —Andrew Porter

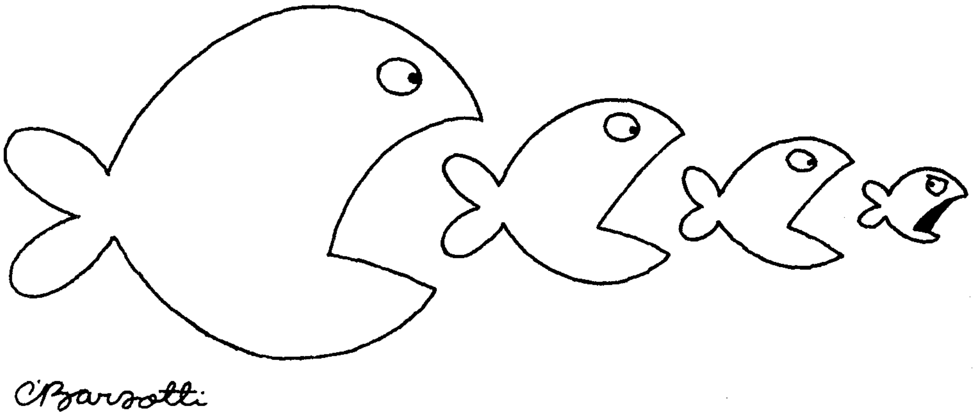
DANCING

Dimming the Lights

THE New York City Ballet season that closed last week was not lacking in drama. A great star whose career had ended returned in glory to a beloved role; a rising young dancer stepped out of the corps, took over a major role on short notice, and danced it like a ballerina; the leading young prima of the Bolshoi Ballet made guest appearances, mastered the musical intricacies of a Balanchine adagio, and surged to victory in "Symphony in C." None of these against-the-odds triumphs could have been predicted when the post-"Nutcracker" repertory season began. None were even scheduled to take place. Suzanne Farrell's return in January had been preceded, last November, by rumors that she would dance "La Sonnambula;" that didn't happen, and the long-hoped-for comeback performances were in doubt until she actually stepped onto the stage in "Vienna Waltzes." Margaret Tracey had danced a few prominent roles and was beginning to be spoken of as a ballerina candidate, but without a cancellation in "Square Dance" she might not have had a chance this season to show what she could do with a big Balanchine role. The new cultural climate in the Soviet Union allowed Nina Ananiashvili and Andris Liepa to apply for permission to stage "Apollo," which they had learned on videotape. They came to New York—another unheard-of freedom—to learn Balanchine style, and found themselves cast twice together in "Raymonda Variations" and twice separately in "Symphony in C." No one expected more of them than a polite, newsmaking effort; milestones of this sort are irrelevant if not actually impertinent to the way N.Y.C.B. conducts its affairs. And Liepa's performances were not in fact much more than politely enthusiastic. He learned a fair number of steps, a modicum of style, and firmly pushed away the rest, a dinner guest on a diet. Ananiashvili, though, attacked her roles, especially that of the second-movement ballerina in "Symphony in C," like a starved cat with a platter of crème fraîche. She danced every step, and did it as well as she could in the Balanchine style, giving herself over completely to a different tradition, a new aesthetic. I found her admirable, and I hadn't found much to admire in her performances here with the Bolshoi last summer. Beyond her evident gifts and the way Grigorovich underused them, there hadn't been much to see. But Ananiashvili is not the complacent Bolshoi beauty she seemed to be—she's a real artist in desperate need of stimulation.

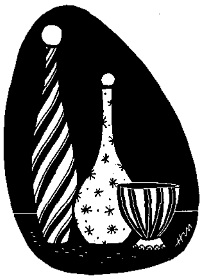
These revelations—Farrell, Tracey, Ananiashvili—are what the record-keepers will remember the season by. There were other great events: Kyra Nichols' return to "Allegro Brillante," her spectacular performance in "Diamonds," her continuing brilliance in "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Raymonda Variations," and other repertory roles; Maria Calegari's important débuts in "Chaconne" and the second movement of "Symphony in C," bringing to those ballets glamorous presence and illuminating style; Peter Boal's quietly elegant dancing and partnering of Tracey in "Square Dance," making him a likely Apollo; the apparently unending appeal of Patricia McBride's performing in her old roles—wild, willful, spotty, but always alive, powered (as it sometimes seemed) by nothing more than a rapturous love of dancing. It would be a rare N.Y.C.B. season that did not bring forth its quota of promising débuts and impressively sustained good performances in roles major and minor; I hope to mention more later. One measures seasonal progress by how closely related such gratifications appear to be to the ongoing work of the company: do they spring out of that ongoing work like flowers blooming from a carefully tended garden, or are they anomalies with no apparent logical connection to one another or to the things the company stands for?

Farrell's appearances were an undeniable thrill. But while it was wonderful to have her back, dancing in a way that confirmed her importance to the company and its lifeline of style, it is also true that her performances had no great bearing on the way the company is dancing now. They were significant to Farrell's career and its symbolism. In the same way, McBride's performances belonged only to McBride. What is broadly significant just now is the extent to which the younger generation—the last dancers who were developed by Balanchine and who now lead the company—has been able to assimilate and standardize the precedents that Farrell, McBride, and other great dancers contributed to the making of company style. Such standardization is necessary if there is to be new growth, and now, in Balanchine's absence, much depends on the creative intuition of the dancers who have inherited the repertory. Kyra Nichols' success in this regard was the mainstay of the winter season. Other principal women—first Merrill Ashley, then Calegari and Darci Kistler—succumbed to injury or indisposition. And while we could be grateful for Nichols' steadfastness we could also thank the string of cancellations and uncertainties that made possible Calegari's two big débuts, Tracey and Boal in "Square Dance," and such seldom seen spectacles as Nichols and Calegari together in "Brahms/Handel" and "Kammermusik." What is creative intuition without the freedom to exercise it? Nichols in "Diamonds"—the performance of the season—was a replacement. Were it not for an emergency, would we have seen it at all? More striking, even, than these events was the fact of their taking place by chance, against an increasingly blurred and grayish background of routine. The fortuitous or anoma-



"Damn it, the eighties are over!"

lous nature of nearly every good thing that happened this winter at N.Y.C.B. makes the entire season seem an anomaly in retrospect. For the first time since Balanchine's death, the company didn't appear to know how it got where it is, or where it was going.



The business of a ballet company is not to keep dancers busy dancing; it is to keep them in a right relation to the repertory, so that each generation serves as a model of style for the next. This is true even in companies that haven't as much at stake stylistically as N.Y.C.B. The strangeness of the casting during the past season was a subject of much comment among ballet regulars. Balanchine's own casting policy was amply recalled. Of course, Balanchine didn't really have a policy—he had judgment and taste, and he had an aesthetic. He never went in for the typecasting favored by other companies, and his creative anti-typecasting made us patient with his experiments. Often a square plug would be cast in a round hole in order to soften the edges; Balanchine would temporarily sacrifice a ballet to get a better dancer. Sometimes he would square the hole—make over a role for the lesser capacities of dancers he liked. And sometimes his choices were simply inscrutable. He would let an outrageous performance go on and on, until the only possible conclusion seemed to be that he didn't care, either for the ballet or for the dancer. (A more reasonable explanation is that he saw the problem in a complicated way and couldn't solve it by merely removing the dancer.) But nothing Balanchine did in his most perverse moments resulted in more than minor harm or passing self-contradiction. His casting was centered in values, consistently so; if you were shocked by his use of this or that dancer in certain roles, his next use of that dancer—or his principled nonuse—would usually clarify the situation. Assuming that the company is still operating on Balanchine's model, let us look at some of the more peculiar casting of the season:

Merrill Ashley in "Chaconne." The Balanchine who cast Ashley experimentally and, as it turned out, productively in "Swan Lake" and "Emeralds" and also in such Farrell roles as "Diamonds" and "Union Jack" might plausibly wonder what she is doing here. The sensuousness of the first pas de deux, the wit of the second one, and the rococo rounds of the variations are things Ashley converts into dry stylistic exercises. The simplicity of the choreography in the finale defeats her. Ashley was the first of the company's ballerinas to see that taking over a Farrell role successfully didn't mean imitating Farrell, or even developing a different "interpretation" —it meant listening to the music. But here Balanchine's musical impulses as expressed through Farrell have reached their end point of ineffability. The forthright power of Ashley can do nothing with them. She is right, though, to have insisted on making the experiment. Current casting tends to relegate dancers to blandly suitable roles. Ashley gets the "steppy" ones—"Gounod Symphony," "Concerto Barocco," "Kammermusik." And she responds appropriately. But any dancer of mettle longs to be liberated from appropriate response.

Maria Calegari in "Suite No. 3" (Élégie) and "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir." Two "appropriate" roles, and minor ones at that. Calegari is the great romantic ballerina of her generation, with potentially the broadest range, but her career remains uneasily suspended between soloist and ballerina roles. I thought she gave an uncharacteristically distracted performance in "Liebeslieder Walzer," but that could have been from the strain of her hastily scheduled début in "Chaconne," which she danced the same night. And by then she was having bad luck. A new conductor had ruined her first "Agon" of the season (she was dancing the pas-de-deux role, for a change); then Otto Neubert, her partner, nearly ruined her début in the second movement of "Symphony in C." She made a fine showing despite Neubert and the fact that she'd been dancing off form since "The Nutcracker." She was even more persuasive in "Chaconne," but it was the last "Chaconne" of the season. Any débutante in a role of this magnitude deserves a sequel. And the role deserves Calegari performing from strength.

Otto Neubert in "Symphony in C," "Concerto Barocco," "Walpurgisnacht," "Emeralds." David Otto in "Emeralds" and "The Nutcracker." Current casting policy calls for leaving dancers in roles forever whether they are successful or not. And there is apparently a clause called "Politique des cavaliers" (subclause "des Ottos"), which holds that men who can't be soloists must be made to partner even though they aren't *good* partners. Neubert has made life perilous for every ballerina in the company, and like David Otto he remains obstinately detached while he partners, a man made of wood. The Balanchine cavalier does more than walk a woman through her part. He must know her moves as well as or better than she knows them herself, and must place himself intelligently and imaginatively as well as functionally at her service. The whole man participates; in the course of a single pas de deux (see "Agon") or a single ballet (see "Emeralds"), he can be anything from dream lover to sexual counsellor to wise and forbearing friend. The ballet stage is like real life: girls grow up more quickly than boys and have to wait for partners to mature. The problem is exacerbated by the complexity of Balanchine's partnering roles, which he was creating right up to the end; and when you add in the loss over the past five years of the men who used to dance those roles—Peter Martins, Helgi Tomasson, Joseph Duell, Jacques and Christopher d'Amboise, and now Sean Lavery—you get a state of chronic emergency. To fill the void, experienced young men are regularly brought in from distant parts and put through fiery baptisms ("The Nutcracker" or "Theme and Variations" as a rule) while company cadets slowly, slowly grow up. One reason for the delay may be that straight partnering roles are disdained; they fall by default to the lunks. But, whether he dances or not, the male partner in Balanchine must have unusual finesse. Lindsay Fischer, the latest young import, is more responsive—he's plastic wood. And perhaps there is hope for Neubert, since he brought Ananiashvili through "Symphony in C." Adam Lüders, currently the partner of choice, looked overworked and underpowered nearly every time I saw him this season. It would be dramatic to say that he has sacrificed his dancing to his partnering, but that, alas, is not the case.

Lauren Hauser in "Rubies." The soloist role was made on a tall, longlimbed, high-tension dancer, Patricia Neary, and it is all lines and angles. Hauser is so thoroughly miscast—physically, technically, and temperamentally—that it is hard to see how the experience could be of any use to her. Her exit “line” consisting of flat-foot penchées, not easy to perform, was once eliminated by Balanchine for Karin von Aroldingen, and might well have been eliminated again—Hauser can’t do the penchées, either. Except for Nichols’ resplendent “Diamonds,” it was a bad year for “Jewels.” “Emeralds,” a floating island, receded into obscurity, and “Rubies” finally collapsed. Ib Andersen has loosened up a lot since he first took the Villella role, but his elfin charm seems ground under by the ballet’s velocity and force. McBride’s worst imprecisions occurred in “Rubies.” She kept things large and lively, though; you could see the sense of the choreography—something you couldn’t do in the performance of her alternate.

Heather Watts in “Rubies,” “Agon,” “Stravinsky Violin Concerto,” “Bugaku.” Watts performs all these mostly Stravinsky roles as if they were forerunners of “Ecstatic Orange.” Until Peter Martins gave her a hit in this modishly brutal pop-style piece, it was possible to see Watts more or less as she seemed to see herself: loyal, hardworking, unfairly maligned (because of her close longtime friendship with Martins). If she wasn’t the most interesting dancer in the company, she wasn’t a threat, either. Even after Martins made her a star with his Stravinsky-piano-concerto ballet, in 1982, she could still dance with responsibility and taste, if not much scope or allure, and since she was dancing a lot of Balanchine parts one waited to see what she would do with them. Watts is just the kind of smart nervy dancer who can be so affecting when touched with divinity in Balanchine’s ballets. But I waited in vain for the tongue of flame to descend upon the head of Heather Watts. What she began doing with her Balanchine roles was leaving out steps, simplifying what she couldn’t put over. Then she began “interpreting” the ballets, usually according to some sexy stereotype or other. Soon she was a mannered, facile “star,” no longer just a limited dancer in beyond her depth. And the significance of this is precisely that it imperils the all-important process of assimilation and standardization which is in its most critical phase right now.

As the winter season showed, Watts performs so many roles so often that she has been able to effect what amounts to a wholesale change in the repertory, reducing the roles to suit her qualifications. “Rubies” and “Agon” are complex and delicate creations that Watts has made over into glib personal vehicles. When, as sometimes happens, another dancer performs “Agon”—Calegari or Stephanie Saland—you can still see the shrunken shape and coarse texture that Watts has given it. Watts used to be rather good in “Rubies,” back in the days when she was dancing it with Baryshnikov, though she never suggested the showgirl innocence that McBride did and still does. Now she brings to it an insolence, a cheesiness worthy of the Paris Opéra or Béjart. Even “Bugaku,” which might well have been a Balanchine gift to the Opéra or to Béjart, is drained of its fragile vagrant ironies and made to sell a fanged feminist message. Watts’ nerviness doesn’t really extend to her dancing. She’s good at sniffing out the subtext of a ballet and brandishing “meanings” in place of an honest dance performance. In “Voices of Spring” (in “Vienna Waltzes”), the moment of angst when she repeats pas couru, dragging one foot and covering her eyes, is absurd, especially compared with the utterly weightless emotion McBride gives it. (The gesture is no more angst-ridden than similar movements in other McBride roles—“Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet” and “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.”) In “Bugaku,” Watts uses the hyperextended joints that got her this Allegra Kent role to suggest that the geisha’s contortions are a metaphor for sexual subjugation. In Kent’s performance, extreme hyperextension was a comment on and a further source of her extreme delectability of movement. One wouldn’t expect the same effect of Watts, but one might have hoped for a version that wasn’t so insistently reductive of the tensions inherent in the role. With Watts, you “read” the ballet in terms of one earnestly titillating metaphor. It’s persuasive in its simple-minded, point-scoring way—so much so that no newcomer I talk to believes Balanchine’s ballet could ever have been any different. Ironically, the subtleties that have been drained away made it a more powerfully feminist as well as a more powerfully erotic work.

d. ehrenberg

And then there was “Stravinsky Violin Concerto,” in the worst shape I have ever seen it, with Watts and Lourdes Lopez and Jock Soto and Lüders. This was dancing of a kind and quality we aren’t used to at New York City Ballet. As for the Watts versions of “Concerto Barocco” and “Symphony in C,” one must start with the fact that she isn’t strong enough physically for the long classical adagios. Even if she were a more musical dancer than she is, she would be unable to fill out time and space on the scale to which this choreography is accustomed. And her most recent performances show technical deterioration on top of weakness. Her turnout is now so slack that she’s expressionless below the waist. She dances “Rubies” as if turnout didn’t matter, but it does matter to the inflected turned-in positions that are all through the piece, the source of much of its humor. Watts’ winter-season repertory was the largest of any ballerina’s except Nichols’, with Watts getting the greater share of the best roles—“Agon,” “Concerto Barocco,” “Symphony in C,” “Liebeslieder,” and “La Sonnambula.” There wasn’t one that she left alive. She danced the title role in “La Sonnambula,” and the only part she managed well was the mime scene at the end.

Of course, all this implicates Martins and must discredit him in the eyes of his dancers, who can see perfectly well that Heather Watts is not the equal of Kyra Nichols, and who see also that while Nichols and the other principal women wait for decent partners Watts has Jock Soto playing up to her in nearly every ballet (very often to the detriment of his own performance). For those of us on the outside, trying to understand what is going on isn’t like reading Balanchine’s old tea leaves. Balanchine cultivated his pets, but none of them were ever as egregious as Heather Watts. Yes, it

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was Balanchine who appointed her a principal dancer in the first place. Thinking back to those days, though, I seem to recall that Watts functioned mostly as a utility ballerina, much as Lopez does today. Because Watts never got injured, she amassed a huge repertory. And she still never gets injured. A harassed company director needs dependable dancers. Perhaps he also needs to believe in Solomonic solutions to perpetual problems of casting. It looks as though the prize roles of the Balanchine repertory had been parcelled out to the top ladies according to seniority or to fixed notions of type. And these ladies have exclusionary rights, at least until they get injured. But what may look like justice isn't necessarily the most creative way to run a ballet company. Evening after evening went by this winter without excitement, without surprise, because the casting was so dull. The company hardly ever appeared at full strength the way it used to—all evening long, several evenings a week. I had the continual feeling that a good portion of its riches were sunk somewhere out of view, perhaps to surface the next night, or next week, or next season. New soloists were still being produced; wonderful dancing was still being done at corps level. And it was all as if none of it really mattered.

The closing night of the winter season is traditionally a benefit for the Dancers' Emergency Fund. An evening of excerpts and slightly out-of-the-way offerings, it is usually a sellout. Sean Lavery, recovering from neurosurgery and himself a beneficiary of the fund, organized entertainments "à la Russe." These included Nichols in the Rose Adagio from "The Sleeping Beauty," Ashley and Fischer in the grand pas de deux from the same ballet, and the Bolshoi guest stars in their "Apollo" and in the "Corsaire" pas de deux. "The Sleeping Beauty" is a projected N.Y.C.B. production. The excerpts showed what one might have guessed—that the Petipa choreography, while beautifully arranged and rendered, is no sort of challenge to dancers of the calibre of Nichols and Ashley. The "Apollo" pas de deux and variations showed that the ballet is a greater challenge than the Russian dancers appeared to realize. Apollo and Terpsichore are not dramatic characterizations. I was again impressed by Ananiashvili's potential as a "Balanchine" dancer and what it could mean for Soviet ballet. Her legs and feet are too soft, her placement is a problem, and she lifts heavily, but she has an ear and a hunger. Transplanting the Balanchine style abroad may not be as difficult as it once seemed, provided that the style is immaculately maintained at home. Two former Bolshoi dancers, Leonid Kozlov and Valentina Kozlova, have been members of New York City Ballet for the past five years. This season, Kozlova in "Gounod Symphony" looked to me like an up-and-forward City Ballet ballerina for the first time, and she did so again, dancing Balanchine's "Nutcracker" pas de deux with Kozlov. One great disadvantage of Bolshoi style is the age it puts on women. Ananiashvili last summer looked forty-five years old. Dancing in "Symphony in C" and "Apollo," she looked around thirty-five. She is twenty-five. And Kozlova looked rejuvenated this season. In the Lehár scene of "Vienna Waltzes," she was a fun-loving young widow with just the right touch of vulgarity, and she lifted the whole ballet.

The program brought out, in benefit-night ballets, a number of good dancers who had been even better during the season: Judith Fugate, who had done well in "Voices of Spring" and "Emeralds;" Carlo Merlo, who had been in "Emeralds" and "La Sonnambula;" Nichol Hlinka and Lauren Hauser and Melinda Roy, of "Walpurgisnacht;" and the entire cast of "Raymonda Variations." "Corsaire," in a none-too-tasteful rendition, got the most applause. This was a hard moment to sit through in the State Theatre, with Balanchine's company waiting in the wings. The final movement of "Diamonds" closed the bill, with Nichols partnered by Lüders and with Robert Irving conducting. New York City Ballet style—complex musicality, simple presentation—is just the opposite of the Bolshoi's. And Nichols, who is our "Russian" ballerina, could not have been more nobly authoritative. In glittering white, she rose toward us on a stream of music from a stage filled with people. And we looked at her as we were meant to, and as we will again and again—with hope.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*Martin Sosnoff in the Post*]

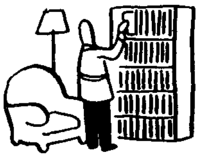
Thank God for the cathartic qualities of financial markets. Sooner or later, if you need an enema, the market is going to hold up the rubber bag for you.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Uncle Charles Has Locked Himself In, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Howard Curtis (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95). Another of M. Simenon's psychological novels from the years before the Second World War, this one written in 1939, and here making its first appearance in English. Like most of the others, it has a provincial setting—in this case, Rouen—and in fewer than fifty thousand words it reveals to us a family, its shabby past, its precarious present, and its grim future. This is the family of one Charles Dupeux, a mild, self-effacing bookkeeper in a brother-in-law's employ, his fat and futile wife and their four boy-crazy daughters, and a bunch of relatives. The title is a bit of a cheat, because Charles emerges from his attic hideaway after a few days and goes back to work, with a vicious scheme in mind. The gloom that pervades this absorbing novel is such that the only really comfortable room M. Simenon shows us is the parlor of a whorehouse.



The Socratic Method, by Michael Levin (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). A cunning and eloquent spoof, starring Rebecca Shepard, a female law professor at a Columbia-like law school, whose enthusiastic expertise in re old-fashioned Torts and new-fangled Securities Law makes her a prime candidate for tenure on the chauvinistic faculty. The story spans a week-long war of words that has both Rebecca's nemeses and her allies resorting to blackmail. Leading the anti-tenure forces is a conservative professor who makes Kingsfield, of "Paper Chase" fame, sound kittenish. Leading the pro-tenure forces is a spokesperson for the Women's Law Caucus, who proves to have a knack for capturing tenured hypocrites in flagrante delicto. Meanwhile, Michael Levin complicates matters with hilarious subplots about crooks not behind bars.

Age of Consent, by Joanne Greenberg (Holt; $17.95). This novel deserves better than its chrome dust jacket and its heavy-duty title. In the opening pages a car is ambushed in Europe; one of the passengers is a plastic surgeon, and his death makes the evening news in New York—he is famous for his travelling tent-hospital, in which he has been reconstructing the faces of victims of wars and rival regimes, from Vietnam to Peru. The story features his sister, a Fifth Avenue doyenne, who surprises everyone by becoming a sort of detective; she is determined to find out what made her brother tick—he never laughed or cried—and who wanted to stop him. Curiosity mingles with courage as she tracks down doctors and nurses who shudder to recall a very unlikely friend of his, a loudmouth who would come and go on medical-supply boats and planes, and who now performs a tasteless comic routine at an Atlantic City casino. By the end, she proves to be as deft as her brother, as she probes her own life to learn what her brother was made of before he became fragile and numb.

GENERAL

The Korean War, by Max Hastings (Simon & Schuster; $22.95). The author of this exceptional work agrees with other historians in seeing the Korean War of 1950-53 as a dress rehearsal for the American failure in Vietnam, but he is sufficiently talented to place the Korean engagement in its period, when it was at least a partial success. He attributes the Americans' disastrous early showing to the fact that our most gifted young men do not ordinarily serve in the infantry. However, when General Matthew Ridgway took command, at the end of 1950, he transformed our personnel; and Mr. Hastings believes that if diplomatic considerations had not intervened the United Nations forces in Korea could have regained in 1951 some of the ground lost in 1950. The author has interviewed members of the American, British, Canadian, and Korean contingents, and also Chinese veterans of the People's Liberation Army. His wealth of fact is worked into a readable, persuasive narrative.

Gustave Caillebotte, by Kirk Varnedoe (Yale; $39.95). Until fairly

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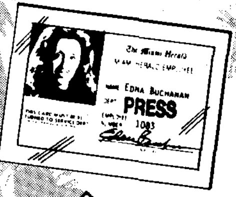

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recently, the painter Gustave Caillebotte (1848-94) was known to the art world more for his bequest to France of a wonderful collection of Impressionist pictures than for his own work; this big and good-looking volume is part of a current revaluation. It comprises a biographical sketch, a study and appreciation of Caillebotte's work, and nearly three hundred illustrations, many of them in color. Caillebotte not only made common cause with the Impressionists, and showed his pictures at their revolutionary exhibitions in the eighteen-seventies and eighties, but also, because of great family wealth, helped them out financially, buying their paintings at prices he inflated on his own. The argument in this book—that Caillebotte was a much better painter than has been conceded by the public and by art critics—is bolstered to an extent by the examples reproduced, but he is hardly on a par with his illustrious friends.

THE TRULY DISADVANTAGED: THE INNER CITY, THE UNDERCLASS, AND PUBLIC POLICY, by William Julius Wilson (Chicago; $19.95). In these eight brief essays loaded with data, a Chicago sociologist argues that structural changes in the American economy—the shift from production to services, the migration of jobs from inner cities—are the reasons for unemployment in urban ghettos; that joblessness is the reason for family disorganization among inner-city blacks; and that the cure will be found in comprehensive national programs to adjust to these new economic circumstances rather than in policies designed specifically to help blacks. Such policies have benefitted the ablest blacks, who have moved out of the ghettos, and relegated the least able to "social isolation." Mr. Wilson and his collaborators—Kathryn Neckerman and Robert Aponte contributed to three of the studies—have worked a miracle of common sense and delineated a policy for the next era of American reform.

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MOST COMFORTING THOUGHT OF THE WEEK

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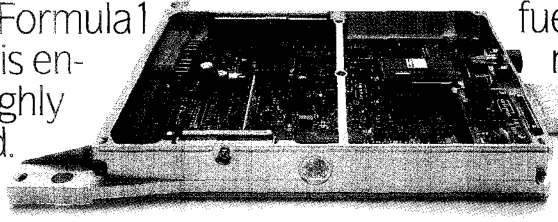

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